JANUARY 1954

COMMENTARY

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Where City Planning Stands Today — FRANK FISHER

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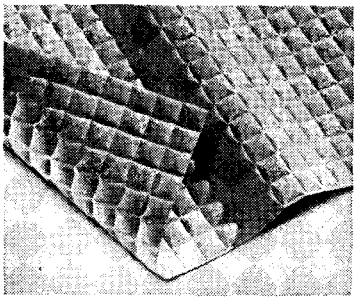

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

In the Spirit of Rav Kuk *Herbert Weiner*

Rabbi Weiner's remarkable portrait of the scholar S. Setzer, "A Mystic Philosopher on East Broadway," evoked wide interest. This past summer he traveled to Israel and held long conversations with the son of the late Rav Kuk, the spiritual leader of the Jews of Palestine for many years, and, some think, one of the great religious figures of modern times. This article describes the life and works of Rav Kuk, as seen through his son's words.

The Quest for the Great Synthesis *Robert G. Davis*

Reporting on the Jewish Theological Seminary's fall conference on the state of ethical America, Mr. Davis appraises the popular American conviction that all questions of science, religion, and morality may be, if not solved, at least "approached" by round-table exchanges of opinion.

Vilna Culture in Soviet Hands *S. Katcherginsky*

S. Katcherginsky survived the Nazis as one of a group of partisans. After the Russians liberated Vilna, he and his friends tried to reestablish Jewish cultural life in that old capital of Jewish learning. He here describes what happened to their effort under Lithuania's Communist rulers.

The Gideons Come to Reedville *S. T. Hecht*

When the Gideon Society proposed to distribute Bibles to the school children of Reedville, its Jewish citizens, already familiar to COMMENTARY readers from Mr. Hecht's previous stories, were split into at least half a dozen camps. Most of them didn't like the idea of having their children receive the New Testament in public school, even if it was only in part and bound together with the "Old Testament." But what to do about it – that was the question. . . .

The Professional Anti-Semites Retool *George Kellman and Morton Clurman*

After a period of quiescence, following the collapse of their market, the professional organizers of anti-Jewish bigotry have taken to the road again, with a new line of goods. How they hope to profit from their previous failures.

The Bakery Lady *Sydney H. Kasper*

Any Jewish retail business, someone has said, is only the lengthened shadow of a woman. Mr. Kasper informally documents this generalization in terms of his parents' bakery in Chicago.

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COMMENTARY

THE RETURN TO WISHFUL THINKING

Has International Communism Really Changed?

G. F. HUDSON

IN JANUARY 1946, just over twenty-eight years after the Bolsheviks seized power in Petrograd, James Forrestal sent to Walter Lippman some notes he had made on relations between the United States and the Soviet Union with a covering letter in which he wrote:

> They [the notes] are preliminary to a study on (1) the nature of the Russian state philosophy, both in terms of historical and dialectical materialism; (2) whether the long-term Lenin-Marxian objectives still hold; and (3) the possibility of accommodation between the democratic and communistic systems.
>
> There is no place in government where such a study has been made—at least I have been unable to find one—and it seemed to me important that it should be made as objectively and coldly as possible, because to me the fundamental question in respect to our relations with Russia is whether we are dealing with a nation or a religion—religion after all being merely the practical extension of philosophy. (*The Forrestal Diaries*, p. 134.)

The Secretary of the Navy evidently felt, however, that he must apologize for his suggestion that official time should be wasted in any enterprise so remote from practical affairs as an inquiry into the nature of the Soviet regime, for in sending a copy of the same notes to Henry Luce, he remarked, "I realize it is easy to ridicule the need for such a study as I have asked Willett to make, but I think in the middle of that laughter we always should remember that we also laughed at Hitler."

THE historian of a future age, if indeed he finds any cause for amusement in the events of our time, is less likely to discover it in Forrestal's modest proposal of 1946 than in the fact that he could not trace any previous study of these topics in official Washington at that date—and he might have added London, which had been almost equally

---

THE source of many errors in policy in dealing with the Soviet Union, G. F. HUDSON suggests, has been the desire of diplomats and statesmen to see that country as simply one more among the nation-states of the modern world. Instead of trying to understand that the Soviet regime is a new phenomenon in modern history, remaining the same in basic character through all its surface changes, we have been too inclined simply to wait for Russia to return to "normal," a thing that never happens. With the death of Stalin, Mr. Hudson believes, we are in danger—on the basis of "evidence" that is either trivial or non-existent—of relapsing once more into this kind of wishful thinking. A Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, Mr. Hudson has contributed to COMMENTARY during recent years some of the most searching analyses of present-day international politics. Mr. Hudson was born in Cheshire in 1903 and is the author of a number of books in the field of history.

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infertile in research of this kind. The two great Western democracies had been astonishingly incurious, as far as official quarters were concerned, about the modes of thought inspiring a political system which had inherited the territories of the Russian Czardom and extended its influence through Communist parties in every country of the world.

It might have been expected that the study of this new reality in international affairs would be of major interest for those who were professionally concerned with the making of foreign policy. But it was not so, and the reasons are not far to seek. The senior diplomats of the 1930's were men who had learned their trade before 1917; their tradition and experience were those of a world in which relations between sovereign states were conducted according to certain rules and within limits set by certain basic assumptions. In that world religious and "ideological" predilections had been banished from diplomacy and a clear line drawn between the domestic and foreign affairs of states; governments had economic and strategic interests which brought them into conflict or alliance with one another, and the business of diplomacy was to adjust these relations in a practical, businesslike manner somewhat analogous to a lawyer's practice in the courts.

The advent of Soviet Communism confronted Western diplomats with ideas and behavior entirely alien to their experience. They intensely disliked the intrusion of this new factor, not so much because of its revolutionary social order—they prided themselves on their lack of prejudice about the internal regimes of other countries—as because of its refusal to accept the established principles and conventions of intercourse between nations. But they consoled themselves with the thought that this disagreeable phenomenon could not last. Either the new revolutionary power would be overthrown, or it would settle down and revert to the ways of normal, respectable states in its international relations.

As time passed, events seemed to confirm this expectation. The Soviet regime did not, indeed, return to capitalism, as the prophets had anticipated on the adoption of the "new economic policy" in 1921; on the contrary, after a period of retreat it plunged deeper than ever into economic collectivism, wiping out the remnants of private trade and forcing the peasants into collective farms. But that did not greatly worry the diplomats; what interested them was a very desirable tendency which they thought they saw working itself out—the return from revolutionary internationalism to the attitudes and habits of a nation-state.

First Stalin preached "socialism in one country" and drove out Trotsky, the apostle of world revolution; then, after Hitler had come to power in Germany, Russian patriotism began to creep back into public speeches and history textbooks; then, when Hitler invaded the Soviet Union, nationalist fervor was raised to fever pitch by official propaganda; finally, Stalin dissolved the Comintern and came to meet the statesmen of Britain and America clad no longer in a Russian worker's jacket, but in the resplendent uniform of a Soviet marshal.

The Western diplomats were satisfied; the international revolutionary interlude was over, and it was again the Russian nation-state with which the world had to deal. It was true that the Russia of the Czars had often been a difficult and troublesome factor in international politics, and the new Russian empire showed signs too of having a large, bearish appetite, but as a nation-state it belonged to the traditional, normal world and could be handled by the ordinary techniques of diplomacy. It was clearly no longer worthwhile—if it ever had been—to study this strange Marxist-Leninist doctrine, which had ceased to be relevant to practical affairs.

In their own eyes, the diplomats' attitude towards the development of the Soviet Union was a strictly realistic one, uninfluenced by any ideological sympathy for Communism—which was indeed rare enough among professional civil servants in London and Washington. They would resentfully

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have repudiated the suggestion that wishful thinking had played any part in their acceptance of the view that the Soviet Union had been re-transformed into the Russian nation-state.

Yet there *was* wishful thinking in this estimate, for it was what they wanted to happen, and as they had not taken the trouble to acquire a genuine understanding of Marxist-Leninist ideology, they interpreted events in accordance with their own wishes. This kind of "realistic" wishful thinking, excluding questions of ideology from the field of international relations, and quite compatible with extreme conservatism in domestic politics, was, of course, something different from the progressive-romantic outlook which projected its own aspirations and ideals on to the Soviet scene and discovered, even though with varying degrees of mental reservation, a profound affinity of purpose with the men of the Kremlin. But positive ideological sympathies arising from left-wing political principles could very easily be combined with the non-ideological official belief in the Soviet regime's return to traditional normality as a nation-state, as they were combined in what may be regarded as the classic statement of American illusions about Russia during the Second World War—ex-Ambassador Joseph Davies' conclusion to his book *Mission to Moscow*:

> The Russia of Lenin and Trotsky—the Russia of the Bolshevik Revolution—no longer exists. Through gradual, stern and often cruel evolution that government has developed into what is now a system of state socialism operating on capitalistic principles and steadily and irresistibly swinging to the right. . . . The present government professes to be a democracy. It is, I believe, sincerely devoted to peace both for practical and ideological reasons. The present government further proclaims and asserts constitutional protection for civil and religious liberty. Constitutional protections do not always work perfectly in certain regions because of political and personal purposes, as we know from our own experience here. In my opinion the Russian people, the Soviet government and the Soviet leaders are moved basically by altruistic concepts. It is their purpose to promote the brotherhood of man and to improve the lot of the common people. They wish to create a society in which men may live as equals, governed by ethical ideals. The British Empire, the Americas and Russia, along with China, are the great complementary powers of the earth. Their interests, their governmental ideas and purposes do not conflict.

The events of the next few years brought bitter disillusionment to those who indulged in such expectations. The acts of Soviet policy provided evidence which could not be entirely ignored by even the most fervent believers in Stalinist altruism. Far from behaving like a nation-state in a firm coalition of allies, the Soviet Union used its military power after the collapse of the Nazi empire to put Communist parties in power wherever it was able to do so. Elsewhere the Communist parties, far from having become detached from the Soviet Union by the dissolution of the Comintern, became more than ever the faithful instruments of Soviet policy, and the Comintern itself returned to life in the new guise of the World Federation of Trade Unions. Instead of seeking peace, the Soviet government produced tensions near to war by a series of threatening or aggressive acts; instead of striving to improve the lot of the common man, it ruthlessly exploited the occupied and satellite countries of Eastern Europe and tried to prevent the American-aided economic recovery of Western Europe by every means in its power.

The result of this unforeseen experience, however, was within a very short time a new rally of the Western democracies and a new affirmation of their fundamental political principles in the face of the common danger which threatened them. They drew closer together for mutual defense, and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization came into being; with its machinery for permanent economic, as well as strategic coordination, it went far beyond the type of old-fashioned military alliance and embodied a real community of purposes and ideals, being confined as it was to nations adhering to a democratic way of life. At the same time officialdom in London and Washington at last recognized the need for some serious study of Communism, and there was a consider-

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able increase of understanding of the forces against which defense was now to be organized.

THE postwar solidarity and cooperation of the Western democracies reached its climax with their collective action in Korea in 1950—an action which, although authorized and initiated by the United Nations, was led by the states already linked together in the NATO alliance, and which confronted on battlefields by the shores of the Pacific basically the same enemy as had previously been thwarted without bloodshed in the blockade of Berlin.

But since the end of 1950, although great progress has been made with the jointly planned program of rearmament, the political situation has deteriorated. In the first place, the shift of the international storm-center from Europe to the Far East has loosened Anglo-American cooperation because of the differences between British and American policies towards China. Further, the prospect of German rearmament has produced a growing alarm and apprehension in France, and has led to a nostalgic craving for a return to the old Franco-Russian partnership for checking Germany—a tendency necessarily disruptive of NATO. Then in the latter part of 1952 the talk in the American Presidential election campaign of substituting "liberation" for "containment" in the conflict with Communism raised widespread fears in Europe of being dragged into an aggressive anti-Communist crusade leading to a war of which the brunt would be borne by Europeans, while at the same time the excesses of "McCarthyism" seemed to be undermining those democratic principles which were the essential political basis of the unity of the free world. Finally, with these factors of disruption already operative, came the news of the death of Stalin which immediately raised hopes of radical changes for the better in Soviet policy.

These hopes have been largely disappointed, but there has been just enough in the way of gestures from the Soviet side to keep alive the sense of new promise in the Malenkov era, and there are today definite signs of a partial return to the wishful thinking of 1941-45. The return is indeed only partial, because events since 1945 cannot be forgotten overnight, and outside the ranks of near-Communist fellow-travelers probably nobody would now write the kind of sentimental eulogy of the Soviet regime which Joseph Davies penned twelve years ago in the passage quoted above. But there is a marked revival of the idea that the Soviet Union, however tough and truculent, is, after all, just another nation-state, and that the important thing is to get away from ideology in international relations.

This outlook is widespread in Western Europe, where there is a natural tendency to turn back with yearning regret to the ways of the 19th century—the golden age when Europe was manifestly the center of the world and had not yet been wrecked and ruined by two gigantic wars. We got on very well, so runs the argument, when the game of sovereign power politics was played according to the rules and there was no nonsense about world-saving ideals; there were still wars when other means failed, but they did not break up the foundations of European life and the diplomats soon tidied up the mess they left behind them; things only really began to go wrong when we began to have wars to make the world safe for democracy, organizations to establish perpetual peace, and attempts to banish aggression forever by demands for unconditional surrender, war crimes trials, and total disarmament of defeated nations.

If the sequels to the two world wars are compared with the hopes cherished with official encouragement by the peoples of the victorious states in their belligerent struggles, it is clear that there is plenty of ground for an attitude of cynical debunking towards the democratic idealism of the 20th century. It can convincingly be argued that the Europe of 1850, or even of 1750, was more civilized in its modes of international intercourse and less rancorously divided than the Europe of 1950. But the old Europe was based on the principle of state sovereignty

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and (except during the Wars of Religion and the French Revolution) on indifference to ideological classifications; from which it is inferred that the best way out of our current misfortunes would be to get back to that relatively happy state of affairs.

UNFORTUNATELY we cannot return to the practice of a bygone age merely because we would like to do so. Statesmanship in each epoch has to solve the problems which are set by contemporary conditions, and in a time when militant ideologies are on the march, account must be taken of that fact, even by those who deplore it.

It is vain to start from the assumption that ideology can be ignored in formulating foreign policy. *Whether* it can be ignored is just the question on which all else depends. Or, to put the matter in concrete terms, is Communism just a political creed which decides the domestic policies of Communist governments without affecting their foreign policies, or is it a *Weltanschauung* which conditions the whole outlook of those who are educated in it and determines their entire approach to international relations?

It is quite true that under Stalin there has taken place in Russia not only a revival of ordinary patriotic feeling after the anti-nationalist universalism of the Lenin era, but also a cultivation of rabid chauvinism which brings shame and confusion to those who try to combine admiration for the Soviet regime with an honest devotion to Marxist principles. For this reason, if for no other, emphasis on the regression of the Bolshevik Revolution to Russian nationalism has long been part of the stock-in-trade of anti-Communists in polemics with left-wing fellow-travelers who believe that an internationalism divorced from all patriotic prejudices is the first duty of a truly progressive mind.

But in relation to the pseudo-realists of the right it is just those features of the Soviet regime which cannot be explained in terms of Russian nationalism that require to be stressed. To those who think that there is nothing in Communist conquest but a Russian expansion which would have taken place in substantially the same way under a Czarist government, certain questions must be put. It should be asked whether the Czars ever controlled a quarter of the votes of the electorate of France and a third of those of Italy; whether they were ever able to direct important trade unions in Britain; whether they ever had in their service for the sake of political conviction alone an Alger Hiss or an Alan Nunn May; whether they were ever able to gather thousands of boys and girls from all over the world to youth congresses and fill them with delirious enthusiasm for the policies of the Russian state at the expense of their own countries.

It is surely clear that the Czars enjoyed none of these advantages, and equally that such advantages cannot be dismissed as insignificant. Communism today is more than the Soviet Union, it is more even than the whole bloc of states which have Communist governments; it is not only Malenkov and Mao Tse-tung, but also Saillant and Togliatti. Communism is a worldwide political force which is not confined by any frontiers; the only division is between those countries where Communists have seized power and those where they have not yet done so, but would attempt it at any suitable opportunity.

When Bolshevism first forced itself on the attention of diplomats, there were sometimes references in state papers to "the international Communist party," and it is perhaps a pity that this phrase which emphasizes the unity of Communists all over the world has gone out of use. The all-important feature of Communism as a factor in international politics is indeed its transcendence of the nation-state. For those fully initiated in the faith, the authentic Marxist-Leninists, there is only a conflict between two world powers in which the territories of national states are no more than sectors of the fighting front.

IF ONE pays attention to what Communist leaders say to their followers—as distinct from what they occasionally say to journalists visiting Moscow—it is evident that the mental outlook involved is something which

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goes far beyond any mere nationalism, however truculent and predatory. Consider for example a speech made by one of the highest personages of the Soviet Union (at the time) on the occasion of the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution in November 1951:

> The camp of peace is far stronger than the camp of war. . . . A considerable divergence of interests may be observed in the camp of war. . . . The major divergences are still those between the United States and Britain, both in Europe and in Asia. Can one possibly doubt that the differences in the imperialist camp will continue to be aggravated? The weakness of the rear of imperialism constitutes an even more serious factor. There exist impressive forces of the partisans of peace . . . the growth of national liberation movements in colonial and dependent countries. The people of Vietnam are heroically struggling for their liberation. The peoples of the Philippines, Burma, and Malaya are in the fight. Nor have the people of Indonesia laid down their arms. The forces of resistance to imperialism are growing in the countries of the Near and Middle East and of North and South Africa. We see a different situation in the camp of democracy and peace. The forces of this camp are free from all internal contradictions whatsoever.

The speaker of these words, Lavrenti Beria, had indeed overlooked a small contradiction in the camp of "democracy and peace"—the one which within two years was to put him in a prison cell as an imperialist agent and enemy of the people. But even in this personal adversity he may have consoled himself with the thought that the unanimity and continuity of world Communist propaganda have been virtually unaffected by his own disappearance. The very fact that all the agencies of Communist publicity everywhere go on saying substantially what Beria said in 1951, even though he is in prison, shows that we are dealing with the essence of Communism, which is independent of this or that political leader and is not altered by rivalries for supreme power within the party-state. The fundamental ideological conception of Communism is that of a mortal worldwide struggle between two powers, which ultimately can only be resolved by violence and can only, by the dialectic of history, result in the victory of Communism. Everything else is tactics, temporary expedience, feint, maneuver, or playing for time. The conflict cannot be confined within any frontiers because basically it is not conceived in national terms at all.

IT HAS always been assumed in Western thinking about the Soviet Union that international revolutionary Communism and Russian nationalism are incompatible alternatives, so that when Soviet publicity glorifies the Russian past and sanctifies in retrospect the expansion of the Czarist empire, it follows that world revolution must have been definitively renounced. Such an assumption has indeed the authority of both Marx and Lenin, but it is nearly thirty years out of date, for the special achievement of Stalin ever since his first to rise to power has been his success in combining these two superficially opposed political forces.

Today it is official doctrine that the unique national genius of Russia, already for many centuries culturally superior to Western Europe and, of course, the real originator of all those scientific and technological discoveries which the West has falsely claimed, brought forth the new world of Communism as the climax of its creative activity; the essentially universal and world-embracing character of the Communist faith in its struggle against imperialism, far from cancelling or obscuring the preeminent function of the Russian people, entitles it to world leadership and gives it a historical mission which cannot be subject to any geographical limits. It has been all the easier to inculcate among Russians the idea of a special world-saving destiny because the way was so well prepared by the prophets of Pan-Slavism, such as Dostoevsky, who saw Christian Orthodox Russia as the savior, even by force, of a decadent civilization.

It was not Lenin or Stalin, but Dostoevsky, who, in anticipation of a Russian war against Western Europe, wrote that "so much that is new and progressive will begin in human relations that it would be useless to mourn

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and to hesitate on the eve of the last great struggle which will bring about the great regeneration of all Europe." The "Populist" revolutionaries of 19th-century Russia rejected the medieval Christian inspiration of the Slavophiles, but took over from them the idea of a Russian world-mission, no longer to revive and extend Slav Orthodox Christianity but to initiate a new age of socialism for all mankind.

The Bolsheviks claimed—and still claim—to derive their doctrine solely from Marx, but they were also in fact deeply influenced by the tradition of the non-Marxist Russian revolutionaries, particularly Chernishevsky and Nechayev; indeed, it is impossible to understand Bolshevism from Marxist origins alone. After the Bolshevik Revolution had triumphed in Russia, but had failed to detonate the expected worldwide upheaval, the new regime became more and more closely identified with Russian nationality and it was found politically profitable to appeal to traditional nationalist fears, prejudices, and aspirations. This tendency reached its climax during the Great Patriotic War of 1941-45, when Russians were daily exhorted to remember the struggles of their ancestors against Charles XII and Napoleon.

THE mistake of Western observers was to suppose that all this implied acceptance of the limitations of a normal nation-state, abandonment of world-revolutionary aims, and a willingness to allow liberated and ex-enemy countries to choose their own governments through free elections. It was therefore a great surprise to the Western Allies when Soviet military power was everywhere used to install Communist parties in power. Stalin, it seemed, was behaving like a Trotskyite instead of the man who had proclaimed "socialism in one country."

But the Stalinists had never in fact renounced the idea of violent international revolution; they had only postponed it until conditions should be more favorable, and the defeats of Germany and Japan in the Second World War provided just the conditions required. The extension of Communism over Eastern Europe and the mainland of East Asia could then only have been prevented if the United States and Britain had been firmly resolved to oppose the advance; but as their governments completely miscalculated Stalin's intentions, they failed to take advantage of Russia's exhaustion at the end of the war to impede a process which since 1941 has trebled the number of human beings under Communist rule.

Bitter experience has now induced the principal nations of the non-Communist world to combine in their own defense, but the wishful thinkers are still looking for a way out from the unpleasant and unforeseen reality. Perhaps the Soviet Union, after all, was just frightened and was only trying to build up a security zone round its frontiers. Perhaps the trouble was really all due to Stalin and Zhdanov, and now that we have only Malenkov and Molotov to deal with, everything will be quite different. Then there are the European satellites and Communist China; surely their national interests are bound to come into conflict with those of Russia, and the leaders of the Soviet bloc will inevitably quarrel among themselves if only they are left to their own devices. There is Tito; so far, it is true, there has only been one, but nobody can prove that there will not be another. We must therefore avoid any kind of ideological anti-Communism in the free world, because this might discourage potential Titos from breaking away.

There are certainly strains and stresses within the Communist camp, but the cracks in the edifice are far less significant than the massive unity which it continues to maintain, Except for Yugoslavia, the Communist parties of the world, whether they hold governmental power or not, still speak with a single voice on all major issues. Today it is not any conflict between Moscow and Prague, but the growing strength of the pro-Soviet faction in France that is the most striking feature of the international scene in Europe; in the Far East hopes of a rift between Moscow and Peking remain merely hopes, but the divergence of policies between America and Britain is a fact.

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Can it really be a remedy for such a state of affairs for the free world, in the face of a coalition more integrated than itself, to loosen still further the bonds of common faith and common purpose in order to revert to policies of opportunist national egoism? Should it not be clear that the democracies can only save themselves by going forward to attain a higher degree of international unity than they have yet reached, in order to counterbalance the closely combined political power of their adversaries?

THE great strength of Communism in the contemporary world lies in the fact that it goes beyond the nation-state and is to that extent in accord with the most profound trend of the age. In one way or another, under the technological conditions of our time mankind must attain a higher degree of political unity than can be provided by an aggregation of fully sovereign nation-states.

This can be achieved either by the supremacy of a single power imposing a despotic order on mankind through conquest and terror, or by the increasing voluntary cooperation of free peoples. These are the alternatives; the way back to the nation-state sovereignty politics of the 18th and 19th centuries is not a genuine alternative, but only a path of delusion which will make its victims easy prey for conquest by a power which understands how to utilize the world-unifying factors of the age.

Communism is well equipped politically for world conquest just because its horizons are not those of the nation-state. The fully indoctrinated and conditioned Communist thinks globally, not nationally. He can use nationalism to rally the masses just as the dope-trafficker can profit from the sale of heroin without being himself an addict. Of course, the dope-seller may become an addict and the Communist may succumb to genuinely nationalist emotions, but the odds are that, if he knows his business, he will not.

THE preservation of Western democratic values depends on a clear recognition of the fact that Communism as a political factor in the world is a super-national entity, something more than a group of states linked together by alliances of the old-fashioned type. It can be opposed successfully only by a comparable solidarity of the democracies based on a positive affirmation of their own values.

This cannot be brought about by a merely negative anti-Communism. In Europe anti-Communism is coming to be more and more identified with "McCarthyism," which with its go-it-alone neo-isolationism is just as disruptive of NATO as the European neutralism it denounces. The important thing is to strengthen NATO, which means on the European side a greater awareness that escape from ideological conflict is impossible in the circumstances of our time, and on the American side a clearer recognition that an alliance of free democracies can only be held together by continuous mutual consultation and understanding.

In practical terms, NATO must be given a more popular basis than it has had so far; it is working well at governmental and official levels, but as yet it lacks those roots in the feelings and loyalties of peoples which a union of democratic nations ought to have. It has been suggested that an inter-parliamentary assembly of NATO countries might meet once a year to receive and discuss a report from the executive. In any case, NATO is the only sure foundation on which we can build; its construction has been the one great positive achievement of the Western nations since the overthrow of Hitler. The future depends on what we make of the work we have begun.

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ISRAEL EXPERIMENTS WITH NON-IDENTIFICATION

Will the "Global" Policy Supplant the "Citadel"?

JEREMIAH BEN-JACOB

JERUSALEM

TWO different concepts struggle today for ascendancy in Israeli foreign policy: the "citadel" and the "global." The first looks towards close cooperation with the Western democracies, through the United States. The second would avoid any choice between "the two giants," the USSR and the USA, and would seek to find allies and friends wherever they could be found in the world, and chiefly in Asia. An understanding of these two concepts will tell us more about the motives underlying Israel's foreign relations than any perusal, no matter how exhaustive, of official statements.

There is no question that the "citadel" concept—in at least some of its presuppositions—was implicitly, and often overtly, part of the traditional thinking and propaganda of Zionism in the pre-state period of settlement, especially under Weizmann; and since the establishment of the state it has, so far, generally had the upper hand. But at no time has it gone uncontested. In fact, Israel's foreign relations in their first phase, sometimes described as the "age of innocence," were dominated by the wish to avoid taking any side in the Cold War. The United States and the Soviet Union had acted as midwife and godfather to the new state; there was the tradition of Zionism as a world movement whose congresses were held by preference in neutral Switzerland; above all, there was the history of world Jewry, parts of which had so often been hostages to warring powers—as the two million Jews behind the Iron Curtain would be in case of another war.

The Israeli Foreign Ministry, it is true, frowned upon the term "neutrality." "The Jews are incapable of a neutral attitude," a high Ministry official declared. Foreign Minister Sharett himself preferred to use the word "non-identification." But the difference between the popular and the official definition of this position was one of emphasis rather than of basic purpose. In the first glow of success in 1948, with good wishes coming in from both East and West, Israel felt she could ask for economic and military aid from the Soviet as well as the Western world, and for freedom of communication and movement, to and fro, with Diaspora Jewry wherever it was. A vision arose of Israel as a bridge or link, and this produced in turn the brief illusion that she could stand alone as providential arbiter between the two great hostile camps.

"NON-IDENTIFICATION," though never disavowed officially, soon ceased, however, to be the mainspring of Israeli policy and thought. The cold war, as it proceeded,

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Now that our country claims, or has had thrust upon it, the leadership of the free world, it finds it must learn to understand the dominating (and often conflicting) concepts and points of view motivating the foreign policies of other nations, whether England, France, Yugoslavia —or Israel. This is an "inside" report on what Israel thinks of its position in the world, at a juncture when Arab-Jewish tensions are high, and when alarming rifts have opened up between Israel and the United States and the United Nations. It is "inside" in the sense that JEREMIAH BEN-JACOB is an Israeli, and that his article reports the thinking of leading officials and opinion-molders of the Israeli government on foreign policy. Mr. Ben-Jacob was born in Israel, educated in England, and spent a few years in this country, lecturing and writing for Jewish and general periodicals. He writes for the Jerusalem *Post*, and is the author of *The Rise of Israel* and other books. (An analysis of the long-term ideals and political heritage of Israeli officialdom will be found in Judd L. Teller's article in this issue.)

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made it "unrealistic," especially with respect to the USSR. As tension mounted between East and West, the Soviet leaders began to refuse Israel the aid she sought and the liberties she demanded. Least of all were they in a mood to encourage utopian pretensions on her part.

Bolshevism, it should be remembered, has an old grudge to settle with Zionism. Both movements were born at more or less the same time, and not infrequently as competitors for the allegiance of the same discontented Jewish idealists in Czarist Russia. Before 1914 Weizmann and Lenin had debated before Jewish students at Swiss universities. The relation between the two movements was one of hostility intensified by familiarity. That the USSR's sudden friendship for Zionism in 1947-48 was merely tactical was revealed as early as the fall of 1948, when a grim *Pravda* article, signed by Ilya Ehrenburg, warned Russian Jews not to misinterpret Soviet support for the new State of Israel.

Communist dissatisfaction with Israel became open when she associated herself with the UN in the Korean war. Talk of Israel's "ingratitude," "insolence," and "ties with imperialism" spread in the Communist world. Then came the Prague Trial and the Moscow "doctors' plot" on the eve of Stalin's death, with Israel cast in the role of incubator of global anti-Soviet conspiracies.

As bad feeling increased between Israel and the Soviet world, and the "cold war" with the Arabs showed no signs of abating, "non-identification" became meaningless. Israel found it hard to contemplate the future except in military terms. The possibility of a third world war and the probability of local upheavals became governing assumptions. The collapse of the utopian dream of becoming an arbiter among the nations left a void that was filled by a military idea, and by the concept of Israel as a citadel or bastion.

ISRAEL'S military prowess has been one of the notable surprises of the century. Visiting Jerusalem in the early 1920's, G. K. Chesterton saw "Islam crying from the turret and Israel weeping at the Wall," and lamented the fact that the studious and unmilitary Jews should rely on British bayonets for their protection and defense. Chesterton, of course, entirely misread the signs. And in any case, the earlier history of the Zionist colonization of Palestine should have been enough to show him where he was wrong. (But many Jews, too, misread the signs.) At any rate, 1948 saw the founding of Israel as a military nation almost Spartan in aspect.

The concept of Israel as a tough little nut in an area where all else is chaotic has frequently been advanced in the West as an important selling point on her behalf. (At the same time, some Israelis wonder whether Israel might not, by resuming her Second World War role as workshop of the Allied armies in the Middle East, relieve herself of unbearable burdens and escape from a cruel isolation.) It has been claimed that in case of war she could put 200,000 troops or more in the field. But this has also been a somewhat embarrassing concept insofar as it has drawn the fire of Communists and pro-Soviet supporters in Israel, who are able, with some success, to appeal to the natural reluctance of most Israelis (as of other peoples) to involve themselves in a struggle between the great powers that would put them in the role of instruments rather than prime movers. But the citadel concept has also suffered from attrition from the West. Even during the Truman administration there were always those in Washington who were not particularly enthusiastic about the idea.

By and large, however, in the days following Israel's establishment, the serious doubts that had been felt in Washington about her stability, democratic character, and fundamental loyalties were to a large degree dispelled by her triumph over the Arabs and her introduction of democratic institutions. Washington then urged her to put an end to continuing tension with her neighbors by making substantial concessions to them. In May 1949, the Ameri-

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can government delivered a stern note to Tel Aviv protesting against Israel's stand on territorial boundaries and the Arab refugees. Soon afterwards, however, Washington softened its policy and in May 1950, with Britain and France, guaranteed the territorial status quo in Palestine.

The years 1950-52 became the honeymoon period of American-Israeli relations. America gave Israel substantial economic aid and, with but few dissenting voices, proclaimed her the citadel of democracy in the Middle East, its missionary and protector, its "shield" and "spearhead." Israel, it was held, would not be just another planet in that area but a source of power and light. Her inferiority in area and population, it was believed, would be counterbalanced by her capacities as a colonizer and diplomat, by her military prowess and dynamic character. However, the concept of Israel as a military bastion was still regarded with caution; given the explosive international and local situation, it was deemed neither wise nor timely to try to translate it into the hard facts of alliances and defense encampments.*

THE advent of Eisenhower has resulted, it would seem—at least to Israelis—in a new emphasis and intonation in American policy towards Israel. In Israel herself there is a growing conviction that her honeymoon with the United States is over. When he was still a general, Eisenhower held definite views on the role of the Middle East in a possible third world war—views that boded ill for the citadel concept. On August 8, 1951, he told the Senate: "We must bring the Middle East to our side. So far as the area is concerned, there is no region in the world, strategically speaking, as important as the Middle East. . . . We must mobilize all our ability, our organizing genius, above all, our leadership to bring the Arab world to our side." On his visit to the Middle East last spring, Dulles presented General Naguib of Egypt with a pistol as a gift from President Eisenhower. When in Israel he did not respond to an invitation from the Israeli Ministry of Defense to inspect an exhibit of Israeli's weapons, excusing himself with the plea of pressure of engagements. These incidents, though probably without real political significance, have in the last few months taken on at least symbolic significance for most Israelis.

The political atmosphere in Israel these days is somewhat reminiscent of the time of the political skirmishes with the British government following the publication of the 1939 White Paper. It is already being called the period of "friendly struggle with the United States." Israeli officials have ascribed the growth of violence on Israel's borders and the discontent of the Arab minority within her borders to the Arab belief, encouraged by the State Department, that America has withdrawn her support from Israel. This interpretation was officially referred to in an Israeli army communiqué following the search conducted by Israeli forces in the Arab village of Tira last summer. Meanwhile every setback and every reassuring gesture from the United States is prominently featured and avidly discussed in the Israeli press, in an atmosphere of consternation alternating with hope, of defiance alternating with second thoughts.

The atmosphere was particularly electric in July and October. In July the Israeli press reacted with alarm to the announcement by Under-Secretary of State Byroade that the United States would supply more arms to the Arab states than to Israel. *Haboker,* organ of the General Zionists and one of the most pro-American papers in the country, took the occasion to criticize the geopolitical school of strategical thought in America because of its obsession with the disparity between Israel and the Arab states in population, territory, and natural resources. According to this arithmetic, the paper said, the Americans should have supported the Chinese instead of the Koreans in the Far East. *Al Hamishmar,* organ of fellow-travelling Mapam, moralized that the new American policy was Israel's "reward" for her

*See Hal Lehrman's two articles on United States-Israeli relations in COMMENTARY, October and December, 1952.

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collaboration with America's foreign policy and her readiness to join the proposed Middle East Command. *Herut,* mouthpiece of the militant nationalists, urged Israel not to wait until attacked by Arabs with American arms, but to take immediate action.

In October, Secretary Dulles announced that the United States had suspended the program of mutual security aid with Israel because of the latter's refusal to abide by the UN Commission's ruling enjoining her to stop work on the Jordan River scheme. This move did not come as a surprise, being the climax of a series of disagreements, moves, and countermoves between the State Department and the Israeli Foreign Ministry; Israel's defiance of General Bennike, UN Chief of Staff, and the Kibya raid on October 14, merely brought matters to a head. Nevertheless, Dulles's announcement aroused a storm of protest and indignation in Israel such as would have been inconceivable a year ago.

Israelis have also been agitated by what they think is the new climate of public opinion in America. The "let's have a change" school, which doesn't like foreigners and deplores America's foreign relations; the "power politics" school, which is overawed by the vastness of a Moslem world that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the "emotional" school, which has used, not without effect, the plight of the Arab refugees to indict the State of Israel; and the "political theology" school, which has accused Israel of flagrant disregard of the claims and aspirations of Christendom in the Holy Land, particularly on the issue of Jerusalem—all these appear to many Israelis to have converged in a formidable anti-Israeli offensive in the United States. Some Israelis hope that this will soon exhaust itself; some hear only the rumblings of a new "crusade against the Holy Land"; some have begun to see a serious challenge in the making.

WHAT manner of "citadel" is it, anxious Israelis are asking today, when even those who helped found it seem anxious to strengthen outsiders whose avowed aim is its destruction? If America—they point out—does not need or desire such a citadel, or if she considers it more liability than asset, or if she would have it only on condition that the cost and the risk be small, then Israel must clearly renounce the citadel concept and seek a better path.

The resumption of diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and Israel in July 1953 must be seen in the light of such murmurings and misgivings. The events following Stalin's death have not transformed the climate of the world but they have modified it to some extent. The pessimists who saw the shape of things to come as that of a frozen world in the grip of a long, long Ice Age seem to have been refuted. The spring floods have not come, but there is some evidence of a thawing. The withdrawal of the Moscow accusations against the Jewish doctors made, of course, a particular impression. The idea of a world polarized between the rival power centers of Washington and Moscow is no longer so dominant. Even before Stalin's death that idea had been challenged by the revolt of Yugoslavia and the rise of China as a world power. Since then it has been shaken further by the East Berlin uprising and the increasingly restive mood and independent attitude towards America of her European allies. Now that the international situation seems to have become less a state of siege than an open field, Israel feels she has greater freedom of maneuver. Hence the dispatch with which her government acted on a satellite diplomat's hint that the Soviet regime would be agreeable to the resumption of relations. Outwardly, at least, Israel's isolation has been lessened by this, her international position strengthened, and the grip of predominantly military ideas on her policy loosened or challenged.

The fading of the military idea has again left a vacuum, which, slowly, painfully, and incoherently, is being filled by the alternate idea: the global concept. Zalman Aranne, an influential Mapai Knesset member and foreign affairs specialist, sums it up as follows: "The foreign policy of a small or

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middle-sized country in our time is addressed for the most part to the state or states nearest her borders. To the extent that her geographical position is linked with the international situation, she seeks refuge under the wing of a 'big brother' to the East or to the West. The paradox inherent in the foreign policy of the State of Israel lies in the fact that after the United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain, our country is the 'fourth power,' and as such must adopt a global policy."

ACCORDING to this concept, Israel, though a small and hard-pressed nation, is an international factor and must become so increasingly; though situated in the Middle East, she must make friends and cultivate ties with nations in other regions and continents; though to a considerable extent the creation of the diplomacy of the great powers, she is no satellite but a potential, and to some degree already an actual, world power; though deeply absorbed in problems of national reconstruction, she must express distinct views on international issues and evolve a distinct policy and program for the problems of mankind.

Perhaps the clue to the current vitality of this concept is that it was not a preconceived theory but a reaction to the latest events. It has few roots in previous Zionist thought, which tended to emphasize the escape from anti-Semitism and a sinking world. Now the global concept comes as a sudden reversal to those who used to regard the Jews as a "people dwelling apart" and Israel as a glorified ghetto state. But this perhaps only increases the force of the concept.

Another paradox is that this new desire to look abroad for new friends has emerged as a sequel to failure in the crucial field of Arab relations. Israel's position today is like that of a chess player with grandiose strategy but a highly exposed king.

AS A matter of fact, Israel does not consider herself completely isolated in the Middle East. She has courted Turkey, Greece, and the British Colony of Cyprus successfully, and her relations with the British in general are better than ever, despite the Kibya affair. The speed with which Israel hurried help to the victims of the earthquakes in the Ionian Isles and Cyprus won her much acclaim. And the echoes of Winston Churchill's unprecedented tribute in his speech of May 11, 1953 still ring throughout the Mediterranean. But Israel has not been content with that: her envoys have gone on special journeys to India, the Far East, and Latin America, and many of her leaders have practically become commuters to the United States.

Israel's ambassadors and ministers are unique in that they are envoys, not only to foreign governments, but also to the Jewish communities in the countries of those governments. Not infrequently, an Israeli diplomat has become in effect the spiritual leader of a Diaspora community. Thus the practice has grown in recent years in the Israeli Foreign Ministry of making diplomatic appointments on the basis not only of diplomatic qualifications but also of capacity for communal leadership, and knowledge of the Jewish community in the country of assignment.

The scope of the activities of the Israeli Foreign Ministry is demonstrated by a sample of Foreign Minister Sharett's calendar. In September 1952 he met Chancellor Adenauer in Luxembourg to sign the Israeli-West German reparations agreement. In January 1953 he journeyed to Rangoon to attend the Asian Socialist conference, at which he played a distinguished role. In April 1953, he met President Eisenhower and State Department officials in Washington and discussed the Middle East situation with them. Next he went to Argentina as guest of the government, where his time was divided, rather symbolically, among state banquets, lunches in gaucho fashion, synagogue services, and conferences with leaders of the government and of the Jewish communities. He also visited Chile, Uruguay, and Brazil, and saw the presidents and foreign ministers of those countries as well as the local Jewish communal leaders.

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But why, it was asked in some quarters in Israel, should the Foreign Minister go wandering over the earth at such a critical time, when the very survival of the new state was being threatened by developments in Washington and Moscow? Sharett's defenders pointed, in answer, to the importance of Asia, the awakening giant, to a country which belonged to it geographically and, in part, culturally—and to the international weight of Latin America with eighteen votes in the United Nations. They also mentioned the not inconsiderable financial contribution to Israel made by the Jews of Latin America.

In 1953, after Sharett's return from Rangoon, Israel became Asia-conscious as never before. This was expressed in the appointment of David Hacohen, member of Knesset and a leading figure in the powerful Histadrut cooperative, Solel Boneh, as Minister to Burma. Israel has at the same time become a kind of Mecca for Burmese politicians, trade-union leaders, and newspaper editors, who come there for inspiration, instruction, and official entertainment. Yet Israel has very few real economic and cultural ties with Burma (Rangoon has only a handful of Jewish families). The whole phenomenon makes sense only in terms of the new global concept, which at this moment has a Socialist tinge. With Burma and Israel the only two countries in Asia whose governments are led by Socialists, the Mapai leaders in the government seek in democratic socialism what they hope will be a long-term international lever.

Furthermore, in August 1953, Morgan Phillips, Chairman of the Socialist International and Secretary-General of the British Labor party, stopped off in Israel on his way back from India, where he had attended the Asian Socialist Conference, and he told a Mapai audience in Jerusalem that Israel must serve as a main link between European and Asian Socialists. (His plea was well received by labor leaders but drew protests from those who look on international socialism as a false doctrine and lost cause—and also from those who hold the West to be Israel's real center of gravity, and Asia still but a mirage.)

Israel may be said to be groping towards her global concept with very inadequate moral and intellectual instruments. Israeli Socialism and Marxism—looked towards as the dynamos of the concept—still peer out on the world through the doctrinaire glasses of the 19th century, and their spokesmen are on the defensive and without real enthusiasm. A small group of earnest intellectuals centered around the Hebrew University in Jerusalem interpret Israel's mission in terms of universal Judaism, but they have little influence with the mass of people.

The nearest thing Israel has to an international statesman in the Anglo-Saxon sense is the South African- and British-trained Abba Eban. As Ambassador to the United States and Chief of the Israeli delegation to the United Nations, he holds the key diplomatic assignments abroad. But he has no discernible political following in Israel, and hardly reflects national currents. Eban once suggested, before an American audience, that "Israel's place in the world of geography reflects a corresponding centrality in the realm of ideas, and the far-flung Jewish dispersion gives us a sense of universal mission in space, which is further deepened in time by long and continuous memories." Had these rather unorthodox sentiments been addressed to an Israeli audience, eyebrows would probably have been raised in incomprehension or disapproval.

When Eban came back to Israel for a visit at the end of last summer he was told that Israel, being small and poor, should not meddle in international affairs. These views he denounced in public addresses in the major cities of the country, affirming that it was a greater offense to shirk the duties of international citizenship than to be outspoken, and that the value of opinion in the international forum depended, not on a country's size, but on its moral stature.

Israel has not, however, found it a simple task to carry out a consistent global policy, if by this is meant neutrality between East and West. In the UN Political Committee, on August 22, 1953, Eban pleaded for Russia's and India's presence at the Korean peace

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conference, but on August 27 Israel abstained on the issue of India's participation. Before the Israeli delegation set out for the General Assembly session in September, a Foreign Ministry spokesman indicated that it would support the admission of Communist China to the UN because Israel stood for the principle of the universality of UN membership. But in the end she abstained from voting on Vishinsky's proposal to seat Communist China.

IT REMAINS a formidable fact that the United States and Great Britain are Israel's best trade customers, that about 75 per cent of her donated funds comes from the United States, and that she has by no means given up hope of holding on to American grants-in-aid. A chart of Israel's shipping and airlines shows that her ships sail westwards and that the El Al planes have their terminals in New York and Johannesburg. So long as Israel is not independent economically—and, according to government estimates, that is not likely to come about in less than ten years—it will not be easy for her to follow a genuinely independent line in international affairs.

And at home the decline in morale, the increase in tensions, and the undiminished strength of chauvinism make the global concept still something inorganic and artificial. The concept is by no means alien to the intensity and prophetic fervor of a people that has traversed the ages and the earth, but the leaders of Israel have as yet failed to expound it with any coherence or really eloquent persuasiveness.

Anti-Semites have sought to show in Israel's effort sinister and sordid motives, but as a matter of historical fact, she has fought "the powers of darkness," and not with the aid of world Jewry alone, but in alliance with Christian, labor, and liberal groups. The paradox is that she is a world factor only insofar as she can draw upon the ethical heritage of the enlightened world and the support of the forces of decency. Without that, and without the support of a moral idea, the global concept becomes impotent, a vain attempt to play power politics without having power.

AMERICAN-ISRAELI differences would certainly be lessened by ending the cold war with the Arabs, but responsible leaders in Israel see no real hope of that in the near future. The most they expect is a relaxation of border tension and the cessation of border violence. Today more than ever, Israel relies for her security in the Middle East upon her army, called *Zahal* (reported to be in excellent shape), and for her internal development on the national irrigation plan worked out by her Water Planning Authority, called *Tahal;* it is assumed this plan can be carried out without the cooperation of the neighboring Arab countries.

Zahal and Tahal have become key words in Israel today, and they reflect a "get tough" attitude. They also pertain to the global concept and the present "irritations" (an Israeli Foreign Ministry term) with the Western powers. To the latter, Israel is saying in effect: "If you can't help us, please don't hinder us. Above all, don't upset the balance of power in the Middle East by supplying arms to the Arabs. If you can't get them to work with us in exploiting the region's water resources, please don't put obstacles in the way of our own national water plan."

The Kibya incident and the clash with Syria and the UN over the Jordan hydroelectric scheme show that Israel is determined to avoid a soft policy towards her neighbors. Her present policy is a dynamic one, and without a shred of illusion. Perhaps the disillusionment has gone too far, for it breeds a tendency to disregard world opinion and minimize the power of ideas. It is one more paradox that the new global concept, with its quest for friends, should be emerging in Israel on a distinct note of defiance.

Ben Gurion said recently: "Give me another two million Jews in Israel and I guarantee the best possible relations with all the nations of the world." This view is shared by other Israeli leaders. When asked where the two millions are to come from, they sometimes reply prophetically: "One million

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from the Moslem and Oriental countries and another million from the Soviet Union and her satellites." At the same time they seek to give the definite impression that the seemingly fantastic idea of an exodus of Soviet Jews has some basis in fact and inside information. An original and independent line in world affairs, it is claimed, will aid this plan, which, they hint, is on the agenda, provided the international situation does not deteriorate. It is also claimed that this unprecedented migration from a "closed society" might contribute signally to human freedom and the concept of an open world.

ACCORDING to other leaders, Israel's most urgent task is to achieve economic independence. While aware of America's immense contribution, actual and potential, to the building up of the land, they hold it would be unhealthy if Israel were to become over-dependent on her, whether commercially, philanthropically, or diplomatically. Thus the global concept appears to harmonize with the present quest for new trade contacts and contracts, a quest that is diligently fostered by Israeli diplomacy. The contacts found in Turkey, Yugoslavia, Finland, and Belgium, and the imminent "trade offensive" in Asia, have got detailed publicity and discussion. Before his departure for Rangoon, David Hacohen said that Burma would be an excellent "observation post" for trade possibilities in India, Thailand, and Indonesia.

But as yet trade with Asia is mere talk. The migration of "one million Jews from Russia" remains an intriguing slogan based on nothing more than a hint, which may or may not have been made, and which may or may not prove to mean anything. And it would still be the height of folly to equate the United States with Russia. Whatever her faults, the United States does stand for individual and national liberties, for magnanimity in international life, and for the true concept of an open world. And she herself is the center of whatever there is of the latter.

An elementary but overwhelming fact in modern Jewish history is often overlooked. Nearly half the Jews of the world live in the United States on a soil congenial to their traditions and spirit. They are free agents, and have done extraordinary things in making possible the birth and development of Israel. They have often had, and no doubt will continue to have, the ear and the good will of the American people and the American government.

IT IS, in any case, usually a mistake to look for new, untried friends in exchange for old, powerful, and tested ones. Ten Uruguays plus ten Burmas do not equal one United States; nor is the impact of India or China on the world's destiny by any means commensurate with the size of either's population. And not only does the material power rest with America, but also the dynamism and the moral creativity. It is there that the soil is most fertile for the nourishment of the best purposes of our century. Israelis should beware, therefore, of the kind of mathematical thinking that sees Asia's bulk as an adequate counterweight to the West.

And it is wrong to exaggerate the present shift of mood in America away from Israel, and even wronger to regard it as final and irrevocable. No new concept, global or otherwise, ought to distort the basic fact that the relationship between Israel and America is as enduring as it is unique, that it is a relationship of peoples as well as governments, a confluence not only of interests but also of long-range objectives with a common element of "Hebraic mortar."

On the other hand, the United States and Israel are both groping for a new direction in foreign policy, and American policy-makers may find themselves in a blind alley in the Middle East if they minimize Israel's dynamic role in the area. Israel's policy-makers may, in turn, commit a similar blunder if they misread America's role in the world in the years ahead.

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WHY THE DEMOCRATS ARE CONFIDENT

The GOP, They Think, Is Riding for a Fall

HAROLD LAVINE

AFTER two decades of uninterrupted power, occupancy of the White House had become for the Democrats not merely a habit but a natural right. So when the overturn came, they never concealed their belief that the Eisenhower administration was merely a caretaker government, and Dwight D. Eisenhower himself just a retired army general with a four-year temporary lease. Today that belief has become ebullient confidence. Come November 1954, any Democratic politician will tell you, the voters will serve notice on Mr. Eisenhower to start packing, the lease won't be renewed in '56.

For a time, say around six months ago, they had their periods of doubt and uncertainty. Although they secretly had suspected that Mr. Eisenhower would capture the Presidency, his electoral vote still came as quite a shock; while they were recovering, they suffered some moments of profound depression in which they saw themselves jobless and homeless for years. Some of them even fell victim to the thought that, like the Republicans before them, they might have to wander in the wilderness for as much as two cheerless decades.

The shock has worn off; except for an occasional twinge of fear (which they suffer whenever the Republicans start talking about the way Communists managed to infiltrate the Roosevelt and Truman administrations), the Democrats are their cocky selves again. Even before the upset in Wisconsin and the nationwide Democratic sweep this fall, they felt genuinely confident of recapturing the House next year. About the Senate, they were somewhat less optimistic; too many Democratic Senators are up for reelection. Yet even about the Senate they were not entirely pessimistic. Not only publicly but in private, too, they chortled that '54 would be a Democratic year and so would '56.

IN PART, of course, this optimism is merely wishful thinking. The Democratic party is a party of professional politicians; and, though professional politicians are often concerned with principle, they usually are more concerned with power. A Norman Thomas may run for office year after weary year simply to expound his social-democratic philosophy; the professional politicians run to win. And, because that is their goal, they must believe at least in the possibility—preferably in the probability—of victory. With the professionals, it must always be a case of "Wait till next year."

In part, also, this optimism stems from the fact that professional politicians frequently are the victims of their own campaign oratory. Genuine cynicism is just as rare among the politicians as among other members of the human race. When a Republican running for office, day after day, thirty times a day, accuses the Democratic party of being the party of war, corruption, and Communism, he inevitably comes to believe it—anyway, to a degree. And the same is true of a

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BACK in last November, when HAROLD LAVINE went to Chicago to report a conclave of the top Democrats, he and other reporters found seasoned politicians there not only sanguine of a speedy comeback but, as one said, "in a virtual state of euphoria." We asked him to find out why, and this article represents his summary of what he learned by listening to the Democrats in Chicago, at later conferences, and in personal interviews. Mr. Lavine, politics editor of *Newsweek*, will be remembered by our readers for his article "Can Eisenhowever Form a Government?" (July 1953), which evoked national comment.

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Democratic candidate who day after day, thirty times a day, accuses the Republican party of being the party of Wall Street, big business, isolationism, appeasement, and depression. Thus to a certain extent each party honestly considers the other incapable of governing. Looking back over the past eight or ten months, the Democrats feel the Republican party's incompetence already is becoming clear. They see it, and they are convinced that, by next year, the majority of the voters will see it, too.

And, in part, the optimism is the result of the Democratic analysis of what happened in 1952. For although the election was a landslide for Mr. Eisenhower, it was not a landslide for the Republican party generally. Today the Republicans have only a majority of 3 in the House: on the basis of Mr. Eisenhower's vote, they should have a majority of 50 or more. And in the Senate there now are actually more Democrats than Republicans; the lineup: 48 Democrats to 47 Republicans and 1 Independent, Wayne Morse, who is a Democrat at heart.

Now the Republicans have one explanation of this curious fact, the Democrats another. The Republicans insist the nation is basically Republican, and that it kept returning the Democrats to office in the past only because more Democrats than Republicans voted. Mr. Eisenhower won, they argue, because he was able to bring out this silent vote for the first time in twenty-four years. However, since these men and women did not have the voting habit, they voted for Mr. Eisenhower and that's all. They didn't vote for *any* candidate for Congress; if they had, there would have been a Republican landslide in the Congressional elections, too. Thus, reason the Republicans, if they can only develop the voting habit in the new, or returned, voters, they will continue to win, year after year, barring a catastrophe.

To the Democrats, naturally, all this is nonsense. The nation, they maintain, is basically Democratic. What happened in 1952, they say, was this: the Democratic party had been in power for twenty years, and any party in power that long will develop a few scandals. There had been a few, involving corruption and Communism, and even many longtime Democrats were fed up. Moreover, a new generation had come of age which couldn't remember the bad old Hoover days. Here was General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, a national hero, not a Republican hero like General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, but a hero to Democrats and Republicans alike. He sounded as though all he wanted was to "clean up the mess in Washington," with a Republican broom, true, but without sweeping out any Democratic policies.

As the Democrats analyze the 1952 election results, the nation did vote for a change —but for a change in faces, not in program. That is why so many Democratic Congressmen were elected despite the Eisenhower landslide.

THUS, in the warm, rosy glow of retrospect, the Democrats view November 1952 almost as a godsend. Their attitude is that, after twenty years of backbreaking responsibility, they had grown weary; the party was full of aches and pains, the administration slipshod, careless, perhaps a bit too ready to sweep the 5-per-centers and the Communist agents under a rug while it rested its throbbing feet. What the voters did was not really to evict the Democrats from power but send them on a much-needed vacation—a vacation from responsibility—to regain their old vigor. Mr. Eisenhower is merely taking care of the White House (though not very well, of course) while the rightful owners are away.

Whether or not the Democrats are living in a state of euphoria, this much is true, as any reporter who covers a party conclave notes today: they are so hopeful of victory that they have actually begun to enjoy being the minority party. For the first time in twenty years they don't have to worry about whether farm prices are going up, down, or sideways; that's now the Republican party's headache. If there is a drought in Texas and cattle are starving on the

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range, it's not their problem; let Dwight D. Eisenhower pray for rain. And, while he's about it, say the Democrats, let him also figure out how to make good on his promise to roll back the Iron Curtain, how to bring peace in the Middle East, how to achieve a sensible settlement in Trieste, how to keep the Western coalition from falling apart, and how to cut taxes and, at the same time, balance the budget and maintain a strong army, navy, and air force.

FOR the first time in twenty years, Democrats don't have to explain away anything (except how Communists got in the government during the 30's and early 40's). "It's a pleasure to answer mail from my constituents these days," a young Democrat Senator from a border state beamed at a cocktail party not long ago. "I no longer have to wrack my brains for ways of justifying what the administration has done. I just have to write: 'Dear sir, I'm with you 100 per cent, and I'll do everything I can for you, but you know how these Republicans are. They're the party of big business, and they don't give a tinker's damn about the farmer.'"

He added: "I'm having a wonderful time."

In plain fact, legislators usually have a wonderful time when they are in the minority—that is, if they are not in too small a minority and if they are not in the minority too long. It's a chance to needle, to sabotage, to second-guess, to chorus, "We told you so!" A smart parliamentarian, a man skilled in cloakroom conspiracy, can upset the best-laid plans of the majority. A clever orator, particularly one with a razor tongue, can embarrass the majority time after time. And this is particularly true when the majority, in a way, is a majority in name only—the plight the Republicans find themselves in now—when it has all the responsibilities of the majority but frequently, because of absences, is in the numerical minority. Then the majority leader must come crawling for minority votes; sometimes the price is high.

DURING the 1952 campaign the Democratic party was a badly divided party. Several Southern Democratic leaders actually came out for Mr. Eisenhower; others gave Adlai Stevenson only lukewarm support—or went fishing. This is not the case now. Adversity has served to reunite the party; and Mr. Eisenhower's election automatically thrust into the background many of the issues which had divided it.

The major case of contention within the party was, of course, the issue of civil rights. As long as a Democrat sat in the White House, that issue constantly kept turning Democrat against Democrat. Now, civil-rights legislation has become Mr. Eisenhower's responsibility, and the Democrats are in a blissful position. If the President fails to introduce a civil-rights program, the Northern Democrats can accuse him of betraying the nation's minority groups, and if the President does introduce such a program, the Southern Democrats, for a change, will be able to wave the bloody shirt at someone other than a fellow Democrat. Ideologically, of course, Northern and Southern Democrats continue to disagree about civil rights, but politically they are now in a position where they don't have to fight about it.

If the issue of civil rights is now dormant, that of the so-called tidelands is dead. The states now have jurisdiction over any oil they may contain; Congress passed the bill, Mr. Eisenhower signed it, and that is that.

There is another reason for this new era of good feeling in the Democratic party. During both the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, the Southerners often were made to feel like second-class Democrats: they might dominate the Congressional committees, but they had only a still, small voice—often no voice at all—in forming party policy. The Northerners, at times, were almost arrogant, boasting, "We can win without the South."

This no longer is true. For one thing, the victory of Mr. Eisenhower demonstrated how preposterous the Northern boast really was; for another, the positions of the Northerners and the Southerners have been reversed.

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For when a party is not in power, the men who dominate are naturally those who managed to win election themselves, even while the party was going down to defeat. In the Democratic party, this means the politicians from Southern and Border states. Moreover, by some strange coincidence, most of the real talent in the Democratic party is now concentrated in those same states. There are exceptions: Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, who came to Washington a brash and garrulous young man, but who has matured immensely since and is now a first-class politician; Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts, who is both personable and bright; "Soapy" Williams of Michigan, who does not always show good judgment, but is a terrific campaigner. However, the Southern and Border states have a dozen men or more to match them, including Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Russell Long of Louisiana, John Sparkman of Alabama, Dick Russell of Georgia, George Smathers of Florida, Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, and Stu Symington of Missouri.

Moreover, the sectionalism which kept the Democratic party in a perpetual civil war while the party was in power has always obscured the fact that, by and large—with only a few outstanding mavericks—the Democrats are remarkably well agreed on policy—at least, as compared with the Republicans. And, though nobody really worked this policy out—it just grew—it has a remarkable inner consistency.

To say that nobody really worked the policy out is not to criticize it. American politicians rarely are political theoreticians; like Americans generally, they are pragmatists who, faced with a problem, try one answer, then another, and keep blundering until they have blundered through. Even the British, who are the original blunderers-through, frequently feel impelled to develop neat systems of political thought; the Laborites, and particularly the Labor intellectuals, have kept the presses of Britain hot with them. American politicians almost never feel such a compulsion. The last great exception probably was John C. Calhoun, but Franklin D. Roosevelt was far more typically American when he likened himself to a quarterback who just kept calling plays until he found one that worked.

Roosevelt entered the White House in 1933 with no foreign policy at all (unless his denunciation of the League of Nations in order to gain the support of William Randolph Hearst could be said to have made him an isolationist), and with a domestic platform on which William McKinley could comfortably have run. By trial and error (including his action in pulling the rug out from under the London Economic Conference), he became an internationalist and developed the present foreign policy of the United States. In doing so, he brought almost the entire Democratic party along with him. Here and there you can find a Democratic isolationist, but the Democratic party, unlike the Republican, does not have an isolationist wing. The party is overwhelmingly internationalist, and it accepts the burdens of internationalism—global spending programs, military alliances, a big army, navy, and air force, and farflung bases.

Similarly, again by a process of trial and error, Roosevelt developed a domestic program which had two virtues: so far as anyone could see, it kept the economy going (the Republicans said it kept the economy going headlong toward catastrophe); and it kept the Democratic party in office.

It was essentially a giveaway program, with something for every interest group. The unemployed were given jobs; the farmers were given subsidies and electric lights; industry was given cheap power; workers were given unemployment insurance, minimum wages, and the Wagner Act; the Negroes were given a boost toward economic and political equality. Just about everybody was given something except, perhaps, the members of the middle class, who rightly or wrongly—and with mounting intensity—felt they were being forced to pay for it all through inflation and taxes.

The political results quickly became clear: the Democratic party, which since the Civil

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War had been a sectional party, grew into a national party based on a broad coalition of all those who had received benefits from the New Deal. Economically, the nation took on new life. The Democrats didn't realize why, at first. It was not until the recession of 1937 that most of them began to understand that what they had really been doing was giving the economy an inflationary shot in the arm. Ever since, although they never fail to pay lip service to such respected concepts as a balanced budget and a stable dollar, most Democrats basically have believed in government spending—and inflation.

Fortunately for the Democrats—and again, no one planned it that way—their foreign and domestic programs complement each other. An Eastern Republican may have a hard time reconciling his belief in a stable dollar with his acceptance of the nation's world responsibilities. The latter means huge expenditures for defense that make a balanced budget impossible, at least in the immediate future—as Mr. Eisenhower and his Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey, have already discovered. This problem doesn't plague the Democrats; they are internationalists who need not blink at the cost.

The Democrats developed this general philosophy of government—interventionism abroad, spending at home—only because they were forced to. They were in power; it was they who had to grapple with the problems, first domestic, then foreign, that plagued the nation. During all those years, however, the Republicans were in the same position the Democrats find themselves in now. They had only to sit back and criticize; they didn't have to develop a program of their own. They didn't have to develop the positive unity of a common philosophy; they had the negative unity of a common enemy—That Man in the White House.

THE result is that, compared with the Democrats, the Republicans are a divided party. On the basic question of foreign policy they still have not resolved the Great Debate of the 30's—internationalism *vs.* isolationism. "Isolationism" has become a horrid word and the old isolationists now call themselves "nationalists." Nevertheless, they haven't changed much since Pearl Harbor. They still fear foreign entanglements. They're still suspicious of Europe, for, after all, the Europeans are foreigners and, as every good isolationist knows, foreigners are forever starting wars that the United States must finish for them. And, while they're aware of the menace of the Soviet Union, they do not consider it a physical menace, just as they never considered Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan physical menaces. They cannot escape the feeling that all the furor over the possibility of a third world war is really Democratic propaganda designed to justify huge defense spending. To these isolationists the explanation for the spread of Communism since the war lies primarily in the fact that Alger Hiss (and who knows what other traitors?) were in the State Department and that Roosevelt was soft toward Communism. With a good Republican in the White House, dedicated to rooting out the remaining traitors in government and elsewhere, the United States is well on its way to containing the menace, they reason.

The split within the Republican party over foreign policy is paralleled by a similar, though far less serious, split over domestic policy which in part flows from it. In theory, all Republicans believe in decreased government spending, lower taxes, a balanced budget, and a stable dollar. Unlike the Democrats, they do not merely give these policies lip service; they are convinced that government spending can lead only to runaway inflation, bankruptcy, and socialism.

On the other hand, faced with the cold fact that maintaining the nation's international commitments is costly, Republican internationalists, by and large, are willing to put off balancing the budget for some years to come. They are anxious to cut taxes, but they do not favor cutting them sharply right away. Republican isolationists take a contrary view, and, in fact, the budget could be balanced immediately and taxes cut drastically if the foreign-aid program was

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abandoned and if defense spending was concentrated on the Strategic Air Command.

IN GENERAL, there are two reasons why the Democrats are so sanguine of victory and a quick return to power. The first lies in their analysis of why Mr. Eisenhower was elected; the second, in their belief that his party is incapable of governing.

If Mr. Eisenhower, the *candidate,* was not merely a hero surrounded by the glamor of war and victory, but a supra-political figure for whom millions of Democrats felt they could safely vote, Mr. Eisenhower, the President, they say, is not. There just isn't any such thing as a supra-political President. As President, Mr. Eisenhower also is the leader of the Republican party. As a Republican President, he must carry out Republican policies or else tear his party apart.

The Democrats are fully aware that, even with the recent slump in his popularity, Mr. Eisenhower could probably be reelected tomorrow—and by just as big a majority. That, they say, is largely because he still hasn't done anything to make anyone mad. He hasn't done anything—period. The President has postponed all the important decisions by the simple, painless process of appointing committees and commissions to conduct studies and issue reports.

Already, argue the Democrats, although nobody is mad at the President (except the extreme right wing, who expected him to carry out his campaign promises instantly), there is a growing impatience with him. The glamor is wearing off; the halo is growing dim. The President cannot postpone his decisions much longer, for there is a law of diminishing returns in politics, too. And, once he does start making decisions, he inevitably will start making enemies as well. The Democrats who broke away from the coalition to vote for him will return, for the decisions will be Republican decisions.

The President cannot possibly carry out his campaign promises, the Democrats maintain, because they were unrealistic to begin with. As a candidate, Mr. Eisenhower violently attacked the Truman foreign policy. As President, his first positive act was to agree to a cease-fire in Korea along the lines already laid down by the Truman administration. He talked of "rolling back the Iron Curtain" and made a great show of "unleashing the forces of Chiang Kai-shek" (which never were shackled in the first place). The Iron Curtain is just where it was when he took office and, partly because of the cease-fire and partly because of his inability to make up his mind about the Far East, the Chinese Nationalists have entered a new period of crisis. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles now is even talking about recognizing Red China under certain—highly remote—conditions; and anti-American sentiment on Formosa is rising.

As a candidate, Mr. Eisenhower promised to cut taxes and balance the budget. He was unable to deliver on either promise this year, even after paring down appropriations for the armed forces. He will cut taxes next year but, even with still more slashes in appropriations for defense, he will have a budget possibly as much as eight or nine billion dollars in the red. As the Democrats see it, he can't possibly balance the budget without cutting the armed forces so much that his whole foreign policy collapses.

The Democrats believe, moreover, that Mr. Eisenhower made a fatal error when he decided to postpone all his big decisions until 1954. In 1953, in the exultation of victory, the Republican Congress would have given him anything he wanted, just as the Democratic Congress simply rubber-stamped every bit of suggested legislation that came from Roosevelt during the famous First One Hundred Days, they maintain; in '54, Republicans who disagree with the administration will be far more likely to fight it. The entire House is coming up for reelection; faced with one demand from the White House and a contrary demand from the folks back home, the Republican Congressman who wants to stay in Congress will heed the latter.

THE Democrats look forward to a real Republican rhubarb, for example, when Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson

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proposes his new farm program. According to reports, this program will involve the gradual abandonment of fixed price supports in favor of a two-price system for several selected farm products. The Democrats don't believe it will have a chance; the Farm Belt Republicans, they say, are sure to kill it.

Again, the Democrats doubt that Mr. Eisenhower's plan to freeze the Social Security tax will stand much of a chance. Crusty old Daniel A. Reed, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, is against it and plans to fight it all the way. He'll get almost solid Democratic help. And if Reed wins the fight, the result will be a highly unfortunate one for a good many Republican Congressmen. At a time when the newspapers are announcing cuts in Federal income and corporate taxes, almost half the nation's wage-earners will find themselves with less take-home pay. (In the low-income groups, the boost in the Social Security tax will more than wipe out the cut in the income tax.)

On top of this, the Democrats say, is the fact that Mr. Eisenhower had the misfortune to come into office just when the economy had reached its peak and when a period of readjustment was on the way. That wasn't his fault, but he's going to reap the blame for it. (The Democrats will make certain of that.) The demand for new plants, new cars, new housing, the demand for everything is beginning to fall off. Not much, perhaps, but enough to cut out overtime here and a job there, enough to put an overextended farmer or businessman into bankruptcy, enough to make people remember 1929—and enough to change votes.

And since they believe basically in the curative powers of government spending, the Democrats also believe that, if Mr. Eisenhower follows Republican policies, he will simply aggravate the economic situation. They don't foresee a depression, but they do foresee just enough of a slump to make a majority of the voters start clamoring for the good old days when the Democrats were running things. The Republican margins in Congress are so slim that it won't take much of a shift of votes to give the Democrats control.

The Democrats view the upset in the 9th Congressional District of Wisconsin, where a slight decline in farm prices coupled with a few layoffs turned a historically Republican district Democratic, as the forerunner of '54.

THE one great fear of the Democrats is the issue of Communism in government. There are some liberals who still refuse to believe that Alger Hiss was anything but a victim of hysteria, and who still consider the late Harry Dexter White a martyr to democracy. They still insist that Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley dreamed up everything they said, and they still dismiss the pumpkin papers as a fraud.

The men who sat in power in Washington during the 30's and early 40's know better. Once they are forced to it, they can explain what happened, they can excuse it. They can point out that, after all, Russia and the United States were allies; that if Hiss fooled Jimmy Byrnes, he managed to pull the wool over Dulles's eyes, too; that if Franklin D. Roosevelt called Stalin "Uncle Joe," Dwight D. Eisenhower thought Marshal Zhukov was a darned nice fellow and a first-rate drinking companion.

However, this sort of talk sounds fine in a drawing room, but not in a political campaign. And if the voters still are agitated about Communism in government next fall, the Democrats may find themselves in trouble. For in spite of Mr. Eisenhower, the Republicans can be depended upon to make Communism a major issue in '54. And this will be especially true if, as the Democrats predict, the coming session of Congress brings forth a mouse. In that event, Communism probably will be the principal Republican issue.

The Democrats recently had a foretaste of the '54 campaign, when Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., charged that Truman promoted the late Harry Dexter White to a high government post knowing that he was a Russian spy. Whatever their public reactions, in private they were terrified, and even

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long-time Democratic critics of Truman, even Southerners who had sat out the '52 campaign, rushed to his defense. They still detested Truman, but they realized that if the Republican party could succeed in pinning the label of Communism on the Democratic party, it might stay in power for a generation. The Southerners, particularly, remembered what had happened after the Civil War, when the GOP succeeded in labeling the Democratic party the party of the "Copperheads." Later, when Adlai Stevenson addressed a joint session of the Georgia legislature in Atlanta, he drew his biggest applause from the crowd of ten thousand who had gathered to listen to him when he accused the Republicans of waving "the Red shirt" as they once had waved "the bloody shirt."

By and large, the Democrats feel a little easier about the White case now—and about the whole issue of Communism. For, although Brownell's charge was a nine-day wonder in the newspapers, the Democrats are now convinced that it had very little impact on the country. After the newspaper furor had died, the Democratic Senatorial campaign committee checked with 43 Democratic members of Congress; 20 of them had received no mail at all about White, the others had received only four or five letters each. From this some of the Democrats have concluded that, if the Republicans make Communism a major issue, they will be flogging a very sick horse.

These Democrats even profess to believe that Brownell's charge helped rather than hurt the Democratic party, not only because it further solidified the party but also because it brought out into the open the conflict between the President and the McCarthy wing of the GOP. Joe McCarthy's attack on the administration's foreign policy, as well as the letter-writing and telegram campaign that he inspired, were precisely what the Democratic National Committee would have ordered had it been able to.

HOWEVER, the prevailing view in the Democratic party is that whether the Republicans can win votes by raising the issue of Communism will depend on what other issues there are. If the nation is continuing to enjoy as high a level of prosperity come November as today, and if everything is going well abroad, the issue of Communism can be a powerful one on the Republican side, most Democrats agree. On the other hand, if November finds the nation growing restive about the high cost of living, falling farm prices, slackening employment, and the failure of the Eisenhower administration to carry out its campaign promises, Communism will be ignored.

The Democrats believe the Republicans will find it impossible to convince a cattleman on the verge of bankruptcy that Harry Dexter White is a bigger menace to him than Ezra Taft Benson.

They believe it because they believe that in a time when things are going wrong Americans don't vote *for* anything, they vote *against*. They voted against corruption and Communism last time but, if they want to vote *against* next time, it must be against what is going wrong at the moment, not against what went wrong ten years ago. The Democrats, being Democrats, are sure the Republicans can be depended upon to make the right things go wrong.

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HOW INSURE SECURITY IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE

Past Failures and Present Remedies

DILLARD STOKES

THE present program to establish security in our government, to end spying and sabotage by Russian agents in the public service, has at least one great merit. It is the first to aim at the real goal, which is the security of the United States. Up to now, in all the programs we have worked on and fought about for twenty years, the concern has been with the loyalty of individuals, which is closely related but is not the same thing.

With new standards and new methods to back this more realistic concept of the purpose to be accomplished, the current program has much that is needed for success. But there must be more. Above all, a clean break must be made with the lines of controversy that have been dug so deep in the last two decades.

To make a break with this barren history, however, does not mean to ignore it. Before we can bury it, we must understand certain basic questions being debated today as hotly as ever, indeed more hotly than ever. They are not well met with silence, still less with sharp political accusation and counter-accusation; they ought to be answered with facts. Once having faced the facts, maybe it will be possible to take this whole problem out of politics and allow men of good will in both parties to cooperate on a sound plan to solve it.

Some of the questions that we must answer are: Is there really any danger to the United States? Even though there has been, was it not removed by the loyalty drives of the last dozen years? Isn't the issue being exploited by rabble-rousers who have their own political axes to grind? Granted there is some danger, isn't the cure worse than the disease? What about government workers? Haven't their civil rights been trampled on? Does the present program sufficiently protect their rights?

Of these questions and many more like them, only the last three have been taken up for study by a responsible private agency. Cornell University used a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to make and publish half a dozen surveys. Of these, *The Federal Loyalty-Security Program,* by Eleanor Bontecou (Cornell University Press), is the most recent. But, as is true of the series as a whole, it deals only with some of the necessary questions: it focuses on those that have to do with civil rights, skimping those that have to do with security.

THE discussion over Communists in government service has tended to be a fierce battle between two extremes—those who have seen only the threat to security, and those who have seen no such threat, or at least none worth bothering about if it meant a risk of any injustice in a single case. DILLARD STOKES here seeks out a middle position, emphasizing the need to find a security program that will balance the requirements of national safety with a proper concern for the rights and liberties of individuals—and he suggests concretely how he believes this can be achieved. Mr. Stokes has worked for newspapers in New Orleans, Louisville, Chicago, and Washington, and for the Associated Press. During his eleven years with the Washington *Post* he covered the federal government's investigation of foreign agents, whose trail at the time of the Nazi-Soviet pact led him from Russian propaganda enterprises to a huge network of pro-Nazi operators; for his work on this story, he received the American Newspaper Guild's 1942 Heywood Broun Award. During World War II Mr. Stokes served in Army Intelligence, and from 1948 to 1952 he was special counsel to the CIO's Political Action Committee. He was born in Georgia in 1907, has a bachelor's degree from Tulane and a law degree from the University of Louisiana.

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WHAT about the first question—the existence and extent of a Communist threat to security in government?

By now plenty of impressive evidence has been amassed of the activity of Russian agents—Communists, their instruments, and their dupes—in this government. There are volumes of sworn testimony, tens of thousands of pages of it. There is more than a man could find time to read even if he ignored the scores of books and the hundreds of magazine articles turned out by partisans of the issue.

It is perhaps the great mass of the proof that has weakened its impact. The cases all sound alike. Summary newspaper reporting extracts no pattern from the scandals that pop up from week to week. To show such a pattern is not the reporter's job. Someone else must do it, calmly and patiently, as the Cornell scholars have handled the subsidiary issues.

But though we lack a comprehensive private study of security there is an excellent preliminary survey by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee entitled *Interlocking Subversion in Government Departments* (Government Printing Office, 1953) which has not received the public attention it deserves. The Senators — four Republicans, three Democrats—all agree in concluding, from the evidence, that:

The Soviet international organization has carried on a successful and important penetration of the United States government, *and this penetration has not been fully exposed.* It has extended from the lower ranks to top-level policy and operating positions in our government. Its agents have operated in accordance with a distinct design fashioned by their Moscow superiors. Members of this conspiracy helped to get each other into government, helped each other to rise in government, and protected each other from exposure.

Thousands of diplomatic, political, military, scientific, and economic secrets of the United States have been stolen by Soviet agents in our government and by other persons closely connected with the Communists.

Policies and programs laid down by members of this Soviet conspiracy are still in effect within our government and constitute a continuing hazard to our national security.

THE Senators declare: "According to the evidence in our records, those involved in the secret Communist underground included: an executive assistant to the President of the United States; an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; a United States Treasury attaché in China; the Director of the Office of Special Political Affairs for the State Department; the secretary of the International Monetary Fund; the head of the Latin-American Division of the Office of Strategic Services; a member of the National Labor Relations Board; chief counsel, Senate Subcommittee on Civil Liberties; chief, Statistical Analysis Branch, War Production Board; Treasury Department representative and adviser in Financial Control Division of the North African Economic Board in UNRRA, and at the meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Moscow; director, National Research Project of the Works Progress Administration."

The Senators cite sworn testimony that the Russian agents made use of these posts, and of hundreds of others, to carry out their mission: "They colonized key committees of Congress. They helped write laws, conduct Congressional investigations and write committee reports. They advised Cabinet members, wrote speeches for them and represented them in intergovernmental conferences. They staffed interdepartmental committees which *prepared basic American and world policy*. They travelled to every continent as emissaries and spokesmen of the American people. They attended virtually every international conference where statesmen met to shape the future."

Members of the apparatus constantly were adding to their power and effectiveness: "They hired each other. They promoted each other. They raised each other's salaries. They transferred each other from bureau to bureau, from department to department, from Congressional committee to Congres-

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sional committee. They assigned each other to international missions. They vouched for each other's loyalty and protected each other when exposure threatened." (For instance, derogatory material was simply removed from the State Department's files on foreign service personnel, leaving nothing to show the material ever was there.)

Consider Alger Hiss, Judith Coplon, the atom spies, efforts to sabotage the Austrian exchange negotiations. To these big scandals add a hundred small ones, and the proof of Russian activity inside the United States government is overwhelming.

THOSE whose past treachery is now known were for many years above suspicion. High above it. They did not have to deny suggestions of their Russian allegiance; they laughed them off. Are there others like them yet undiscovered? The Senate report says yes.

At first glance, it would seem that the Senators who say this so surely ought to be able to point out the culprits. But must we wait until they do, beyond any possibility of doubt, before we feel concern? If one of the family smells gas we do not challenge him to take a floor plan and point out the leak: we join him in looking for it.

The Senators rest their assertion upon three kinds of data. One is testimony that the persons exposed up to now were part of two rings of Russian agents in Washington, and that at least two other rings were operating there at the same time. The witnesses knew of these additional rings, but were not part of them and gave no details about them. So far, neither has anybody else. Maybe those two rings are out of business. And maybe not.

Second, newspapers tell currently of the exposure of questionable persons in government positions who have survived years of investigations (examples are noted later in this article). Rather than suppose each one in turn to be the last, is it not more reasonable to conclude that if previous precautions have missed these cases, they must have missed others?

Finally, there is the fact—to which a great mass of evidence testifies—that the Soviet apparatus piles layer of secrecy upon layer. The substance of this testimony was well summed up by the FBI undercover man Herbert Philbrick. He told the Senate subcommittee in the Hearings of April 6, 1953, that the Communist leadership ordered him to break off all connection with itself. He was to get out of the party; he never was to write or telephone or visit headquarters. He would get his orders by courier. Mr. Philbrick, in short, went "underground," being assigned to a "professional cell" of the Soviet apparatus in Boston. At his first meeting of "Cell Pro-4" he met doctors, lawyers, teachers, professors, business executives, and others high in the community. This witness had the inside knowledge of a party member, the inside knowledge of an FBI operative, and the keen suspicion of a man leading a dangerous double life. Yet he testified: "Three of those individuals I knew personally—this is after I had been in the Communist Party movement for seven years—and three of those individuals in that room that evening I had known publicly and personally outside of the Communist Party and had never had any knowledge or any information indicating that they were in fact members of the Communist Party."

The party calls these "pro-cell" people "floaters." Deeper underground than they are the "sleepers," who never go to any meetings, even the most secret ones. A "sleeper," said Mr. Philbrick, is "a comrade who is put on ice completely. He is in contact with nobody in the Communist Party. He remains completely separated from all party contacts until such time at some date when the Communist Party has some special action, some very special task, which it may need to have done with the greatest security, and that is when they will call upon a sleeper to carry out a particular task."

This is part of the substantial basis for the finding of the Senators that Russian penetration of our government "has not been fully exposed." We know there *was* a fire; we do not *know* if it is out.

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The grounds are less clear and evident for the subcommittee's finding that policies framed by Soviet conspirators are now in force "and constitute a hazard to our national security." This finding is offered as the considered judgment of a unanimous subcommittee. That does not make it gospel, but surely it is not to be brushed off, even though it may rest upon no more than the assumption that policies drafted by so many highly placed persons are still in force. In private affairs, when an embezzler is caught in an office, we do not think it unreasonable to look over his books for some years back.

IN THE interests of their security, the American people have a right to something more solid than assurances that there is nothing to worry about, that the Reds are all gone, and that the alarm is being whooped up by anti-liberal politicians.

Are not assurances that there are no more subversives on the government payroll of a piece—they have the same sound and they are made by the same people—with similar assurances offered a few years ago to the effect that there had never been and were not then any subversives there at all? Such statements have been pouring out ever since Dr. William A. Wirt touched off the first controversy over subversion nearly twenty years ago. Indeed, they have represented one of the great barriers in public opinion to attacking the whole problem. Even today leading liberal publications deride the present revelations as "spy thrillers."

Dr. Wirt was the superintendent of schools in Gary, Indiana, a man of standing in his city and his profession. He asserted in March 1934 that there was a massive conspiracy in motion to overturn the American social order and set up a "planned economy." He said he was told that "Roosevelt is only the Kerensky of the coming American revolution." His story was vague and muddled, and might well have been considered too ridiculous to proceed upon.

But it *was* proceeded upon. The House set up a special committee which moved to investigate, not the charges, but Dr. Wirt. He was refused the aid of counsel; he was denied leave to read a statement; he was heard a week before any other witness. Those who were to answer him knew in advance every syllable of his testimony; at their leisure they could get ready in conference to reply in concert.

The late Representative Alfred L. Bulwinkle said in the House that Dr. Wirt was a pro-German who had been jailed during the First World War. This was not true and Mr. Bulwinkle manfully took it back five days later. But of course this retraction never caught up with the slander, which was quoted "from the record" from then on.

The six persons Dr. Wirt named as his sources took the stand. One and all, they denied his whole story. They testified in each other's presence. They were not cross-examined. There was no Daniel to test them. The special committee gave them a clean bill. Dr. Wirt was demolished and the New York *Times* declared that the plot he thought he had uncovered "is certain to expire in the midst of inextinguishable laughter."

YET Dr. Wirt was profoundly right, and those who laughed him down were profoundly wrong. Plots were afoot indeed; cells of Russian agents were at that time at work in Washington. Their aim, it is true, was not a planned economy for America, but penetration and espionage and shaping of public policy on behalf of Russia. Dr. Wirt may have stumbled upon and misunderstood a wisp of evidence to this effect; he may have just overheard some loose talk. Certainly his conservative bias was evident, his facts were flimsy, his story was hazy, and the trail was cold. (He took six months to make up his mind to speak out.) An honest and vigorous investigation would probably have turned up nothing.

However, no such investigation was made. There were proceedings, with radiocasts, newsreel cameras, platoons of correspondents, and all the other trimmings. But the effort was not to find out anything; it was to make fun of the alarmist from the backwoods.

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It is just this that gives deep significance to the trivial matter of Dr. Wirt. This was the first uproar over loyalty and security, and it set a pattern that prevailed for many years—the pattern of controversy, in which large indiscriminate charges of treason and disloyalty are made, and the liberals take every move, be it against the Communists or themselves, as a blow aimed at them, close ranks, defend whoever is named, and reply to the accuser and the accusation with invective. The vicious circle was set up in which the focus was not on security but on political and economic belief. Liberals were frightened—or gulled—not merely into defending themselves, but into defending Communists and Communists spies. They denied the threat to security and, worse, they denied both the need and the right of the government to make inquiry into the whole matter.

Just this reception was waiting for Representative Martin Dies of Texas in 1939 when he became chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee and began accusing government employees of subversion. Miss Bontecou declares: "The intended implication of Communism in high places was inescapable. The result of these proceedings was to implant firmly in the minds of the members of the Roosevelt Administration and of Liberals throughout the country the conviction that the purposes of the Dies committee were chiefly political and had little to do with a genuine search for subversion but much with partisan attack upon the Administration."

Thus an issue was joined not between this government and whatever enemies might be on its payroll but between the Administration and the liberals on one hand and Mr. Dies and the conservatives on the other. Or so it seemed in 1938. Now we know some of the "liberals" really were Russian agents, with a life-and-death interest in maintaining the position then taken by the Administration and its friends. And, of course, it was to be seen all along that the faction behind Mr. Dies was manned in plenty—but by no means altogether—by anti-New Deal crackpots whose irrational clamor did its part to obscure the really important issue—the safety of the United States.

Mr. Dies declares that he thought Fascism and Communism were equally dangerous. He harassed Bundists and the Silver Shirts as well as Communist fronts. But these strokes won him no respite and his cause no support; they were brushed off as window-dressing.

Mr. Dies, however, was no timid superintendent of schools. He stood fast and hit back. He named persons and organizations. With equal vehemence he attacked those against whom nothing has been shown to this day, those against whom nothing was proved then but against whom much has been uncovered since, and those against whom he was able to make a showing right then and there.

The handful of cases in the last group did nothing to convince the Administration that its house needed cleaning. They did little to persuade the public at large; the people mostly were indifferent onlookers, neither alarmed by Mr. Dies' warnings nor outraged by the excesses of which he was accused.

But they did induce Congress to launch the series of measures whose story Miss Bontecou has written in her book, *The Federal Loyalty-Security Program*. A lawyer and a former civil servant herself, Miss Bontecou knows the subject well. Within its limits hers is a good history, though it does not live up to the claim of its editor—Professor Robert E. Cushman—that "it should give the inquiring citizen the facts and reasoned judgment on which an informed and prudent public opinion must rest." For the book is not an unbiased study. Miss Bontecou says it "could not be." The first concern of the foundation that provided the grant was, as we have noted, the impact of security measures on civil liberties—a concern not only proper, but admirable. However, the *first concern* of "an informed and prudent public opinion," certainly when confronted by a threat like that mounted by Soviet Russia and the international Communist movement,

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must be the security of the United States, which, as Miss Bontecou herself says, she considers "only in passing."

In theory, security is an administrative function, to be quietly and temperately undertaken, with removals and transfers discreetly accomplished, without rousing anybody to frenzy. In this country, under the conditions of the 30's, such a course was out of the question. The Administration was committed, or rather soon found itself committed, to its line that no subversives were in its service, that if there were they were not a danger, and that in general the whole uproar was an anti-New Deal tactic. Thus committed, the Administration could neither initiate nor carry through its own housecleaning.

This line of thinking was natural and perhaps unavoidable. Government service was full of enthusiasts whose ideals were high and authentic. When Mr. Dies and his associates freely confused the New Deal with subversion, what was more human than for New Dealers to equate anti-subversion with reaction?

Surely this combination of outraged idealism and the kind of plain, ordinary partisan politics that is indigenous to our two-party system goes far to explain the Administration thinking of the late 30's. *But it does not explain away the responsibility, the affirmative duty, of the Executive Branch to keep security risks off the payroll, regardless of Mr. Dies.* Nor does it explain away—and this is what really counts today—the consequences of the failure to carry out this Executive responsibility.

WITH the Administration standing pat, the clean-up drive had to come from Congress. Those in Congress who sparked the drive were men who groped for the facts and for an understanding of them. They warned of danger; they suspected subversion in many fields; and, whether or not they were ambitious or partisan, they have piled up a mountain of evidence to show that they were essentially right.

Unfortunately for them and for us, they very often compromised their efforts by their angry, sweeping statements and muddy thinking. Their sorties into Hollywood and the universities, whatever their merits or demerits, had the effect of diluting their warnings about the government service. They were indeed concerned with "un-American activities," but subversion within the government became only one of many "activities." Often they followed the trail of private opinion, and lost sight of the real quarry.

If the liberal counter-attack was easy to understand, by the same token it is hard to say that the Dies faction could have acted otherwise. Not only did they not have executive cooperation; they were fenced out by aggressive non-cooperation; and from the start the whole liberal coalition showered them with abuse as sustained and savage as their own. They hit back. Each wrong-headed policy fed upon the other—a vicious spiral. The Kremlin must have loved it, and there is no assessing the rich dividends the Russians reaped in divisive controversy and diversion down to this day. The historian will be hard put to it to decide which side was most guilty. Both cooperated in the sad result. One fact is indisputable: our country was the loser.

WHILE Congressional committees could, and did, poke into everything from musical comedy to Sunday school papers, the only area they could reach with legislation was the government itself. The first measures were enacted in 1939. The Emergency Relief Act forbade the payment of any of its funds to any person "who is a member of an organization that *advocates* [italics mine] the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force and violence," or to any person himself advocating such overthrow. Next, Section 9-A of the Hatch Act forbade a government worker to belong to such an organization. The Emergency Ship Construction Act of 1941 made it a crime for such proscribed persons to accept wages or salaries, and this provision has been written into every appropriation act since then.

A ban against Federal employment of

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Communists and Nazis was voted in 1940, but the courts threw it out, saying it was discriminatory: the bare fact of membership did not warrant dismissal. The Supreme Court more recently held that the Attorney General must grant an organization a hearing before listing it as subversive.

Congress also authorized the military departments to dismiss any person for "conduct inimical to the public interest in the defense program of the United States." The departments were required to inform the employee as to the allegations against him and to give him a chance to answer them in writing. Under this law, by 1950, the Navy had fired 244 persons, the Army 115, and the Air Force nine. These were civilian workers; the Act did not apply to service personnel.

The Administration was obliged to set up loyalty programs to carry out these laws. All these programs had built-in weaknesses. The Civil Service Commission recognized the "potential disloyalty" of Communists, pro-Nazis, and the like. But its agents were ordered not to inquire into union affiliation, support of Loyalist Spain, the Harry Bridges defense agitation, the Lawyers' Guild, and a drove of like enterprises all of which were swarming with Communists. The Commission frankly sought to avoid trapping liberals —but its badly conceived and executed precautions toward this end allowed Communists to slip through.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt in 1940 ordered investigations begun upon request of the employing agency. Complaints poured into the departments, but Miss Bontecou reports they were "received with hostility." So that of the first 1,597 complaints passed on to the departments by the FBI, only 193 brought requests for investigation; 254 brought notice that no inquiry was wanted; and the other 1,150 were not acknowledged at all.

This resistance of the government departments brought an order in 1941 authorizing the FBI to investigate without request. A few months later, in April 1942, an interdepartmental committee was set up to advise the agencies. But they did not have to follow advice—and they did not follow it. The total result was that, of 4,579 employees complained of, 36 were dismissed and 13 were shifted to other jobs. When the FBI reported these results to Congress there were charges of whitewash.

In 1943, President Roosevelt set up a new interdepartmental committee with a wider range but no greater real power. Starting with 25 a month, its case load by 1946 fell to four a month. The total result of this program was the discharge of 24 persons, and the disciplining of 32 others.

These programs can be fairly said not to have pursued their stated objectives. Instead, they were made vehicles through which the administrators could express their original conviction, that no such programs were needed in the first place.

These measures made up the sum of the American security effort in the war years, when Russian espionage and propaganda were at their height inside the American government. In those days tolerance of Communists and amity with the Soviet Union were the official and customary things. Fascism was the sole enemy. Senator Taft as well as Representative Marcantonio hailed the Red Army. Warnings were muted by the retort that the great political tactic of the Nazis was to drive a wedge between ourselves and our Red "ally." Having rebuffed Russian gestures toward selling us out by a separate peace, the Nazis could more hopefully have set out to estrange a tapeworm from its prey. But that is much easier to see now than it was ten years ago.

AS THE war drove towards its end, the Kremlin began to show its claws abroad; and then scandals began to burst over here. Bales of "top-secret" papers turned up in February 1945 in the office of the magazine *Amerasia,* a place they simply had no business being. A Communist, Carl Aldo Marzani, was found on the State Department payroll a few months later; he was jailed for having made false statements in order to obtain and hold his job. A Royal Commission set up in Canada to check the story of Igor

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Gouzenko, the fugitive Soviet code clerk, reported on June 27, 1946 that there was proof of a huge Russian spy apparatus in Canada, England, and the United States.

By that time the honeymoon stage of the alliance between ourselves and Stalin was well over; indeed the cold war was well begun. The loyalty drive came back to life. President Truman on November 26, 1946 named a commission to survey the question. The views of the agencies consulted varied considerably. Attorney General Tom C. Clark declared that one disloyal employee was too many for safety, while Herbert E. Gaston, chairman of the Interdepartmental Committee, thought the government had not been harmed or endangered by the subversion previously uncovered. His view was not too preposterous at the time, because no subversion of any significance had been detected up to then.

The commission recommended vigorous action and on March 21, 1947 the President issued Executive Order 9385, which called for a top-to-bottom overhaul of the Federal payroll, and a machinery of appeals. The first estimate of the cost was $64 million. The Budget Bureau recommended $25 million, and $11 million was actually voted by Congress; to this must be added a very considerable invisible cost in man hours and other overhead that was absorbed by the agencies and departments.

In the course of this program three million sets of fingerprints were checked, with a total "bag" reported by the FBI as follows: two burglars, two minor criminals, one bank robber, one thief, one drug addict, one forger, one fellow-traveler, and two Communist applicants! Eleven in all, and only three of them in the categories sought for—a concentration of one in a million.

The Loyalty Review Board, to which all cases were subject for final decision, reported on June 30, 1953 that it had considered 26,236 cases in its six-years' career. Of these, investigation had been dropped in 2,748 cases when the persons concerned resigned or withdrew their applications; in 3,634, adjudication was not completed for like reasons. Doubtless, many of these backed away from probable adverse findings. Doubtless, many others had some other reason. There is no basis on which to estimate the proportions. At the time of the report, 1,779 cases were still pending, and 1,015 had been referred to the Department of the Army—which, under its own more rigid statutory standards, dismissed 115 persons. Of the other 17,060, the Board ruled that 16,503 were "loyal," and dismissed or denied employment to 557.

Does this report prove that there was not much disloyalty? Or that the program had not accomplished its purpose, despite all the public outcry on the part of well-meaning defenders of civil liberties—and some not so well-meaning — against the Washington "witch-hunt" and "spy-hysteria"?

These are the important questions, but throughout the program they have been obscured. The original objection that there was, and is, little or no subversion, has never ceased to be advanced. The people taking this position appear simply not to have read the evidence; or they believe it to be not only balanced, but somehow conjured out of existence, by their suspicion—voiced with great assurance and little restraint—of the manners, morals, and motives of the Congressmen who presided at the hearings. In a word, these people declare the issue to be, not security, but "McCarthyism." Analysis of their position would be quite useful, but would take us too far afield here. For the purposes of this article it is assumed, on the basis of what we believe any objective person must by now consider ample proof: (1) that there were a number of persons like Alger Hiss in the government and that they actually did harm the United States; (2) that the possibility that other such persons are now in the government service is a real one; and (3) that, finally, even though everything said by everybody against the Wisconsin Senator and his colleagues may be true, the weight of assumptions (1) and (2) is not diminished thereby.

When point (2) is brought up it is too often voiced, and answered, in the same over-

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certain and hysterical (and politically partisan) spirit that muddled the debate over the need of a loyalty program at all. It is objected that the civil liberties of government workers are being violated, their privacy invaded; it is charged that the proceedings against them are based on malice, jealousy, and trivial suspicion, and conducted without fairness, sometimes without ordinary decency. The result is said to be a wave of panic destructive of morale and competence throughout the government service, and to such a degree that no one in the service can fulfill his responsibility for fear of false accusation; and no one in his senses will take government posts under prevailing circumstances.

As far as the supposed demoralization of the civil services goes, this writer can say only that he has been in Washington all during this period and observed no such thing. Alarm here and there, yes (and very often it was not the actual facts but some widely publicized wild view of them that caused the alarm). But general panic, no: that was, and is, reserved for rumors of RIF (reduction in force).

The instances of specific abuses that are cited disclose considerable exaggeration. Questions asked in any investigation of personnel are sure to be invasions of privacy, and some of the horrible examples produced can be shown to be out of context. For instance, in one leading case, widely condemned, the employee was asked how she stood on blood segregation by the Red Cross. Apparently a most impertinent interrogation. Not until the case had gone through the courts was the board member who asked the question able to explain, with propriety, that his question did not relate to the private beliefs as such of the employee, but to her activities in behalf of an undeniably Communist-dominated organization of which she was an officer, and which was exploiting the blood issue in its propaganda.

However, despite the weakness of some of the evidence presented, it may be taken for granted that there were abuses in the conduct of the loyalty programs. No operation so extensive could have escaped them. But to see this is far from concluding that such abuses were general, or that the way to mend them was to campaign for the elimination of the whole program.

Put the matter on a quantitative footing. The cases before the Board involved a little over one-half of one per-cent of four and a half million employees and applicants. Of these cases, a total of 557—fewer than 2 per cent—ended with dismissals. Assume that all pending cases and those who resigned under investigation or during adjudication would have been dismissed, and the percentage rises to 34 per cent. Or take only cases in which there were final rulings, and of 17,060 cases there were dismissals in only a trifle over 3 per cent.

The police make many mistaken arrests; grand juries indict many persons who are subsequently cleared. From time to time there are really horrible cases of people proved innocent after years behind the bars. Despite these errors, our police and our courts have a good over-all record for administering justice. Can we say as much of the loyalty procedures? Certainly not. When people are placed in jeopardy of any kind, before any sort of tribunal, and 98 per cent, or 97 per cent, or even 66 per cent of them are exonerated, something is wrong. The charges are ill advised, or the adjudication is at fault. Or both. Here it is surely both, for there are two sides to the record.

On the one hand, cases have been rested on such things as having given the name of a former supervisor (later under suspicion) as a reference, having drafted a letter on the order of a superior, reading the *New Republic*, possessing books "about" Russia, having expressed socialist views when a college student, having advocated peace and civil liberties at a time when the Communists favored them, having gathered material about Communism (mostly against it) when the subject was assigned in a public speaking course, reading the Bund paper *Deutsche Weckruf und Beobachter*, having been "regarded" as a Communist, etc., etc.

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Being pitched upon "loyalty"—a concept hard to make objective—the programs necessarily threshed over this sort of trifling gossip throughout their operation. Of great significance, but wholly overlooked, was the testimony of Seth Richardson, chairman of the Review Board, in 1950, that "not one single case, or evidence directing toward a case, of espionage has been disclosed in the record."

On the other hand—consider the case of James McNamara. Ousted from his union vice-presidency by an anti-Communist faction in 1942, Mr. McNamara was promptly appointed a commissioner of the Mediation and Conciliation Service. When FBI reports indicated his Communist background, he was haled before a loyalty board, which cleared him. A review board condemned this finding as "against the evidence." Nevertheless, Mr. McNamara remained in his position—the government spokesman in critical strike situations—until September 1953. There was no administrative pressure on him even then. He quit under the fire of a Congressional committee.

Or the case of Edward M. Rothschild, a binder in the Government Printing Office. Within his reach was secret material that he was "not supposed" to touch because he was "not authorized." Mr. Rothschild rode out a whole series of loyalty proceedings in which the board was informed that dozens of informants had named him a Communist party member, and that one had flatly accused him of stealing a code book. The loyalty board did not call for the evidence of any of these informants—some of whom were available—but heard only the man's own witnesses, and then sent him back to work.

THE "loyalty" procedures, then, have given hit-or-miss results. They have neither spared the innocent nor trapped the guilty. With good cause, people fear that other faithless civil servants are in a position, today, to serve Russia and harm the United States. The programs simply did not determine what they were set up to determine. Another attempt must be made, and this time success is obligatory.

The loyalty effort began in controversy, and under this government it could not have been otherwise. From this controversial origin stem two of the principal causes of the failure.

One was the general reluctance, or hesitancy, of administrators that already has been noticed. The other was a wrong emphasis, a mistake in direction. We have spent all this money and made hash of our tranquillity in the name of *loyalty*, when our real objective was *security*. The difference is subtle, but very real and very deep. Suppose the football coach, instead of saying he was out to build a good husky team, announced he was going to kick all the cowards and weaklings off the squad. The point I hope is clear that the government should try to get good people, of unquestioned integrity; that the emphasis in its hiring and firing policies should be as much on getting certain virtues as on avoiding defects.

The first acts of Congress forbade employment of certain categories of persons to whom disloyalty was imputed. The Roosevelt interdepartmental committee was authorized to deal with "complaints of subversive activity." President Truman, in setting up his comprehensive program, authorized dismissals whenever there was "reasonable ground for belief that the person involved is disloyal." Later, on recommendation of the board, Mr. Truman made the standard "a reasonable doubt of the loyalty of the person involved."

These provisions focused the issue upon the individual, made an issue of his "guilt" or "innocence," when—as a matter of law and of fact—he was not charged with anything. This in turn led to endless confusion. The "accused" and their supporters asserted the presumption of innocence. Against summary procedure was invoked the honored maxim that it is better for a dozen guilty men to go free than for one innocent man to be wrongfully convicted.

These principles bind judges and juries, and very properly. But an *employer* (and above all the *government* as *employer*) cannot well observe them. For when an em-

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ployer refuses to hire an applicant, or fires an employee, he does not assert the employee is guilty of a crime, but merely indicates that he is not satisfied that the person can do the job. Of course he may, and in fact must, act on something less than proof "beyond a reasonable doubt." A watchman suspected of arson ought to be—and he is—presumed innocent when he is in court, but who would leave him on the job while there was any doubt? Judicial principles applicable to the trial of criminal cases can be applied in the public business no better than in the warehouse.

That the line of thinking they express came into the picture was due to the procedure by which charges were laid against individuals. When an adverse ruling carries the flavor of a conviction and the stigma of disloyalty, the person involved is going to invoke judicial principles and all the rest of Anglo-American law. He is going to fight back, in short, as hard as he can, the unworthy just as hard as the worthy. He is going to receive a great deal of public sympathy. Any program that proceeds on the basis of individual "guilt" or "innocence" is sure to meet such resistance. It could be overcome by a system of arbitrary dismissals, upon suspicion or caprice, without hearings. But such a cure would be, indeed, as bad as the disease.

IT DOES not follow that there can be no cure at all. President Eisenhower may have formulated one, in the new program established May 27, 1953, by Executive Order 10450, which makes department heads responsible for security, requires them to investigate adverse information about their employees, and provides:

"Section 6. Should there develop at any stage of investigation information indicating that the employment of any officer or employee of the Government may not be clearly consistent with the interests of the national security, the head of the department or agency concerned or his representative shall immediately suspend the employment of the person involved if he deems such suspension necessary in the interests of the national security and, following such investigation and review as he deems necessary, the head of the department or agency concerned shall terminate the employment of such suspended officer or employee whenever he shall determine such termination necessary or advisable. . . ."

This language is as clear as it is awkward. The vital shift of emphasis is accomplished, from *loyalty* to *security*. The Order provides that employees be told in writing why they are being suspended, and be given 30 days to reply. Permanent or indefinite employees may ask for a hearing before "three impartial and disinterested persons" from other agencies. At these hearings the employee may have counsel, may present witnesses, and may cross-examine his accusers, if they appear.* The boards are enjoined to "take into consideration the inability of the employee to meet charges of which he has not been advised, because of security reasons, specifically or in detail, or to attack the creditability of witnesses who do not appear." (As did President Truman, Mr. Eisenhower concedes the practical necessity of withholding the source of data, the names of informants. Here, at least, is formal acknowledgement that this is a dubious business, to be warily handled.) Employees restored to their jobs are entitled to be paid for the period of their suspension. Responsibility for the final decision is placed squarely upon the head of the agency or department. If he is harsh and arbitrary he is sure to cut down efficiency, for which he is also responsible. This is not certain to work out well, but there are at

*These safeguards, here given in brief summary, certainly do much to meet the legitimate objections of critics concerned about due process. Whether they are enough depends on the way they work in practice. Should the need arise they may well be reinforced with other safeguards. As Order 10450 states: ". . . all persons should receive fair, impartial and equitable treatment at the hands of the Government." A total of 1,456 dismissals under the Eisenhower program have already been announced, and no one has gone to court or run to the newspapers with outcries of foul play. However, it is not yet possible to evaluate the Eisenhower program in any comprehensive manner.

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least a balance and a clear lodgment of responsibility, which heretofore have been lacking.

THE responsible officials now are charged with a duty they can perform without adventures into mind reading or divination. No longer are they required to resolve whether so-and-so deep in his heart is really "loyal," a vague and misty question hopelessly confused by the many connotations "loyalty" bears to different people under varying circumstances. The responsibility now is simply to determine whether the reviewing officials, on all the evidence, including his own, are prepared to say the employee is reliable. While this, too, falls short of the neat precision of the law, the problem at least is a familiar one. For this is just the determination a private employer makes every time he hires or fires a man.

The new standard makes a civil servant liable to be told: "Look here, we have such and such information about you that makes us doubt that we ought to keep you on the job." So the civil servant knows there is a doubt; he knows, in general anyway, what caused it; it is up to him to overcome it. He is, in short, in almost the same position as an ordinary citizen whose employer has come to doubt him. The differences are all in favor of the civil servant. A worker in commerce or industry may never know what hit him, but the government worker has procedural safeguards. He doesn't have to take it lying down; nobody wants him to and nobody expects him to. The channels of reply are there, and they are meant to be used. If he has a good story he may win.

He may lose, too, and in that case is not the adverse finding quite as harmful as it ever was? I think anyone applying for a job would rather say he had left his previous employment because he was considered a security risk—which covers many possibilities* —than because he was considered a loyalty risk. If, in public opinion, "security risk" comes to mean the same thing as "disloyal," then it would hardly matter for what reason one was dismissed. But I don't think this has happened; and I think a good job of reporting this problem—and that means treating the people involved in security cases as neither martyrs nor lepers—will prevent it from happening.

SOME of the old errors are being avoided, so that the Eisenhower security program appears a long first step toward reestablishing a wholesome atmosphere in the government service. With justice and restraint, the program may solve the problem. But it can fail, too, if either its administrators or the public assume that *every* government worker brought into question ought to be fired, or that *none* ought to be fired. It could be defeated by excessive Congressional interference, of which there is some possibility, and it could be defeated by Congressional apathy and neglect, of which there appears to be no likelihood whatever. To ride herd upon the Executive Branch is a function of the Congress; though we can ill afford to have its investigative powers misused, we still less can afford to have them disused.

The security effort can be handicapped in its main purpose, and prevented from reestablishing public confidence, by new outbursts of secondary, partisan controversy, to the exclusion of the real problem of security. Criticism, looking to correction and improvement, of course. But wholesale denigration of the program, its objectives, its motivations, and its procedures—whom will that help?

Indeed, men of good will might do well to do more than *hope* such impediments do not arise to block the effort. As good Americans, concerned for the safety of our society, and the honesty of governmental servants entrusted with that safety, we might well endeavor to prevent their arising. For among all these doubtful matters one thing is dead sure: we cannot stand against the Russians on any front, cold or hot, while their agents are inside our government.

*Including a careless tongue and similar irresponsible traits of conduct, intimate social and familial relations with subversive persons, personal habits exposing him to possible blackmail or coercion, etc., etc.

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WHY JEWS COVER THE HEAD

A Case Study in Tradition

R. BRASCH

COVERING one's head in a synagogue is old Jewish tradition. It is considered generally to be such a sanctified and sanctifying custom that in some courts of law Gentile judges require a Jew to cover his head when taking an oath. Very Orthodox Jews never bare their heads, inside or outside synagogue, and wear a skullcap (*kapl* or *yarmelke*) at all times. Anti-Semites, ready to use any stick against the Jew, have claimed that the purpose of the custom was to hide the Jew's horns!

Jewish life abounds in paradoxes, and the simple custom of covering the head is no exception. Jews have fought for its observance with the most passionate and religious conviction. Whether or not to wear a hat in synagogue became an issue on which whole communities divided. So utterly and eternally Jewish is the custom held to be that to violate it means to the Orthodox to undermine the very foundations of their faith.

And yet—the practice of covering one's head when at worship is of relatively recent origin among the Jews. Actually, it is neither Biblical nor Jewish. Not even the Talmud enjoins it. After only transient and partial adoption in Palestine as a mere practical measure while worshipping outdoors, it was picked up by the Jews in Babylon from their heathen environment after the 4th century of our era, when the Jewish academies flourished there. And when during the 8th century, Jewish life declined in Babylon, Jewish scholars brought the custom with them to Spain at the other end of the Mediterranean, where the prestige of Babylonian Jewish learning enabled it to strike new roots. From Spain it spread to Jews in other Moslem countries, so that by the 13th century Maimonides in Egypt could rule that it was unbecoming for a Jew to study or teach with uncovered head. But the Jews of contemporary France still knew nothing of the custom, and a French rabbi traveling in Spain expressed surprise when he saw Jews praying in synagogues with hatted heads. And we know that in the Germany of that time Jewish boys were called up to the Law with their heads uncovered.

IT WAS only after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492 and the migration of many of them to France, Italy, and other Christian lands, that the custom began to spread among Jews in the rest of Europe. Yet it still took considerable time before it took real hold. In the 16th century Rabbi Moses Isserles in Poland, one of the famous authorities quoted in the *Shulchan Aruch*, emphasized that covering one's head had

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PERHAPS nothing throws more light on the essential spirit of Judaism than the process of thinking and re-thinking, of creation and re-creation, by which it maintains its character and continuity through adapting and re-interpreting its traditional symbols, injunctions, and rituals. RABBI R. BRASCH, Chief Minister of Temple Emanuel in Sydney, Australia, tells us what the very Jewish custom of covering the head once meant, and how it came to mean what it does today. Rabbi Brasch was born in Berlin in 1912, where he studied at the University as well as at the famous Hochschule für die Wissenschaft des Judentums, from which latter he received his rabbinical diploma. He has served as rabbi with congregations in London (where he officiated as "padre" to the London Civil Defense during the war), Dublin, and South Africa. Rabbi Brasch contributes to many periodicals all over the British Commonwealth, and also to one in Israel, and is the author of three books, the last of which, *The Jewish Heart,* appeared in Sydney in 1953. He is a member of the Governing Body of the World Union for Progressive Judaism.

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nothing to do with Jewish religion: it was merely a matter of good manners, not of ritual law. As late as the 18th century the celebrated Elijah Gaon of Vilna could rule: "According to Jewish law, it is permitted to enter a synagogue and pray without covering one's head."

Reform Judaism in the 19th century, trying to reestablish what it held to be "original" Judaism and encouraging Jews to strip themselves of the ways they had picked up in the Diaspora and ghetto, urged that the wearing of hats in synagogue be abandoned as an Oriental custom alien to Jews. When Aaron Chorin first advocated this in Prague in 1826 his words fell on deaf ears, but the Berlin Reform Congregation discarded the custom in 1845, and remained for a time the only such synagogue in the whole of Europe. Three years earlier, however, in 1842, Temple Har-Sinai in Baltimore, in the United States, had done the same. American rabbis tried thereafter to transplant "hatlessness" to England, but succeeded in only a very few synagogues, and at that only partly, for these synagogues made an uneasy compromise by leaving it to the discretion of the individual whether or not to wear his hat at services. The result was an unaesthetic spectacle, some men sitting in synagogue with hats on, others with hats off. In this day, of course, bare heads in synagogue have become the rule among Reform Jews, but Conservative no less than Orthodox congregations still adhere to the custom of the covered head.

DIVERSE streams of tradition and experience meet and fuse in the attempts of Jews to explain and rationalize the injunction to cover one's head when at worship. Mundane and utilitarian considerations alternate with edifying ones; the actual glories and tragedies of the Jewish past are intermixed with the products of the religious inventiveness of the Jewish mind. What in itself was a meaningless physical act was justified by symbolic interpretation, and the true historical origins of the custom, which were equally meaningless, became completely forgotten. The common explanations ranged far and wide:

HYGIENE. As with many other religious laws, the covering of one's head was defended on hygienic grounds. People were easily affected by frequent sharp changes of temperature in dry Oriental countries; hence a cap or a hat was a most reasonable protective measure. The Midrash says: "Rheumatism will come to the lazy person who forgets to cover his head."

Jews used to pray in the open before the altar on which sacrifices were offered. Under the burning Palestinian sun, heat prostration was a real danger; a head-covering was therefore, again, a most sensible precaution. (But when, after the destruction of the Second Temple, the practice of outdoor worship was given up in Jewish Palestine, the covering of heads was also abandoned, since it had been a local, not a sacramental custom.)

MANNERS. The signs and gestures, if not the spirit, of courtesy and good manners are determined by time and place. An act that appears refined and aristocratic to one nation will to another be utterly offensive or uncouth. Western man raises his hat in respectful greeting, but custom in the Near East demands the exact opposite. To honor your host you remove your shoes but cover your head. For an Oriental to appear before his guests bareheaded is a flagrant breach of good manners and would be resented deeply. Thus the hat has acquired almost sacred significance in the Middle and Near East. Western man swears by the Bible, the Arab by his head-covering.

The Babylonian Jew adopted the custom of covering his head in order to comply with the etiquette of his neighbor, not at all as a religious practice. The Talmud (*Kiddushin* 33a) relates that when Rabbina sat before Rabbi Jeremiah of Difte and a man passed and did not cover his head, Rabbina remarked, "What an impudent boor is this man!"

But a conventional gesture of politeness

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towards one's fellow men eventually became a gesture of awe in the presence of God, and a sacred convention.

A Sign of Identity. New movements in their struggle for recognition need their own distinctive signs as inspiration and symbol. To impress upon the world their importance they often overemphasize superficial differences and ignore or even do away with much more important things that are held in common.

History knows of many instances in which a mere object or image became a stirring and inspiring symbol: the cross, the hammer and sickle, the crescent. For Scots the kilt became a precious sign of common nationality. A rectangular cap identified the Polish democrats and patriots in 1791. The Jew, by covering his head, expresses his bond to his fellow Jews and his religion, the Jewishness that he refuses to hide or ignore.

Christianity and Islam, in their desire to appear as something totally new and independent from their Jewish source, went out of their way to stress differences, so that no one should mistake them for Jewish. The early Christians changed Passover into Easter, the Sabbath into Sunday, and made baptism instead of circumcision the most essential ceremony of initiation. Similarly, the Moslem made Friday his holy day. In return, the Jew had to remain different in order to survive as a Jew. Once he became unrecognizable he was bound to disappear. This, then, is why Jewish teaching lays such great stress on the prohibition against imitating other nations. It was dire historical necessity, not a narrow-minded superiority complex. The rabbis, when translating the Chapter of Holiness at the very heart of the Pentateuch (Lev. 19), purposely rendered "You shall be holy" as "You shall be different." One of the applications of this principle is the custom of covering one's head in synagogue.

Symbols of independence. Slaves in ancient Rome kept their heads covered in the presence of their masters as a sign of respect and humility. Bareheadedness expressed courage and even defiance. When the Aramaic translator of the Bible wanted to describe the proud and independent spirit of the Israelites on leaving their Egyptian house of bondage, he rendered the verse, "And the children of Israel went out with a high hand" (Exod. 14:8) as, "They went forth with their heads uncovered." Accordingly, the Jew, in order to express his submission to God, covered his head. (And so the mourner, signifying his resignation to God's will, puts ashes on his head.)

But once a custom has been adopted, its interpretation changes as it is adapted and readapted to changing circumstances. Often the older interpretation is altogether forgotten (as in the case of circumcision). Often, however, it is preserved, to survive side by side with newer interpretations. It may happen that a new interpretation becomes, as it would seem, not only different but contradictory. Yet, in spite of this, new and old are assimilated, and live on together in harmony.

This is exactly what happened with the custom of the covering of one's head. Adopted from one people as their symbol of humility, it was found by another generation, in a different environment, to be the way in which the free man signified his independence. The Jew resolved the contradiction by giving each explanation a very specific and different application. Covering his head still meant humility—in relation to God. But now it also signified independence and freedom in relation to the enslaved and despotic nations! The Jew thus declared that he was a slave to none. Even when shut up in the ghetto, the Jew never lost his soul.

His very religion having begun with an act of deliverance from slavery, he strives for the freedom and redemption of all men. Such too is the message the Jew conveys when he comes before his God with head covered and refuses to bare it.

The Jew is distinguished not only by the purity of his monotheism, but by a unique attitude towards his God. Utmost reverence is linked with a special feeling

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of intimacy, almost familiarity. To him God is not just "the Lord," but "my God." The Jew, revering God with all his heart, also knows that obsequiousness and cringing are pagan.

Standing before his Maker, the Jew still preserves his dignity and independence. This is how the Midrash expresses it (*Leviticus Rabbah,* Chap. 27): "Israelites, when reverent towards God, do not stand before Him in the attitude of slaves. A human king issues an edict to a province and all his subjects read it, standing uncovered, trembling with fear and anxiety. This, says God, I do not ask of you. I do not trouble you to stand or uncover your head when you read the *Shema.*"

The servile loses his soul. The upright and dignified serves God best.

SYMBOL OF A PRIESTLY NATION. The High Priest of old, when officiating in the Temple in Jerusalem, was distinguished by his miter. This was a cloth of fine linen coiled around his head like a turban. A diadem of pure gold was fastened to it with a purple cord, and it bore the inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord." This summarized the aim and purpose of his office.

When in 70 C.E. the Temple was destroyed and the altar disappeared, the offering of sacrifices became impossible, and the office of the High Priest ceased to exist. The distinction between priesthood and laity in Judaism became obsolete therewith. Thus the rabbi is not differentiated from his congregation by any special "grace" or "sacrament." Early on, the whole of the Jewish people (not just a class, caste, or family) had been ordained to become a nation of priests, a holy people. Now, with the destruction of the Temple, this could become a reality. Once the High Priest and his ministrants alone wore miters on their heads. Now the whole people, having, so to speak, assumed the priestly role, wear miters symbolically.

The simple covering of his head thus links every Jew, across the centuries, to the sacred role of the High Priest.

SUCH are the multiple meanings attached to the widely maintained but little understood Jewish custom of covering one's head. A mere gesture of courtesy at first, it now expresses a multitude of Jewish thoughts and feelings, and reflects a whole history and a whole outlook on the universe.

THE STREAM SINGS TO THE STONE

LEAH GOLDBERG

IN THE coolness of her dream the stone I kiss
Since I am song and she the silences,
Since I the riddler am and she the mystery,
And both were formed of one eternity.

The stone I kiss, her solitary face,
And she is faith, and I am who betrays;
The changeless one, creation's secret she,
And I what changes still—discovery.

She is the world; mine is the poet's part:
And time shall tell I touched her silent heart.

LEAH GOLDBERG was born into a Russian-speaking family in Kovno, Lithuania, in 1913, but has become one of the outstanding younger poets of Israel. The poem we print is from her fourth book of verse, *Al Ha-perichah* ("In Bloom"), which appeared in 1948. The translator is Robert Friend, an English instructor at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

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YORKVILLE, TWENTY YEARS AFTER

The Brownshirts Are Gone — and Much Else

GERARD H. WILK

JUST before the West German elections of September 6 a workman came to our apartment to make repairs: a big fellow in his late fifties, with the friendly, rather naive manner that you find in so many German Social Democrats of his generation. He went to some pains to tell me how badly he had been treated by his officers in the Imperial Army, and how much better he found things in America. It was his way, I sensed, of expressing sympathy with the victims of the Third Reich. As he talked on, I noted that he avoided the word Nazi, and finally he let me know, with a certain emphasis, that he "had lost touch completely with Yorkville."

"You know the Arbeiter-Gesangverein [Workers' Choral Club]. I joined it right off the boat. But now it looks like a waxworks to me . . . the whole thing's dying out. I was never a great one for politics, but back in Germany I had class-consciousness and I'm sure I would feel the same way if I went back. But in America things are different, and I just don't believe in socialism any more. I wouldn't say that everything is perfect here, but I own a little house, it has a lawn and flower beds in front. Could I ever have had that in Germany? My sons are married, my grandchildren don't know a word of German except for the Christmas songs. I'm satisfied, no regrets. Sure, I'm a German here, and I would never deny it, but when I went back to Germany on a trip three years ago I felt I had become a real American. . . ."

The whole "German-American problem" in a nutshell, I thought; and my visitor had solved it in the way so many others had. In this century German working-class immigrants Americanized themselves much faster than immigrants from the lower middle classes, climbing up the social ladder in the same motion. They move away from the German neighborhoods, disappear into the American environment. You don't as a rule find them knocking on the doors of Yorkville's Vereins (fraternal societies). Hitler, if anything, speeded the process.

"Those *Vereinsmeier*," said my visitor, "they keep wishing for a Germany that doesn't exist any more. I can't understand all that gush of theirs. Forever singing about the Rhine, the Main, the Neckar—they live in a vacuum, Herr Wilk; it's neither fish nor fowl, as the saying goes, it's neither Germany nor America. . . ."

YORKVILLE runs from 79th up to 96th Street (on the Mayor's maps they show it down to 59th Street, its southern boundary fifty years ago), between Lexington Avenue and the East River. It is different things to different people. To the census-taker, the German quarter is a middle-class neighborhood where foreign-born still predominate, by no means all of German-Austrian origin—there are also many Hungarians, Czechs, and Slovaks, and quite a few Jews.

TWENTY years ago, Yorkville, New York's German "quarter," rang to the tramp of marching Nazis. In recent months there have been alarming reports that neo-Nazi groups were back on the street corner peddling new mixtures of the old poison, and there has been some fear that they might be finding their audiences again. GERARD H. WILK, a journalist experienced in the ways of Nazidom, was asked to find out what was what, and we print his report here. Mr. Wilk was born in Berlin in 1902, emigrated to Yugoslavia in 1933, and was interned by the invading Italians in 1941. Since 1946 he has lived in New York, working as a radio and magazine writer. Mr. Wilk is a frequent contributor to American and German periodicals.

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To the restaurant owners on East 86th Street, Yorkville is the picturesque background for their "Deutsche Broadway," the one and only slogan by which they would have Yorkville known in 1954. Yorkville is the realm of the *Rathskeller,* called *Brauhaus* or *Deutsche Gaststätte* here, where *Gemütlichkeit* is supposed to have found its last shelter in a world of haste, greed, and anonymity. The German Broadway offers food and entertainment at moderate prices, catering strictly to the family trade: not bawdy shows but *Schuhplättler* in Tyrolean costumes still decorated with the Hapsburg eagle, zither music, waitresses in dirndl skirts who will solicitously ask you what is wrong if the heaping portions on your plate are just too much for you to finish. A European finds it especially pleasant that hostesses here don't lay hands on you like a tugboat taking charge of an incoming liner and steer you to just the table you don't want.

It's an island of *Caféhäuser* whose décor is strictly European. There are the marble-topped tables, the wall newspapers, and the *Salon-Orchester* playing "and once I was a Czardasz Cavalier . . ." to the applause of the *Stammtisch* (habitués). Two strapping ladies resting from a shopping tour sigh for the cities on the other side, where such café visits are regular things. "Maybe we'll take a trip next year. . . ."

Fifteen and twenty years ago, when Nazis chanting the "Horst-Wessel Lied" marched in Yorkville, East 86th Street was not the hospitable and neutral place it is today. There were of course never any actual *"Juden Verboten"* signs on the walls; but to many Jews they seemed to be there nevertheless. . . . But it is 1954 now, and Yorkville is anxious to be known only for its October Beer Festival, and to forget about its Brownshirts.

The last October Festival was celebrated in international style: it started with an "American Legion Day," followed by a Swiss Day, an Irish Day, even a Polish Day and a "Columbus Day in the Italian Tradition." The "Gay Nineties Day" crowned a week of street illuminations, displays of flags, banners, and lanterns, and street bands and street dances by "colorfully dressed *Volksgruppen.*" Only one day was placarded as "Deutscher Tag"—no one today was going to get a chance of accusing Yorkville of Teutonic arrogance.

This is not to say that Yorkville does not still have a strong feeling for the Fatherland, as evidenced by its substantial contributions to postwar German relief and reconstruction work. In these charitable undertakings, all take part, the political and the unpolitical, ex-Social Democrat and ex-Nazi.

Yorkville's Second Avenue is a center for German bookshops. "How is business?" I ask the owner of one of these stores. By way of answer he picks up a very fine and remarkably low-priced edition of Heinrich Heine's works and riffling through the poems points to Heine's *"Auf Verlorene Posten"* ("The Abandoned Sentry"). "A fit slogan for our trade," he says, as a lady bustles in and asks (in German) for a book on "German castles and fountains." The bookseller promises to order it for her by air mail. "I want it for a birthday present, don't you think it's a nice idea? But I can't wait that long," and she hurries off. He looks at me and points again to Heine's "Abandoned Sentry."

"Yes," said an old-timer, "the Germans are losing ground everywhere. Nobody knows anything about German American history any more, nobody is interested. They pick up the worst things about this country, not the best. How long are you still going to hear German around here?" A familiar melody floats out from a "German Record Shop," a *Wanderlied,* shortly challenged by a brash jukebox song from a bar. The roar of the El drowns out both.

The newspaper vendor in the green cap shouts out in a Berlin-accented German: "Buy *Der Abend,* printed in Berlin yesterday, sold today in Yorkville!" Two stout men in front of a *Konditorei* talk business in a North German dialect; they give each other's hands one vigorous shake in the

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European fashion and part. A couple emerges from the subway station, the man carrying luggage and wearing a suit of unmistakably European cut. He turns to his wife and remarks in a loud voice: "It's as dirty as it's always been." (These little exhibitionistic performances are called "talking to one's neighbor's table" in German.)

The Germans are pinched for *Lebensraum* in Yorkville too. The same shop will have *Deutsches Geschäft* on one window and *Magyar Uszlet* on the other; *Abendmusik* must compete with a Real Budapest Gypsy Band; *Deutsche Feinkost* is rivaled by genuine homemade Czech *kupus;* liquor stores sell rare German vintages along with Slavic Slivowitz and Passover wine.

But to the four or five hundred German Vereins in the metropolitan area Yorkville remains the ever-glowing hearth whither the true German American, as the Yorkvillers believe, must always return, knowing that only here "is something of the *Heimat* preserved." These organizations are the flesh and blood of *Deutschamerikanertum.* They run the gamut from choral groups to shooting clubs; from the ladies' *Kaffee-Kränzchen* to the Turner Clubs (which gave Lincoln his first volunteer regiments); from soldiers' associations to *Landsmannschaften* (associations of people hailing from the same area of the old country).

The Vereins are recruited for the most part from first-generation, post-World War I immigrants, and they find it more and more difficult to keep up their membership. For these older ones, however, Yorkville is still a magical place where a man can hope to be a Herr Präsident at weekly or twice-monthly Verein meetings. It is all taken quite seriously, the minutes and motions, the votes and elections—and the titles. The Herr Zeremonienmeister is in charge of entertainment, and good entertainment means good contributions, which are often badly needed—for most rich Americans of German origin have long since ceased to be German Americans. The program must evoke *Heimweh, Sehnsucht,* a little *Weltschmerz.* It is hard to introduce any variety, but that isn't as a rule demanded. The old things are best. There is singing, clog-dancing, and shows. The standard thing at festivals is "living pictures": groups of costumed people stiffened into attitudes, the whole representing a scene from history, usually German American history—such tableaux were popular in the 1890's in Germany.

Twenty years ago, German American mass meetings filled Madison Square Garden; today 5,000 is a pretty good turnout. So old and famous an organization as the Plattdeutsche Verband drew a crowd of that size on the third day of its most recent festival, when a *Schützen-König* (Chief Sharpshooter) was elected. A hundred and five years ago, in the days of the German Revolution of 1848, 60,000 German Americans rallied in front of City Hall when the Black-Red-Gold flag flew beside the Stars and Stripes for the first time.

There had been German settlers in Yorkville as early as the 1790's, but mostly the immigrants of a hundred years ago were peasants, clerks, workers, all eager to strike roots in the New World. Their spokesmen, however, were intellectuals, the German liberals who had battled on the barricades for German unity and even the United States of Europe. There were quite a number of Jews among them—Dr. Joseph Goldmark and Isidor Bush, founders of the first Jewish weekly (incidentally, it was published in the German language); and Dr. Abraham Jacobi, the friend of Carl Schurz and founder of modern pediatrics. The parents of Justice Brandeis were among the German immigrants who came to this country in the aftermath of 1848.

Many Jews participated in the German Vereins, and at the turn of the century there were still a large number of American-born Jews of German ancestry among the singing societies. But there were also clashes between German Jews and the "rest of the Germans." One especially ugly incident occurred on August 12, 1849, when Jews were prevented by stones, guns, and clubs from

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burying a body in a German burying ground near East New York.

To the German liberals the United States seemed the historical fulfillment of their long-wished-for "Völkerrepublik"—"a garden planted with trees from all the countries of the world." In such a garden no German idealist would think of renouncing his culture and traditions; so they did not rush to assimilate, but took up the battle with the Nativists, under the leadership of the *Stammtische*.

Thus, these eating and drinking societies were in those days not the pillars of *Kleinbürgerlichkeit* (philistinism) that we know, but, with their anti-prohibitionism and anti-Sabbatarianism, an almost revolutionary force. "Blaring bands, Sunday picnics, dances, parades and noisy beer-halls offended many Americans and challenged the long-established custom of many a community," writes Carl Wittke, author of *Refugees of Revolution,* a standard work on the German Americans of that time. German-America (with a hyphen) reached its high point shortly after the triumph of the *Stammtische,* when men like Gustav Koerner and Carl Schurz played a notable part in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln and the victory of the Republican party. In the Civil War, immigrant intellectuals and peasants organized wholly German volunteer regiments. Many died to preserve a Union whose language they hadn't had time to learn, as eighty years later many a German Jewish refugee died in World War II.

The election of 1860 represented the peak of political activity. Despite the fact that German Americans constitute the second largest ethnic group in the United States, they have since then played no significant open role in American politics. The battle with the Nativists left deep scars; it had "taken much of the idealism and the mildness out of the Germans in America. They emerged from the struggle hardened to the realities of American life," writes the English historian John E. Hawgood, in *The Tragedy of German America.* So they set about building German "quarters," into which they admitted everyone of German origin regardless of religion so long as he was convinced of the superiority of German culture. "They cut themselves off, founded their own societies, churches, schools, newspapers, and built a wall around their German-American individualism that was to hinder the acclimatization of even the next generation," writes Dieter Cunz. *Deutschamerikanertum* was born in the struggle against Nativism. And Yorkville, in the 1890's, became its capital.

THE German Americans had discovered it in the course of their *Völkerwanderung* through New York in search of better quarters. First they left the Little Germany around Tompkins Square for Harlem, when that section was still a wooded heights. When Harlem lost its woods it lost its Germans, and they went to Yorkville, an Irish-German-Jewish neighborhood.

It was a fortress. But the people inside the fortress thought of themselves as "genuine Americans"—and also as true Germans. And foresaw no conflict between the two conceptions.

When Yorkville received its most exalted guest, the brother of Kaiser Wilhelm, Prince Henry, in his blue admiral's uniform, the principal speaker at the banquet given in his honor at the old Waldorf told the high-born guest: "The hearts of the German Americans beat higher at the names of Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Manila and Santiago—for they were our days too." Germany they called "Our Mother" and Columbia "Our Bride"—and could not imagine that the two might ever quarrel. At their truly *gemütlich* anniversary celebrations one of the great old liberals would arise—Hassaurek, Koerner, Rattermann, Stallo, General Sigl, or Carl Schurz himself—and declare in utter sincerity: "Whenever in the American Temple the polyphonic cantata of American Freedom is intoned, its melodies will also be carried by the deep accords of the German spirit."

Like all minorities, they were always eager to stress their contributions to Amer-

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ica, and quoted this saying by Goethe: "The Germans"—I quote from the orators who quoted Goethe—"should become transplanted and dispersed like the Jews, so as to develop the wealth of good in them for the benefit of all nations." Were they not indeed dispersed, and had they not developed the wealth of good in them for the benefit of the New World?

As happens in every minority group, the leading German Americans fought against those in their midst who wished to assimilate completely, but they could not prevent the mass of immigrants from assimilating nevertheless. The decline of German-America set in soon after the turn of the century, when the German immigration lost its impetus and fell far behind the immigration from Eastern Europe.

But the real death blow came in 1917 when Germany "Our Mother" and Columbia "Our Bride" confronted each other with fixed bayonets along the Western Front. The entry of the United States into World War I was a painful ordeal, and though as soldiers of Pershing's army the German Americans proved their loyalty to the country of their adoption or birth, the pain of the choice has never quite disappeared.

"The German-Americans as a group did not survive the year 1918," writes Dieter Cunz. "The era of the hyphen was past. German-America was never to rise again." So too Professor Hawgood: "It was perceived by all, at last, that German-Americanism was obsolete."

Many attempts were of course made to revive German-American life. In 1919 leading members of the community, taking note of "the humiliating position of the Germans in the United States," founded the Steuben Society to secure their "better participation in public affairs." Later the Carl Schurz Foundation was established to promote cultural relations between the United States and German-speaking peoples, and the latter organization tried to keep up some contact with the "other Germany" in the dark days of Nazism. Several years after World War I the Vereins resumed their activities, but they were already the somewhat ghostly nostalgia societies they are today—and had forgotten that theirs was once a deeply liberal tradition, and that the first German Verein, the Deutsche Gesellschaft of 1764, was founded to do something about the scandalous sale of German indentured servants, male and female. To the Yorkville of 1933 the names of the great German liberals in America meant very little.

Yorkville 1954 does not care to be reminded of Yorkville 1933. It was not a pretty sight then, with Storm Troopers of the "Amerika-Deutsche Bund" marching through the main streets, hands raised in the Hitler salute, Nazi songs shouted in the *Honarationen-Stuben,* and swastikas flown from stores. Emissaries from the Reich spoke to the Yorkvillers at big rallies as "Auslandsdeutsche" (Germans resident abroad), Nordic heroes destined to liberate the world from all its evils, and especially from the evil of Jewry.

How many people in Yorkville really swallowed this stuff has never been exactly determined, but outsiders in those years had the impression that Yorkville had quite simply gone Nazi. And this impression has never been effaced. Testimony before Martin Dies' Special Committee on Un-American Activities mentioned 6,500 to 25,000 members and fellow-travelers of the German-American Bund. Well-informed people think the lower figure far more accurate; one of those who fought Nazism in Yorkville from the beginning told me that the Bund had never had more than a few hundred active promoters in Yorkville itself.

Sixty-five hundred or even 25,000 doesn't seem a very high figure, considering that in 1933 about one million American citizens considered themselves "conscious" German Americans—out of a German-Austrian-American population of seven million. But the handful of Nazis were able to throw Yorkville into a state of terror and extort a large measure of collaboration from its citizens. All the Vereins and *Stammtische* ex-

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pelled their Jewish members, and "Gruppenführer" Fritz Kuhn was wildly acclaimed when he told his audiences that the Jews were responsible for everything since they had started the anti-German boycott, and that Germany would treat them accordingly.

German Americans took the anti-German boycott as a personal insult. Even those with little taste for Nazism had less stomach for anti-Nazism. They asked that the "New Germany" be given a "chance," and closed their eyes to the facts made known in the English newspapers and not completely hidden by all the German-language papers.

There were, to be sure, German Americans who stood up to Nazism, fought its propagation in the United States, and fought against the persecution of the Jews. Some of these came from conservative circles, more from the still organized ranks of German American labor—as we learn from Hilde Walter's article on the German Americans in *Der Monat* (May 1952). In the first years the anti-Nazis found no echo in Yorkville, but by 1938, after the revelations before the Dickstein and Dies Committees, the picture had changed. It was obvious now that the "Amerika-Deutsche Bund" was a creature of Berlin and run by the German Embassy in Washington, and since espionage was involved, and the whole matter of dual allegiance, few German Americans wished to be implicated. The Bund died fast after 1938. When Fritz Kuhn died in Munich about three years ago, he was a forgotten man in Yorkville. But of course one could not as easily efface German sympathies, and Yorkville, as well as other areas inhabited by more assimilated German groups, was isolationist.

"The Bund attracted much more attention than it warranted," says Ralph F. Bischoff in *Nazi Conquest through German Culture*—an opinion in which all the experts concur. "It received far too much free publicity," he adds. Kuhn boasted of this free publicity.

The new plotters of Yorkville today look hopefully for this same kind of assistance from what they call the "Jewish press." For in 1953 small groups again emerged in the backyards of Yorkville, neo-Nazis trying to build a new organization not necessarily on the model of the Bund. But they no longer have a powerful party in Germany to back them up and must play the game on their own. They are—nearly all—native Americans, and some are not even of German-Austrian stock. But all set their hopes on Germany's "rebirth."

So far they are divided into jealous and competing groups, with each schemer regarding himself as the "Gruppenführer" of Yorkville. They publish leaflets that openly glorify Nazism, concentration camps, and gas chambers, and speak of "Jewry's Holy War" against Adolf Hitler.

The neo-Nazis held weekly street meetings in Yorkville until the cold weather made it uncomfortable. On the average they mustered between 40 and 50 people, including their own guard, policemen, and reporters of the "Jewish press." There was a lot of temperament in their performances; one young speaker would fall to screaming and tell his audience that "the six million Jews supposed to have been killed by Hitler are alive and right here in New York holding down the jobs of white men and occupying our apartments. . . ." With the same enthusiasm the audience is informed that "Ikie Eisenhower Suvarov, the Butcher of Dresden and Hamburg, is a loyal ally of Stalin. . . ."

The orators are of all sorts: jobless youngsters burning with fanaticism; young cynics with a superior air and the conviction that the emotions of "the masses" are a keyboard on which their expert fingers can play any tune; seedy middle-aged men who don't expect to be taken seriously; and some rather elderly gentlemen who have been making a hand-to-mouth living for a long time by selling hate sheets and leaflets proclaiming the "revelations of a new philosophy." All the speakers claim to be "heirs of Adolf Hitler," promising to "finish what he only started."

Nazism *redivivus*—but there are some new strains in this symphony of malice. Since the Prague trials and the Soviet campaign

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against the Jews, Yorkville's aspiring demagogues have discovered hidden virtues in the Kremlin. They hope for "gigantic repercussions" that will force "a political reorientation upon the minds of the political elite." Soviet anti-Semitism has "made easier the task of the European Liberation Front. . . ."

Such is Point One of the New Message. Point Two is an intermixing of neo-Nazism with a "hate America" campaign. The United States is terrorized by the "Jewish minority"; she is a land without a culture or a mission, wanting to destroy Europe with America's anti-cultural ideals of "peace, comfort, security."

Twenty years ago the Nazis in America tried to masquerade as a purely American movement; in 1953 they are wearing a new mask: that of the Good European warning the Old World against any involvement in the conflict between America and Russia.

The neo-Nazi leaflets and the thin German Communist sheets which are printed in New York or imported from East Berlin look alike in a number of respects. Both, for example, nourish the same ill-will toward West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. His victory in the September 6 elections was a serious and unexpected blow to Yorkville's plotters. They had counted heavily on a Nazi comeback in Germany, expecting it to give them a larger following here and funds for their depleted treasuries. Instead, they have had to mutter about the "treason and immaturity" of the German nation and the "terror" of the German and American occupation authorities.

As for the community, it gives them the cold shoulder. It's 1954. Elderly German Americans, when they hear Hitler described as the "George Washington of our century," retreat precipitously down the street.

Today the demagogues are on one side, and the *Vereins-Deutschen* (whom the former describe as "organized yodelers, clog dancers, and bowlers") on the other. The *Stammtische* too want no part in politics—any politics. Dr. Adenauer's sweeping victory, greeted with excitement everywhere else, got a lackadaisical response in Yorkville. Yorkville on the whole was glad that Germany chose the middle course, but felt no special concern or involvement. The same want of response was shown to the East German rebellion of last June; and there were hardly 200 persons present at the memorial meeting for Ernst Reuter, Lord Mayor of West Berlin and one of the stoutest fighters against both the Nazi and Bolshevik terrors.*

Yorkville's leading circles are quite aware that in America this passive attitude brings nearer the final extinction of *Deutschamerikanertum.* But they also know that today German Americans are in the best position they have ever enjoyed. There is no discrimination against Germans, none of the hysteria that World War I brought. It is an era of good feelings, in politics, business, and cultural exchange. German war brides nowhere encounter any enmity. German rocket specialists hold top positions. The German language is taught more extensively in colleges and universities than ever before.

So long as Germany herself keeps to the democratic path, there is no likelihood of German Americans falling prey to the Pied Pipers of the backyards. Should things change again in Germany, should prestige, funds, and instructions start pouring across from Berlin again—then perhaps the situation might look different. Right now, no responsible German American lends support to Yorkville's demagogues.

This was made quite clear when the leading German American newspaper, the New York *Staatszeitung und Herold,* denounced one Edward A. Fleckenstein, who went to Germany to help out at neo-Nazi rallies as the "Champion of Deutschamerikanertum" and the "Other Voice of America," describing the United States government as a "quasi-dictatorship ruled by the hidden tyranny of money and satanic pressure

*This sort of political apathy is a noticeable feature of West German life today. See Peter Schmid, "The Germans' Present Conservatism: Its Roots," in the November COMMENTARY.

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groups." (The German police looked on at several of these rallies and then arrested Fleckenstein for meddling in German politics; the American authorities shipped him home.) The *Staatszeitung* did not take the man himself seriously, but saw the grave peril of Germans taking the visitor's ideas as representative of the sentiments of German-America. For in that case "our prestige, reputation, and unblemished civic honor would run the danger of being ruined here in the United States, while in Germany we would be contemptuously regarded as citizens disloyal to our [American] oath of allegiance" (August 23, 1953). This statement is a kind of summary of German American history: their divided feelings with regard to the Fatherland and the United States, their constant fear of being charged with a dual allegiance, and their invariable clear-cut decision for America whenever the situation demanded it.

As for the Jews of Yorkville, while they are no longer annoyed by anti-Semitic remarks or incidents, so far you don't find any rejoining a *Stammtisch*. Relations are correct, but cool. Yorkville stores have got back a number of Jewish customers, who are of course treated with great politeness. But the *Staatszeitung und Herold* publishes many ads of upstate German hotels which point out their "convenient location to all churches," or promise "free transportation" to them on Sundays. Such ads made up three-quarters of all those published in the travel supplement of June 7, 1953. (When Mrs. Putnam-Jacobi, wife of Dr. Abraham Jacobi, was prevented from entering a "restricted hotel" in the 1880's, a storm broke out among the German liberals.) On the other hand, the German Jewish Football Club joined the German Football League a short time ago; the homecoming was handled very pleasantly. Still, there are not going to be many Jews wanting to share in Yorkville's *Gemütlichkeit*.

The attitude of the German Jewish community towards Yorkville is to keep *"Burgfrieden."* In German Jewish circles one will hear less about the Bund's Storm Troopers than about the fact that the *Staatszeitung und Herold* kept all its Jewish employees on the payroll during the Hitler years in spite of pressure from the German Embassy and other Nazis.

But, in general, there is not much contact between Yorkville and the German Jews. German Jews may go shopping to Yorkville for some special tidbits, but they will hardly become habitués of the Deutsche Broadway. America's assimilating power works on them more strongly even than on non-Jewish Germans, and, inevitably, through this (and through the attractive power of the Jewish community) the minimal ties will be reduced. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that *Aufbau*, the leading German Jewish weekly, is sold on nearly all the newsstands in Yorkville.

What, then, is Yorkville in 1954? An island of uncertain memories and fading daydreams, which the tide of history will one day wash over, a cultural relic of the only major ethnic group in the United States without political influence. Neither "fish nor fowl" to my handyman visitor. To the sightseer, one of a dwindling number of colorful "foreign quarters." To the charming lady from Sweden, "real America . . . because Yorkville is proof that in America everybody can live as he likes. And by the way," she added, "a few European touches wouldn't hurt New York."

I guess they wouldn't. And anyhow the Yorkville of today, in its token exoticism and ethnic nostalgia, seems as much an American as an alien, much less a German, phenomenon.

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THE MAKING OF THE IDEALS THAT RULE ISRAEL

The Faith of Labor's Founding Fathers

JUDD L. TELLER

WHENEVER Prime Minister David Ben Gurion made a characteristically impulsive statement that embarrassed Israeli relations with American Zionists or non-Zionists, or drew fire from Mapam snipers in the Histadrut, Israeli Laborites used to tell you: "Berl alone could have restrained him, because not even *he* dared dispute Berl's authority too often." And Ben Gurion himself may have missed Berl's advice as he weighed his decision to retire from the tumult of politics to the austere calm of Sdeh Boker.

From the very first, Ben Gurion made his name among Palestine's Labor Zionists as a vigorous organizer, hard bargainer, aggressive polemicist, and resolute politician. But he had his peers in these respects. What marked him out was that he was a bit more single-minded and opinionated than the others. He was less well known abroad than some among his rivals, but he had, and still has, an uncanny instinct for grass-roots feeling at home. In the old days it wasn't generally known that he read Greek, nor had he yet begun to challenge rabbis with quotations from the Sacred Books or hand out advice to writers and painters. At that time, between the early 1920's and the end of the Hitler war, labor in Palestine had only one *intellectual* leader and *spiritual* counsellor, and he was Berl Katznelson.

"Berl" is remembered most fondly by veterans of the Second Aliyah, those first legendary Labor Zionists who came to Palestine from East Europe soon after the turn of the century. Among them were men like Isaac ben Zvi, now Israel's President, Ben Gurion himself, and Berl Katznelson. They, and those led by them, brought the varied doctrines, the inexhaustible faith, the resilience, toughness, and energy that laid the foundation for Israel and her dominance by labor. Berl is remembered with awe by later generations, too. Young men and women still under thirty, *kibbutzniks* most of them, but some of them now civil servants, once sat at his feet and heard him discourse on "our direction." As leaders of Histadrut's youth movement, they shared in his long sessions of soul-searching, and took to heart his warnings against canned formulas and pat responses, and his admonitions to criticize one's own conduct and its motives ceaselessly.

Berl Katznelson died towards the end of the recent world war. This was before the split in Mapai that produced the pro-Soviet Mapam, and before Ben Gurion had inherited Chaim Weizmann's authority, if not status. With Ben Gurion's rise, the world Zionist movement came for the first time under the direction of a Palestinian. Because of his new prestige, and because Berl was no longer around, the leadership of the Labor Zionist movement also fell to him. In the ten years since, Ben Gurion, testing and revising Labor Zionism's doctrines, has discarded some and added new ones of his own.

HERZL, Achad Ha'am, Jabotinsky, and Weizmann—and the roles their ideas played in developing the various tendencies in the movement for Israel's restoration—are reasonably well known to us. Less familiar are, curiously enough, the thought and aspirations of the men who molded the ideology of those who were destined to found and rule the new state—the present Israeli labor leadership. And, indeed, it is our scant knowledge of their background that often leads us to misunderstand the intention behind this or that statement or action of the labor movement that dominates Israel's current domestic politics, and its foreign policy. JUDD L. TELLER sketches here for us the men who first set forth those singular ideas that make up Labor Zionism: self-educated for the most part but keen intellectuals of a fervent idealism and an often prophetic clairvoyance. Mr. Teller, born in Poland in 1913, was educated in this country, at the Teachers Institute of Yeshiva College, CCNY, and Columbia. Active as a journalist and editor in the Yiddish and Hebrew as well as English-language press, Mr. Teller has visited Israel and the Near East frequently, and is the author of a book, *Life in Palestine*.

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But whether he would have acquired so much authority with Berl still around is questionable; he had always been deferential towards Berl.

Berl was inviolate. "BG" and the others gave their best speeches when heckled, but Berl seldom was. He was not an orator: he was a teacher. In him moral authority was backed up by practical ability. He was co-founder of many institutions: the Agricultural Workers Federation, Histadrut itself, and several of the latter's major projects, such as Solel Boneh, the largest of all Israel's co-operatives; *Davar,* Histadrut's daily paper; and Am Oved, its publishing house. Both paper and publishing house have declined since his death. Katznelson's greatest single achievement, however, was to unite all Jewish Palestinian labor in the political coalition of socialist and non-socialist labor groups called Mapai. He succeeded in this because his own personal doctrines were so eclectic. He was not really an ideologue—rather the Rashi of Labor Zionism, an exegete proud to be called teacher.

NOBODY can understand Israel today without knowing what Berl and his predecessors preached. He was the last survivor of the five men whose minds furnished the brick and mortar of Israel's labor life. Three of them were ideologues: Nachman Syrkin (1868-1924), Ber Borochov (1881-1917), and A. D. Gordon (1856-1922). Syrkin was an evolutionary socialist, Borochov a Marxist, and Gordon the anti-socialist exponent of a "mystic" religion of labor. Joseph Chaim Brenner (1871-1924), famous Hebrew novelist, contributed little to doctrine, but his personal identification with the founding fathers of Labor Zionism enhanced their prestige and sustained their morale.

Neither Syrkin nor Borochov settled in Palestine. Syrkin, although a restless student, had a formal academic training. Borochov, even more restless, never enrolled at a university, yet mastered Greek, Latin, German, French, English, Italian, Yiddish (when he was already grown up), and Sanskrit. Both were *"vilde kep"* cast in the mold of the *iluyim,* those celebrated near-geniuses of the *yeshivot* who somehow never matured into *gaonim*: the ghetto's brilliant but disheveled thinkers, erratic scholars and dilettantes of learning; of inconstant and promiscuous intellect, capable of exploring wide ranges of knowledge yet too footloose to stake a claim anywhere; blessed with an uncanny instinct for flaws in even the most perfect arguments, ingenious improvisers who sometimes, to their own surprise, created an original system in the process of dismantling someone else's.

Brenner was a madman, Gordon a saint. Both worked and died in Palestine. The novelist would bolt his door whenever seized by inspiration and run around with jacket pulled over head and face, howling like a wolf. Gordon was still a punctiliously Orthodox Jew when, at the age of forty-eight, he arrived in Palestine, where he hired himself out as a laborer and began preaching his "religion of labor." His "sermons" were noted down and passed around from hand to hand and almost all the pioneers tried to live by his example, but it is only now that his copious written works are coming to be appreciated, and he may well go down, along with the late Chief Rabbi Kuk and Franz Rosenzweig, as one of the great Jewish moralists of our time.

IT IS forgotten—Herzl, Achad Ha'am, Jabotinsky, and Weizmann have obscured it—that Labor Zionism was the original source of all Zionism. The latter's real founder was Moses Hess, prophet and floundering genius, materialist and mystic, father of German syndicalism, and co-author of the first drafts of the *Communist Manifesto,* the man whom Karl Marx called "the red rabbi."

In a slim volume of correspondence, *Rome and Jerusalem,* Hess presented an analysis of "Israel among the nations" that holds up as well as, or perhaps better than, anything similar done since. Hess warned, on the basis of his direct experience of several revolutions, that neither liberalism nor socialism would emancipate the Jew. Neither movement offered the Jew more than conditional equality, he asserted, and the condition was that he cease to be a Jew. Yet once the Jew did try to meet this condition he was rebuffed and told he was unassimilable. As evidence, Hess presented a roll call of the German socialists who also happened to be anti-Semites. Yet Hess did not lament the *golah;* he saw it as part of the pattern of a destiny whose fulfillment was approaching in the form of a Jewry returned to Zion and a Jerusalem Restored. He extolled the Jew's

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family life as evidence of his imperishable moral nature, and saw in the synagogue a kind of state preserving the Jew for his Return to a religious and socialist Zion whose influence would radiate over the globe.

Herzl's vision was narrower, and his analysis simpler. He belonged to the rising, ambitious Jewish middle class of the Central Europe of his day, and he had his share of its liberal attitudes. As he saw it, the Jewish problem had arisen because the Jew was denied civil liberties and socially ostracized; the solution was simple: the creation of an alternative but duplicate society. His utopian novel, *Altneuland*, pictures a little Austria on the Mediterranean where the ghetto-born Jews from Grosseschiff Gasse would rise to the cultural level of those on "Das Cottage" and where those on "Das Cottage" would find their Jewishness no bar to status. The new state would, of course, improve on the Austrian model: it would be a republic, not a monarchy, and give workers a square deal.

Syrkin's dream was richer than Herzl's, but his doctrine, though borrowed from Hess, asked for less than Hess's did. From Fabian socialism and the earlier utopians came his vision of the future, but his attitude towards the *golah* came from the extreme radical wing of Reform Judaism, and his low opinion of modern Jewry—"a people without culture or language"—from Marx.

Syrkin envisaged a socialist Jewish commonwealth with economic and domestic policies determined by a federation of producers' cooperatives, and its people settled in villages mixing agriculture with industry. Criminals would be arraigned before doctors, not judges. The capital city would house a largely transient population of technicians, scientists, and men of general wisdom and competence; most of these would be called to the capital for special duties but would then return to the village communities which were their permanent homes.

Syrkin argued that Zionism and socialism, far from being incompatible, were actually complementary. Zionism was needed to liberate the stateless Jewish people, but the Jewish state could be created only on socialist principles. Yet if expediency invited it, or opportunism suggested it, he warned, the socialist parties of Europe would go to the point of condoning anti-Semitism. Thus far he echoed Hess, but he added something entirely his own in his first Zionist-socialist treatise, which was published in 1898, two years after Herzl's *Judenstaat* and a year after the first Zionist Congress in Basel. It was this: the socialist Jewish state would be brought into being by a natural partnership between the hapless Jewish petty bourgeoisie and the Jewish proletariat; their hopelessness transcended class lines, and both desperately required a state for survival.

The synagogue, which Hess looked on as Jewry's center of gravity in the Diaspora, was to the early Syrkin the mirror of some of the Diaspora's less attractive features. Marx blamed the Jews for Judaism, Syrkin blamed the Diaspora for the Jews. His references to "bourse" Judaism and "practical" Judaism seem to have been lifted from Marx though it is claimed that their source is the Prophets. The impetuous Syrkin modified his views as he advanced in years. His disciples now argue that his barbs were aimed at the German Reform Judaism of his day, which represented wealth, self-righteousness, contempt for the East European Jew, and an inflexible anti-Zionism. It is curious that Syrkin himself, in the last decade of his life, extenuated Marx's anti-Semitism on exactly the same grounds. Marx, he explained in the foreword to a Yiddish translation of Hess's *Rome and Jerusalem*, generalized from what he knew of the German Jews of his day, who were possibly much as Marx said they were. But how could Syrkin, born in Russia, have had the same excuse? Moreover, he thought enough of German Reform Judaism to borrow its conception of a double tradition in Judaism: on one side, an acceptable Prophetic or universal Judaism; on the other, an objectionable Talmudic or ghetto Judaism. The new state, Syrkin preached, would adopt the former and repudiate the latter.

Borochov was the only theoretician after Hess to conceive of Zionism as a means of interpreting and relating all Jewish history to universal history. Both Borochov and Hess held, as Herzl and Syrkin did not, that Jewish nationhood had never been interrupted, in spite of exile. They envisaged the Return, not as a deliberate solution of a pathological condition, but as historically inevitable. Because Herzl and Syrkin viewed the Jews as a nation only in the past and fu-

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ture—not in the present—they did not have to reject "territorialism": thus Syrkin for a short while supported Herzl's Uganda project. But Borochov, with his belief in the Return to Palestine as inevitable, never once wavered in that direction. This close parallel between Hess's and Borochov's views is all the more curious in that the former's approach was mystical, the latter's orthodox-Marxist. Where Hess believed that both the *golah* and the Return were God-ordained, Borochov affirmed them to be automatic consequences of the impersonal laws determining all human history.

Nations and movements, Borochov said, cannot force their wills on history. They are only the material of history, and whether their aspirations are realized or rejected by history depends entirely on whether or not they are in harmony with its inherent direction. He regarded Zionist socialism as "historically organic"—that is, as in perfect consonance with the historical tide. Confident like a Messiah-believing Jew in the predestined Return, the "early" Borochov held that it was futile to try to anticipate history by deliberately turning Jewish immigration toward Palestine. The time was approaching when the "natural" conditions of the *golah* would send them thither—and nowhere else. The *golah*'s "unnatural" conditions were persecution and pogroms, which could be resisted and checked. Its "natural" conditions, however, were constituted by the extrusion of Jews from their economic environment; this could not be resisted or checked. The Jews possessed no sovereign economic base, and their existence among alien peoples depended on their usefulness to the latter. They were now rapidly approaching the point of losing such usefulness everywhere and of being universally rejected. These developments could not be quarreled with, being immune to moral judgment. They were historically predetermined.

Society's progress and the extension of political and social rights to broader and broader sections of society would not bring greater equality or security to the Jew. As larger strata of the general population were released from subjection, the Jew's usefulness would shrink. A new "native" middle class pushes him out of his function as middleman. When, in the face of this, he turns towards proletarian occupations he discovers that the "native" proletariat is just as hostile to Jewish competition as the middle classes. From this analysis of the Jewish position in East Europe, Borochov proceeded to generalize about Jews everywhere. Warning that emigration was only a temporary solution, he predicted that as Jews poured into new countries, these would automatically reach a "saturation" point and close their gates. The Jews already settled in them would then be faced with pressure from all classes of society to extrude them.

Assimilation, Borochov explained further, was impossible. There was no reason why other peoples should want to assimilate the Jew. Assimilation was conquest. It was never initiated by the weaker party, but only by the stronger when he desired the weaker's natural resources, access to the sea, or to his markets. The Jew possesses nothing other nations normally covet and the latter have nothing to gain by assimilating him. His hopeless economic position makes the Jew hypersensitive to the sufferings of the proletariat, and consequently class-conscious; his economic isolation, once he is being boycotted by his neighbors—Borochov cited the Pale and Poland as examples—makes him nation-conscious. The very anomaly of the Jewish condition will compel the nations to help the Jew return to Palestine—the rebuilding of which would be financed by small Jewish capitalists seeking investment opportunities denied them in the *golah*, which will have assimilated only really big Jewish capitalists. The Jewish proletariat would rise eventually to free Palestine from foreign controls and take full command of the government and economy of a sovereign Jewish state.

BOROCHOV's faith in this as the pre-ordained plan of Zionist development caused him to be skeptical, at first, of the kibbutz effort. What for? When the time came, as determined by history, power would fall to the Jewish proletariat. The establishment of a sovereign economic base in Palestine, he predicted, would stabilize the status of the Jews everywhere in the *golah*, and reduce the hostility to them. In this he dissented from Herzl's and Syrkin's view that the Jews in the Diaspora had no future left. Furthermore, the Jew in the *golah* (meaning Eastern Europe) was entitled, Borochov argued, to

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the full autonomy that all minorities rightfully demand, since the Jews were as much a people as any of them. His enthusiasm for Yiddish and for the *folkskultur* of the ordinary East European Jew was as intense as Hess's veneration of the synagogue. Both these attitudes were entirely alien to Syrkin.

Yet Borochov's hope for the Galut was not unqualified: all minorities would lose their will to survive once they got cultural autonomy, and disappear eventually into the majority. Galut Jewry would be no exception.

The "later" Borochov—he was only thirty-six when he died—amended and qualified the "early" one. He stopped objecting to labor's participation in the Zionist Congresses, though these were controlled by "clerical" and "bourgeois" parties; and the "gradualist" socialism of the cooperatives no longer struck him as futile. His more orthodox followers challenged these "deviations" with quotations from his own earlier writings. After his death two different groups competed for recognition as his true doctrinal heirs—Right Poale Zion and Left Poale Zion. But Borochov's views were hard to reduce to doctrinal unity, and the factions that fought for his mantle tended to stress one particular aspect of his thought at the expense of the others, with the result that counterfeit versions of his doctrine were circulated.

Some traces of Borochov's ideas undoubtedly lingered on in Yevsektzia, the ruthless Yiddish-language propaganda organization of the Russian Communist party, and led to its eventual undoing. Surely the Kremlin's thought-inspectors remembered that before 1917 Lenin had had to contend with Gentile Ukrainian socialists who called themselves "Borochovists." In Palestine, left-Borochovists, predicting the imminent liberation of Palestine from British rule by the Red Army, founded the cell that developed into the present-day Communist party of Israel (Maki). Tired of waiting, other left-Borochovists departed for the USSR and there met an "automatic, historically determined fate"—to use their own jargon. Some lingered on for years in Left Poale Zion, staying out of Zionist Congresses, which they considered bourgeois, and advocating supremacy for Yiddish, or at least its equality with Hebrew. Eventually Left Poale Zion joined with Hashomer Hatzair and Mapai dissidents to form Mapam, and some tenuous threads of "early" Borochovism may run through Moshe Sneh's dissidence, which is otherwise indistinguishable from servile Stalinism. But Mapai itself is not ready to surrender Borochov completely. Only recently Am Oved, the Histadrut publishing house, reissued his works with a highly laudatory preface by Zalman Shazar, who is a very moderate socialist and strongly inclined towards traditional Judaism.

ALTHOUGH both Syrkin and Borochov stirred the minds and shaped the spirit of the Second Aliyah, and even of some elements in the Third Aliyah, Israeli labor ideology in all its shades and factions is the essential creation of neither man, but rather the collective outcome of the experience of the early pioneers themselves. None contributed more to the interpretation of the experience than did A. D. Gordon and Joseph Chaim Brenner. Brenner's novels held up a mirror to the Second Aliyah, and in his essays he articulated its collective thinking. His works still provide, I find, an excellent key to the understanding of aspects of Israeli behavior that might otherwise be baffling. But if Brenner painted the psychological portrait of the Second Aliyah, S. J. Agnon, in *Tmol Shilshom,* a novel published in the mid-1940's, gave it the perspective of time; and veterans of that Aliyah say it is an authentic picture.

The aimless intelligentsia of the doomed *shtetl,* the kind of people that David Bergelson so forcefully depicted in his Yiddish novels—these made up the Second Aliyah. They were confused, tormented, at odds with their families, and full of self-pity. Uncertain of their aims, and of their relations with one another, not many knew what had really brought them to Palestine. Some had been stirred by a speech, a slogan, a hymn, or something they read. All sought escape from the narrow conformism of the *shtetl* and its futility. However, some of them were resolute, competent individuals who knew exactly what they were about, and it was they who made the Second Aliyah legendary.

Brenner's novels and short stories—especially those written in the first person—present the primary traits of those who stayed on and helped build the land. Their learn-

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ing was slipshod: "I read five languages and command none." They were intolerant and sometimes insufferably arrogant: "I was stubborn and given to harsh language. . . . Brutality even then was alien to my being and could find no accommodation with the scion of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, yet something brittle and acid in me compelled me to indict, arraign, and condemn everything and everybody, without quarter or mercy, and to grade all people by inscribing on their foreheads: 'bourgeois,' 'blackguard,' 'idiot.'" It was a generation not free from vanity, given to posturing and self-righteousness. The writer-hero in one of Brenner's novels, standing outside a theater in a gay Galician town, thinks to himself: "I look like an Essene who's stumbled into a pagan hippodrome"—and the intent of "Essene" is flattering.

The Second Aliyah's attitude towards Jewish tradition was ambivalent. None has given a more acid portrait of the assimilationist Russian Jewish radical than Brenner. He shows one such radical, from an Orthodox background, pretending in a reluctant discussion of Jewish holidays to be ignorant of their names, customs, and seasons, and studiedly referring to Hebrew as "that language—what do you call it? Old Yiddish? Correct?" But Brenner also lashed out at all those who talked about Jewry's "old glory" and hoped for its restoration. "The writer who was once enamored of the West, and called upon Jews to learn from the best amongst *goyim,* suddenly discovers, as he gets on in years and is borne down by fatigue, that European culture is only a young and silly girl matched against our own national distinction, which should serve as the base and cornerstone (others add some trite remark about 'the renaissance of the Orient'), etc., etc. . . . As for myself, I can testify that although I have aged, and there is gray in my hair . . . I am nowhere ready to revise my position on our so-called historic distinctiveness or to qualify my total negation of our alleged great heritage. . . . With keen and intense pleasure, I would today again erase the *Atu bachartanu* ["Thou hast chosen us"] legend, in all its disguises, from the prayer book of contemporary Jewry . . . scratch out and obliterate, beyond restoration, the fraudulent national verses, because there can be no salvation in meaningless national pride and pointless Jewish vanity. . . ."

Brenner reverted time and again to this theme: "I, a Zionist, can have no truck with this prattle about a renaissance, a spiritual renaissance. . . . We are not Italy. My Zionism commands: 'The hour has struck for the most viable part of the Jewish people to terminate their life among non-Jews and their dependence upon non-Jews'. . . . The Jewish spirit? Wind and chaff. The great heritage? Sound and fury. . . . We have lived for hundreds of years among the Poles, and the scum have been spitting at us through all these centuries, yet all we did was wipe our faces and return to the foolish and useless labor of composing *pilpul* tomes and exegesis. Such is the nature and the substance of our spirit. It is time for an honest self-appraisal: we bear no value, we command no respect. Only when we will have learned the secret of labor and committed to memory the hymn of those settled on their own soil shall we have deserved the title Man. . . . We have sinned through not working; there is no atonement but through labor."

THIS emphasis on the soil was characteristic of that entire generation of East European Jewry. Both Zionists and anti-Zionists had a pious regard for farming as superior to all other kinds of work and, indeed, as the only authentic kind. The several ideological and philanthropic groups trying to change the occupational structure of Jewry all stressed the need for settling Jews on the soil. Those of the Second Aliyah who returned from agriculture to artisan occupations in the towns seemed haunted by guilt for having betrayed a cause or broken a vow.

This was obviously a reaction against the past. But there were many other reasons for it. From Marx to Lenin, socialist thinkers cited the absence of a Jewish peasant class as evidence that the Jews were not a nation, but a peculiar social or functional entity, and many young Jews set out to disprove this theory. The peasant had long been extolled by Slav writers as the repository of all the true virtues of his people, and notwithstanding the Slav peasant's propensity for pogroms, the Jewish intelligentsia subscribed to this idealized image. Moreover, the long record of peasant uprisings in Russia touched

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responsive chords in a disfranchised Jewry.

This obsession with the soil may also have expressed unconscious resentment at the creeping industrial revolution in Eastern Europe which dislodged the Jew economically and brought him up against the new and more vicious anti-Semitism of the urban school teacher, civil servant, and *Lumpenproletariat*. Given the status system of the *shtetl*, only the most idealistic Jew could be expected to respond to the suggestion that he surrender his hope of a professional career and become a tailor, shoemaker, or carpenter instead—which would have meant demoting himself in the eyes of his Jewish neighbors. Besides, that was no solution to the problem of winning a more dignified, independent existence for the Jew as such. Tailors, shoemakers, and carpenters were not *luftmenshen*, it is true, but what dignity could they hope for? Were they not dependent on the whims of customers who came from a hostile environment? Farming was different. It meant complete severance from the *shtetl* and its status system, and would root the Jew in soil, of which he could not, it was felt, be plundered as easily as of artisan's tools, or shopkeeper's merchandise. Work on the land evoked, moreover, all sorts of romantic and mystical notions. And, finally, it meant *owning* something, which would satisfy the *shtetl* Jew's pathetic and atavistic craving for *"eigene vier eilen"*—one's own four yards.

Brenner wrote: ". . . the noblest in Eretz Israel inscribed on their standard: 'the growth in numbers of Jewish labor in Eretz Israel, and their integration with every branch of this country's economy, is an indispensable prerequisite for the realization of Zionism.' Sacred words, yet I would amend them by deleting the phrase: 'an indispensable prerequisite for the realization of Zionism.' Jewish labor—these words imply, connote, suggest, propose, and embrace everything. Jewish labor means fullest realization. If there is no Jewish worker, we must and can create him. He is an indispensable prerequisite for the existence of our people. Therein lies our salvation, otherwise Zionism does not and cannot exist."

It was Brenner's peculiar fate that he who extolled manual labor had no manual aptitudes himself and, though he accompanied the Second Aliyah work gangs across the land, sharing their tent-life, their illnesses and privations, he was unable to join in their actual work. To make himself useful, he gave classes in Hebrew, lectured, and presided over group discussions, serving generally as a cultural mentor. The work gangs felt reassured by Brenner's presence in their midst, as the old Hebrews going into battle must have felt by the Ark of the Covenant or the *Urim ve-Thummim*.

Brenner was like the *porush*, or ascetic, of the *shtetl*. The *porush* would appear from nowhere to take up his station on some synagogue back bench whence he could not be dislodged until death claimed him, or he himself chose to vanish, after several years, as mysteriously as he had come. The days and nights of the *porush* were passed in a ritual of continual penance—sacred study, interminable fasts, and — some claimed — esoteric self-torture. Brenner had many of the same traits. He always picked out unstable chairs to sit on, explaining without self-consciousness that "I feel more comfortable this way"; he seemed also to prefer sleeping on crates and writing at a small cramped table. As with the *porush*, fantastic fables were current about his earlier life—the days he spent in London before coming to Palestine.

BRENNER was humble towards A. D. Gordon. Gordon was the true, the original prophet of "the religion of labor" that inspired the founders of the *kvutzot*. He provided the early pioneers with a personal and moral inspiration lacking in the abstract doctrines of Syrkin and Borochov. He taught Jewish men and women that they were more than mere instruments of history, and more than anonymous servants in the cause of a future Jewish commonwealth of producers' cooperatives, that their labors were not merely a means to an end, but an end in themselves. He taught that the simple life and the humble occupation brought one into closer communion with the eternal verities and the cosmic forces. Notwithstanding his relatively advanced age and precarious constitution, Gordon himself practiced what he preached.

His life invites many comparisons. There is its obvious resemblance to Thoreau's, of whom he probably never heard. However, Gordon stressed labor, not nature, and loved the society of men. His conduct, as well as

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his informal discourses, reminded one of the rabbis of the early, less self-conscious days of Hasidism, before dynasties sequestered the movement. There was certainly much in him of Rebbe Levi Yitzhak Berdichever, who drew no distinctions between people and was frequently discovered in the performance of such humble and misunderstood tasks as chopping wood on Yom Kippur to heat the stove of a sick peasant woman.

Gordon was born and raised in rural Russian surroundings, where he lived without interruption up to his forty-eighth year. He received the traditional Talmudic education, but was self-taught in all else, including several languages, natural science, and philosophy. He remained a strictly Orthodox Jew even during his early years in Palestine, yet while still in Russia he became an object of suspicion to the ultra-Orthodox, especially the Hasidim, because he entertained the local intelligentsia, both Jewish and Gentile, in his home. Apparently, he never became involved with any of those socialist groupings that caught the interest of his contemporaries and their successors in Russia, or with the Hebraist movement either. His early reading in Haskalah (Enlightenment) literature, in fact, left him with a distaste for it, for he regarded Haskalah as defamatory of the Jewish character. Gordon was not obsessed with changing the Jew; he sought only to perfect him.

Gordon spent most of his life in Russia doing clerical work in villages and forests belonging to a remote relative, the one-time famous Baron Guinzburg. He seemed unable, however, to get along with the people in his own provincial white-collar class; he was fired and rehired again and again. In his forty-seventh year he went through a crisis: he was fired from his job once again, but this time he refused to plead for reinstatement, or seek a new job. He had been brooding for several years over the step he was about to take. Now there was no time to lose. He announced that he was going to Palestine. Though his wife was the only one in his family to approve his decision, he went alone to the Holy Land, and had her join him there afterwards. But he told no one of his intention to work as a laborer there.

Long-bearded, with a Russian *rubashka* blouse worn outside his pants, Gordon looked too old for physical work when he arrived in Palestine, and he was turned away at most of the places where he applied. Nevertheless he stayed on and lived out the remaining eighteen years of his life in Palestine, becoming one of the founders of Hapoel Hatzair, a non-socialist organization. By personal example he strove to show that labor was a religious service. At the same time he opposed the doctrines of class struggle in discourses that often sounded as though inspired by the Moral Rearmament movement. Socialism wanted to begin with society, he said, not man, and even if it were to be fully realized, "no sooner would the honeymoon be over than everything would relapse into its old state." Man was the core of the problem, society but his reflection, its conditions but his doing: "Of course, man will eagerly embrace any doctrine that teaches that he is entitled to all, instead of responsible for all. It is easy to kindle hatred in his bowels, particularly the kind that was ostensibly extolled by the Prophets and sanctioned by Scriptures. It is a simple task to multiply misunderstandings among men. It is infinitely harder to exhume the Man in man, uncover his world and the life of his world, and unveil his being in all its depths and many directions. . . . Class-consciousness activates the herd instinct in man, diverts him from seeking his power within himself in his own work and responsibilities. . . ."

EXPECTING that many moral difficulties would appear as the Labor Zionist movement grew in strength, Gordon tried to anticipate the direction, or directions, from which they would come. The demonstrative way in which his fellows of the Second Aliyah repudiated all religious tradition was to him evidence of "a lack of culture" (as he is quoted by Professor Bergman of the Hebrew University, who had many talks with him), and he felt compassion for their children who "have lost Yom Kippur." He bitterly fought the setting up in Palestine of children's schools based on party ideology and oriented towards class-consciousness. He warned against that "mass hypnosis" by which the partisans of the various labor groupings in Palestine seemed to be overcome, and suggested that a way be found to break the spell "without weakening the

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unity of public action." He warned also against leader cults. He wrote: "The power of public hypnosis is made manifest in its capacity to suspend the judgment, stultify the abilities, and order the feelings of those under its spell. Is it sound that they who come to build this land with their labor, and revive it with their spirit, should surrender to the influence of any party or any man?" Their dignity as men, he said, makes it mandatory upon them "to balance their own accounts with life and the world."

Nathan Rotenstreich, a perceptive Israeli essayist, has justly observed that what set Gordon apart was his vision of the Jew, not as within history, but within the cosmos. In his preface to Gordon's works, Professor Bergman deplores the fact that no effort was made during his lifetime to determine the sources of his ideas. The two most obvious influences, Professor Bergman points out, were Tolstoy and Nietzsche. The symbolic act that marked Gordon's break with his past, his journey to Israel, was like the great Russian's flight to Yasnaya Polyana, Gordon, too, preached the humble life, the value of the menial occupation, and many other Tolstoyan doctrines.

To acknowledge Nietzsche as well as Tolstoy as an influence on Gordon is disconcerting, yet Gordon himself acknowledged it. Bergman argues, and Gordon's text bears him out, that the prophet of "the religion of labor" accepted only part of Nietzsche, rejecting his ethics and his appraisal of Judaism as confused and irrelevant. Nietzsche made his real contribution by re-exploring the capacities of man, throwing new light on his dormant powers, and unveiling a "superior kind of egoism." The "inferior" kind, according to Gordon, diminishes man, fetters him, and weighs him down with base passions. The "superior" kind of egoism enlarges him and gives him opportunities for fuller self-realization. Christianity preaches self-immolation *for* a cause, *for* faith. Judaism teaches man's realization *through* a cause, *through* faith, *through* the nation. The ego realizes itself through communion with the forces outside itself, and its complete self-realization is attained when the ego loses itself in something greater. The Superman, in Gordon's concept, is the saint —he who feels "hallowed by all the good and sublime in the world and beholden for all the unsightly and evil in the world."

[*In the second half of this article, the author will outline the thought of Berl Katznelson, the eclectic thinker and multi-faceted personality who, drawing together many strands, shaped, more than any other man, the pattern of the faith that animates Israel's labor life and polity today.*—ED.]

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A STONE SHOULD LIVE ALONE

A Story

JACK LURIA

MY MOTHER had just turned forty when my father died. During the seven days of deep mourning, an elderly *landsfrau* of my mother's, Esther Tamarkin, came to visit us.

"I have been, blessed be God, a widow for over twenty years," sighed Esther. "I have lived by myself, and a stone should live alone. Learn from my example. A woman like you with three young children should look forward, not back."

"What can I do if God has seen fit to punish me?" asked my mother.

"What's done can't be undone," said Esther. "If you remarry, will you wrong the memory of your husband? It will be better for the children and for you too."

"How can you speak of such a thing?" said my mother, her eyes filling with tears.

"May the harm I intended fall on my head," said Esther, and she fell silent.

In the long weeks and months that followed, other people came with the same thoughts in their heads. "I know a man, a widower whose children are all married and out of his house," said my Uncle Aaron. "He is not too much older than you and he wants a home. Your children will not stand in the way."

"You may mean well, but let me alone," my mother said bitterly. "I can bring my children up by myself. So long as God gives me strength, I need no help from anyone."

Mother was not given to self-pity, but every Friday night, the Sabbath eve, was a terrible trial to her courage. When she blessed the Sabbath candles, sighs came unbidden from deep within her. The tablecloth gleamed white and the two twisted loaves peeked from under the embroidered doily. But no man came from the synagogue to make the blessing over the wine and sing the Sabbath songs. The Sabbath, which had been so joyful while my father lived, turned to a day of gloom. My sisters and I came to dread it.

One evening Mother looked up from the potatoes she was grating for pancakes and told us, "Today I rented the back bedroom." There were four of us in a flat of five tiny rooms in a decaying, gaslit tenement. "Are we so poor we need a boarder?" cried my sister Rebecca. "There is hardly room enough for us."

"I will be doing a good deed—a *mitzvah*," my mother said.

"Isn't there anyone else who could use a *mitzvah*?" asked Rebecca.

"Our boarder will be a man who goes to our synagogue. He has no home, the poor person. Perhaps he will sit at our table on Friday nights," my mother went on. Rebecca said no more.

OUR roomer, or boarder as we called him, turned out to be a shoemaker, a skinny, middle-aged man with an enormous Adam's apple, and glasses which sat almost on the tip of his nose. He left each morning before we were out of bed. For the first week or two we saw him only when he let himself into our house and, nodding a quiet good evening, disappeared into his room.

"A lonely man, this Mr. Tarnigail," said Mother. "His wife is still in Europe."

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"Why doesn't she come to America?" I asked.

My mother shrugged her shoulders. "Such a question it wouldn't be right for me to ask. He hasn't enough money perhaps. Or maybe it's the quota."

"What's a quota?" I asked.

"Questions and more questions! Go explain the quota to a six-year-old!" exclaimed my mother. "It means that since the war, it is hard for people to come to America."

Mother never shut the door on compassion. After supper, one evening, she knocked on our roomer's door and called, "Would you like a cup of tea, Mr. Tarnigail?"

He came to the door and smiled shyly. "Thank you, but why should you trouble?" he said.

"Trouble?" echoed my mother. "Look, I have a whole kettle full of hot water. Sit down at the table. The tea is waiting already."

After that he sat in our kitchen every evening, smelling pleasantly of fresh leather and nodding his head like a sleepy goat as he set down his glass after each sip of tea. Sugar was scarce and expensive at that time, and he kept a lump of hard candy between his teeth to sweeten the tea. Sometimes he reached his bag of candy to me and said, "Take. Don't be stingy." Occasionally he brought me scraps of leather which I hoarded jealously although I couldn't think of what to do with them. I grew to like our roomer.

True, when my mother had rented the room, there had been no word said of meals. Yet if a man looked shrunken from hunger, could her heart be content with the pouring of a glass of tea? On a Thursday evening Mother sat watching our roomer's thin face as she refilled his glass. At last she asked, "And where do you eat on *Shabbos*?"

Our roomer reddened. "Sometimes here, sometimes there," he said cryptically.

"If my cooking will satisfy you, eat with us this *Shabbos*," said Mother. "I cook and bake anyway. So I'll make enough for one more person."

It was good to see my mother's face the next night when our guest sang the blessing over the wine. His voice was melodious, and he leapt from bass to falsetto like a real cantor. Mother's cooking was obviously to his taste. She heaped his plate high of everything—gefilte fish, roast chicken, candied carrots, stuffed derma, and potato pudding—and he devoured it as if he had just ended his Yom Kippur fast. As fast as she cut the twisted loaves, the thick white slices disappeared. ("May no evil eye befall him," she whispered to us.) And after he had eaten his fill, he sang the old familiar Sabbath melodies, poignant echoes of our happier past. Almost we had our Sabbath joy again!

How could Mr. Tarnigail remain the shy stranger in our midst after that night? He began to come home earlier, while we were still at the kitchen table in the evening. "Eat with good appetites, friends!" he said, lingering before the door to his room. "Such wonderful smells remind me of the old country." Before long he was eating with us every evening. My mother accepted payment for his food but, with his remarkable appetite, our guest ate more than he paid for. He remarked once, "Are you sure that I am paying enough? I am a hearty eater."

"What are you saying?" said my mother. "If I can save a human being from being poisoned in some restaurant, the *mitzvah* alone is already enough pay."

After supper, Mr. Tarnigail usually unfolded a copy of my mother's favorite Yiddish newspaper, the *Tageblatt*, and sat at the kitchen table reading aloud. Mother never wasted a moment. She sewed, she ironed, she baited and set mouse traps. But gradually her face relaxed, and the tight little lines around her mouth creased into a smile. When he read something from the humor column, he kept peering over the top of his glasses to watch the effect on her. If the jokes hit their mark, his eyes lit up pixie-like. He was earning his extra helping of boiled brisket surely.

But Mother was not the only one who challenged Mr. Tarnigail. The loss of my father had left its unhappy mark on me, and I grew rebellious and moody. I opposed my

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mother at every turn, refused to come up out of the street when she called me, howled at all hours if I were denied my way, and fought with my sisters. One day I scratched my sister's face so badly, she was ashamed to leave the house for a week. My mother one evening poured out her heart to our roomer. "The boy is beyond me. There's only one thing left. I shall send him to an orphan home. There at least he will be taught to obey," she said.

I was within earshot in the front room, and my heart jumped. By the gaslight in the kitchen I saw the shoemaker raise his bony hands in horror. "You are a God-fearing woman!" he exclaimed. "Drive that thought from your mind. Do you want to ruin your son for life?"

"You see how I slave for my children. What wouldn't I do for them?" my mother answered. "But how can I go on with the boy?"

"Do you think the boy is wild and disobedient because he wants to be that way?" Mr. Tarnigail asked softly. "If only his father weren't gone, he would be the same as other boys."

"Does the child lack for a home? Enough to eat? A warm coat in winter?" my mother asked distractedly.

Our roomer sat silently looking at my mother for a few moments. "Let the boy grow," he said at last. "Time is a healer. You will speak of your son with joy yet."

"You give me a little hope. The One Above can work miracles," said my mother, but there was doubt in her voice.

MY MOTHER'S threat to send me to an orphan asylum worried me all of the next day, but my anxiety expressed itself in a strange way. In the evening my mother sat peeling apples for a pie from a basket which stood at her feet. She cut away the rotten part of each apple, and cored and peeled the rest.

"May I have an apple to eat?" my sister Rebecca asked. My mother picked out the best apple she could find and gave it to my sister. As my sister munched away, I cried, "I want an apple too, Mama." Mother peeled one and gave it to me.

"No, I don't want it. It isn't as good as Rebecca's," I said.

"It's the best one I could find," my mother said. "Don't eat it if you don't like it."

"I want Rebecca's apple," I said stubbornly.

"How can I give you that apple? Your sister has already eaten it," my mother said.

"I want the apple you gave her. Just like it was when you gave it to her," I insisted. I think I understood how unreasonable my demand was, but a mad impulse drove me on.

At her wit's end, my mother slapped my face. I threw myself on the floor and screamed, "I want Rebecca's apple! I want that apple!"

My tantrum alarmed our roomer. He came out of his room, picked me up and set me on his knees. My sobbing gradually quieted down.

"A fine big boy like you making such a fuss over nothing!" he said gently. "How would you like a piece of my candy?"

"No—I want the apple!" I repeated, but without force.

"And if I gave you more than one piece—maybe four or five?" he asked. The temptation was more than I could stand against. "All right," I said and held out my hand.

Thereafter Mr. Tarnigail lent a hand in my growing up. "An angel and a devil are fighting inside you to see who is boss," he would say, looking at me over his glasses. "Come, let us see how we can help the angel."

One day the angel was in a bad way: to tease my mother I crawled up on the window sill and hung over the ledge of the open window. Half hysterical but too frightened to come near me, my mother could only keep pleading tearfully to me to come back in while I gloated at the commotion I was stirring up. Wordlessly the shoemaker pulled me from the window and shut it. "Ah, what pleasure the devil is having now, my boy," he said. "If you could really see how cruel it was to tease your mother! When you grow up, you will understand how wrong it is to

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be cruel." His face clouded for a moment. "As the twig is bent, so grows the tree. Already I see the kindness in your face."

Somehow I never felt that our boarder was preaching to me. He never scolded, never blamed. To be well thought of by him soon became the most important thing in the world to me. My mother marveled, "With me you are a stubborn ox. But if Mr. Tarnigail only looks towards you, you're as gentle as a bird." She was grateful to him, but her gratitude was not without envy. Yet when she saw me growing more tractable each day, like a horse that had been gentled, she said, "There *are* miracles. God and Mr. Tarnigail."

THOUGH our roomer became by degrees almost a member of the family, a bit of mystery always clung to him. My mother knew only that he had come to the sexton of our synagogue and asked if he knew of a room for rent in an Orthodox home. He never mentioned the town in the old country from which he had come. My mother guessed from his Yiddish speech that he came from the Polish border country of Russia. When she brought up wife and children, he steered the conversation in other directions or excused himself suddenly. He seemed a man who had cut himself off from a past he wished to forget.

Mr. Tarnigail's past overtook him abruptly. He had been rooming with us for about a half year when it happened. He seemed so much one of us now that we could hardly remember our house without him. And then, late one afternoon in February when a chill misty dusk was settling over our street, I saw a man and woman standing near the barbershop opposite our house and staring up at our windows. Even in the half-light I could see that the woman, who was middle-aged and stout, looked fiery-faced as if she were angry. The man was younger, thin and dark-faced.

When I opened a window and put my head out, they both gesticulated excitedly. I stuck my tongue out at them and shouted, "Hey, you—skidoo!" Without a word the man and woman turned their backs and disappeared around a corner.

I thought about this strange happening, feeling more uneasy the more I puzzled. At supper I said to my mother, "Mama, a man and lady were standing across the street today. And they were looking up to our windows and I told them skidoo and they ran away. Why did they do that, Mama?"

Mr. Tarnigail choked on a bite of pumpernickel. "What kind of a man and lady?" he asked. I described them. He got up suddenly, said he was not feeling well, and went into his room.

We were nearly through with our meal when a loud knock sounded on our door. I ran to open it. The fiery-faced woman and the dark-faced man stood before me. "Does Moishe Goluboff live here?" he demanded belligerently. The woman brushed me aside and, as if by instinct, strode straight to the closed door of the shoemaker's room. She came out a moment later dragging him by his shirt and crying in a strong Galician accent, "You shamed me before all the neighbors in Brownsville. Now it is my turn. The whole world will see what a scoundrel I married!"

To my mother she shouted, "I should tear every hair out of your head. Oh, I heard about you! A pious woman! So pious she tears a husband away from the wife whose heart bleeds for him!"

The dark-faced man bellowed, "It may interest you to know that I am his son. We're not through with you yet. We have a lawyer!"

My mother was too amazed to answer either of them. Wordlessly we all watched as our roomer was dragged coatless through the flat. Through our open door we heard him bleating faintly as they bumped down the stairs, "Let go! You'll kill me!"

For the next day or two a gloomy quiet hung about our house. Mother left Mr. Tarnigail's room undisturbed. He returned one evening, paid my mother what he owed, and sheepishly collected his belongings. As he turned to go, he paused for a moment at the door. He looked at all of us in turn over

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his spectacles. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down in his skinny neck, and he seemed to search for words. At last he said, "If a man doesn't hit it right, how sad it is! Here I found peace for the first time in my life. So good I'll never have it again."

THE door closed, and there was silence for a few moments. I thought my mother was going to cry. Instead she began laughing. It was a good laugh, loud and girlish and the first in many months. I didn't understand why mother laughed when I expected her to cry, but somehow it came to me that a dark period in our lives had ended. We could not forget our terrible disappointments, but we now had the strength to stand up before them.

Mr. Tarnigail had seen us through the worst. We never forgot him. In our memories he was not a deserter of home and family, but a helping Elijah who had dropped on us from nowhere when we needed him most. He had set our feet forward, and forward we would go from now on.

And yet old Esther Tamarkin had been right after all: my mother survived my father by more than a quarter century, a widow still at her death. If Mr. Tarnigail hadn't had a wife and a son in Brownsville, it might have been different. Who can deny it? *A stone should live alone.*

TWO POEMS

CHARLES GAINES

Remus to Society

BEFORE when we looked into your eyes, we thought
here indeed are the reasons stone walls crumble,
houses are leveled, fields burned.
But now since this new-dawning of dreams
we fear those clever haunts where we drew our meetings
to tie up our childish hopes and kick this world of nothing
into the stream of human kindness.
It is not so; we are the helpless ones,
the poor fools who dared conceive a mate in this winless world.
In truth our purpose here is to meet in the evening,
scattering the darkness of melancholy
with little pieces of laughter and starry eyes
or a flying together of lips and naughty hands.
For we are the ones who came in an evening of moonlight beneath the trees.
We are the ones who walked lonely roads
with pain in our hearts and tears in our eyes.
We are the ones who break now and then away from what we are;
finding in some secret saying or lascivious glance,
cause for laughter and joy.
We are the ones who know life as it is devoid of color;
we are the ones who found it a sudden burst of madness,
a piece of laughter here and there, or perhaps an explosion of tears.
We are the ones who flew down the dark streets of life
snatching backward glances with pain in our hearts,
fear in our eyes and the world's shoutings in our ears.

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It was evening, if we remember rightly,
for the sun had turned amber on the city,
there were pink motionless clouds in the sky
and shafts of buildings roared up to meet them.
We were running . . . running from ourselves and the world
when suddenly, as if by magic, an impassable wall shot skyward
filling us with terror, screams burst from our lips
THE WALL, THE WALL, TURN BACK FROM THE WALL!
We remembered all the stories told in cellars about the wall;
the strong ones, it is said, choose this way of destruction
rather than the dark and perilous journey through life.
But we . . . we were the weaklings, we turned back.
We who found life unbearable, we who had visions of bliss
turned back to your concrete world of sadness.
Pity us then when we come before you with bowed heads
our hearts beating pain and our eyes leaking grief,
we are the damned, the cursed, we are the elite of gloom.
We have sat many evenings and mornings, noons, and nights
tattooing our arms to make these scars of depression,
pity us we beg you, let not your wrath fall heavy on our hearts.
We have known the darkness of terror, the fear of rejection,
we have looked life in the eyes and felt its coldness,
it gave us an indescribable emptiness and we tried to fill it.
We beseech you, we beg you pity us, we need your understanding!

Vapor Song

IT IS evening again.
You have come to the dark room;
here in the dark your every error
swings pendulum-like to hate's extreme
and out of the world's heart
the world's desire, like an arrow
leaping to flight, flies through the night.
But this, confess, is a mimesis.

Here is room for every error, mistake,
for every limitation, shortcoming,
yet the nothingness from which we came
patiently awaits our return.
Surely if we slip into the vapor of illusion
we will find water: rushing up the beach
breaking on the rocks, rocks breaking in the sea.
But this, confess, is a dream.

For it was morning
when we entered the vast dome of the world
and found little seeds grotesquely sprouting,
it was morning when we found
the pale secretion on the grass blade
and the single laminated leaf, it was morning
when we found blood and wrinkles in the mud.
But this, confess, is eternal.

CHARLES GAINES was born in Baltimore in 1924, spent the first twelve years of his life in an orphanage for Negro children, and thereafter was brought up in foster homes. The poems presented here—Mr. Gaines's first published work—seem to us not only excellent in themselves, but all the more remarkable in that they represent a personal victory over extreme adversity.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

MY CHILD GOES TO JEWISH PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

A Parent's Report Card

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

THIS is about a seven-year-old little girl, my daughter Reena, who attends a modern yeshiva, or parochial school, in New York City. It will not be a heavily laden statistical report on the growth of yeshivas or the significance of such schools in contemporary Jewish education. I am not a professional educator. I know only about the effect of the yeshiva on my daughter and feel that her experience—and mine—may prove of some interest to other Jewish parents concerned about their children and their education.

Reena is not surprised that she is being sent to a yeshiva, for her home is a "Jewish" home: it is a kosher home; it contains Jewish books, prints of Jewish art works, English-Jewish magazines, Jewish music. None of Reena's neighborhood friends attends the yeshiva, but this does not seem to bother her at all, for she is comfortably adjusted to the school, has many friends there, and, besides, some of her friends on the block go to a Catholic parochial school, so Reena thinks it only natural that children are sent to religious schools.

We send her to the yeshiva for some of the same reasons the parents of six hundred other Jewish children have registered their youngsters at the same school. The reasons are by no means entirely "Jewish" reasons. We live in the suburbs of Long Island, where the public schools are overcrowded and where Jews seem more eager than they used to be to educate their children Jewishly. The issue of "ghettoization," if raised at all, appears to be academic to the young Jewish parents who, with usually only a smattering of Jewish education or knowledge themselves, yet insist on paying high tuition fees for their children to attend a parochial school. Rabbi Bernard Charny, head of the Yeshiva of Central Queens, the school Reena attends, insists that most of the children in his institution come from homes of young parents, between thirty and forty, who are not particularly religious or observant. Ten years ago, these people would have been shocked at the suggestion that they would be sending their own children to a yeshiva,

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To MOST American Jews the sudden rise of the Jewish parochial school is a rather bewildering phenomenon—and one needn't be "secular" or "assimilated" or "liberal" to wonder what it portends. HAROLD U. RIBALOW reveals here that this uneasiness can be shared by a parent who was himself a product of an observant Jewish home and a yeshiva. Reporting here on his observations of his daughter Reena during her early exposure to one of the more modern yeshivas in New York City, he shares with us his mixed feelings on an experiment which so far seems to him good, on balance. Mr. Ribalow is the editor of two anthologies of Jewish short stories, *This Land, These People* and *These Your Children,* author of *The Jew in American Sports,* and author or editor of various other volumes. He was born in 1919 in New York City, attended the high school of Yeshiva College, is a graduate of New York University, and was for some years a member of the staff of the *Congress Weekly.*

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for religion plays a major role in the lives of the yeshiva children. They open the morning's class with the *Mode Ani,* and say grace before and after meals. The boys are obliged to wear *tsitsis* (the fringed garment worn by Orthodox Jews), a rather frightening development to modern parents, and, of course, *yarmelkes* are required at all times. Yet today these parents are the most fervent supporters of the yeshiva movement.

Fifteen years ago there were very few yeshivas of the modern, "progressive" type, which accept girls as well as boys, which insist on intelligence tests for children before admitting them, and which, physically, are attractive buildings, not slum shacks on the East Side. When I attended the leading yeshiva in New York, many of the students felt slightly uncomfortable that they had to go to school on Sundays but not on Fridays; that they had to conform to rigid Orthodoxy by wearing *yarmelkes* at all times, even when playing ball on the city streets. You were not likely to blurt out the fact that you went to a yeshiva. You merely stated that you went to—uh—a special kind of school, and you were grateful if the questioner was distracted at that point. Today, if my daughter is a good example—and I don't see what should make her exceptional—the yeshiva student is startlingly different.

I FIRST became sharply aware of it this past Christmas, when I rode with her in a local city bus. The bus was crowded and Reena inched her way into a seat alongside a friendly, elderly lady, who smiled warmly at her and said in a casual tone of voice, "How are you, honey?"

"Fine, thank you," Reena replied, minding her manners.

"Having a Merry Christmas?" the elderly lady asked, the season's warmth dripping from her voice.

Reena's lips pursed as she responded in a voice that carried through the bus, "I don't have Christmas."

The woman did not quite understand. "Why not?" she pursued. "Everybody celebrates Christmas."

"I don't," Reena explained. "I'm Jewish. I have other holidays. I have Purim and Pesach and Chanukah, and—" I experienced a feeling of relief when we finally reached our destination.

My second rather startling experience was to hear Reena discussing her child's world with Gail Allen, the daughter of our Catholic neighbor. The children were playing in our garden and, as children do, they were boasting of and comparing their various possessions, their parents, and whatever else came to mind.

Then Reena broached a new subject. "Can you read Hebrew?" she asked Gail.

The child replied in a humble tone of voice, "No, I can't. Can you?"

"Of course," Reena said. "Do you know why?"

"No."

"Because you go to public school. You learn Hebrew only if you go to a yeshiva."

Here there was none of that queasiness so common to yeshiva students of an earlier decade. Reena introduced the subject of the yeshiva and what she was taught there with a freshness of attitude that verged on arrogance. I understand that the native sabra of Israel reacts in this fashion, but I fail to understand why a New York child, living among more Christians than Jews, should feel so superior about being Jewish.

There were other illuminating instances. For example, one day Reena was talking with Gail about God. Gail's contribution, delivered in a high, quavering voice, was that God has a son and that the son watches over Christian people. Her vocabulary was not rich, but her intent was clear: she was attempting to assert the superiority of her faith.

"Who is God's wife?" Reena asked, innocently.

"He has no wife," Gail said.

"How can God have a son," Reena countered, "when he never even had a wife?"

Gail was stumped.

The Allens have a record player, as do we, and they frequently call in our child to listen to cowboy records. One day Gail asked

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Reena if they could listen, in Gail's house, to Reena's Hebrew records.

"Why do you want to hear them?" Reena wanted to know. "You aren't Jewish."

The war of attrition was beginning to get the better of Gail. "Yes I am!" she insisted. "Yes I am so Jewish! I want to hear Reena's Hebrew records!"

The crisis was resolved by Mrs. Allen, who good-naturedly said, "If I can listen to my husband's Italian records, and me being Irish and not understanding a word, my daughter can listen to Hebrew records, Lord knows!" And so Reena was persuaded to bring her records next door and permit her friend to listen to them with her.

A few doors away from us there lives an Italian child with whom Reena is friendly, and one afternoon Reena was telling her of the accomplishments of Moses. In the midst of her narrative, Reena was interrupted by the child, who inquired, "Was Moses good?"

"How can Moses be bad?" Reena asked in honest wonderment. "He was a Jew."

Or, again, I once heard Reena tell a younger child the story of Chanukah and Judah Maccabee. The child was fascinated and asked Reena anxiously, "Did Judah lose?"

"How could Judah lose," Reena said, "if he was Jewish?"

This insistence on believing that the Jews are the best of all possible people has by now become an integral part of Reena's young personality. When she watches television, whether the person she is watching be a comedian, a politician, a sports hero or a glamor girl, she always asks, "Is he Jewish?" If the answer is no, it doesn't trouble her, she merely wants to know. In her tight little world, there are Jews and Christians, and she is interested in finding where everyone fits. If she learns that someone is a Jew, she smiles broadly and says, "Like us."

Reena is very much aware of the Jewish holidays and her world revolves around these celebrations. She never forgets to recite grace before meals—or her prayers at night—and there is no parental prompting. Asked why she likes so much to say grace, she replied, "We all do it in school. I want to at home." She feels the same way about the Sabbath, waiting impatiently for the *kiddush,* and she talks constantly of Chanukah and Pesach and all the other holidays. Yet there is no lack of emphasis on American holidays and songs. The music teacher, a lover of American folk songs, has managed to teach the children the prison songs of Leadbelly, sea chanties as sung by Richard Dyer-Bennet, and the folk songs of Burl Ives, together with the traditional religious chants of the Jewish people. Thanksgiving is as happy an event as Chanukah, and there is no tendency to place Herzl and Weizmann on higher pedestals than Washington and Lincoln. It is obvious that Reena's teachers have managed to instil a sense of joy which is nice to see. There is nothing about her observance of anything Jewish which casts a shadow over her. She connects her school with happiness.

Of course, she is still very young. And already there are hints that there may be conflicts in the near future. She is, for example, far more interested in her English courses than in her Hebrew. On the other hand, she loves the Hebrew songs and dances she has been taught. She is, at times, too aggressive about attending yeshiva, and in her talks with her Christian friends, as I have noted, she is apt to be insulting. So far, she reconciles the greater Orthodoxy taught in the school with the comparative laxity at home by saying that "in school they're more religious." On the other hand, when told by her grandparents that she should not write on the Sabbath, she replied, "I'm not *that* religious." And she would not dream of missing her Saturday television programs, though she knows that "religious people don't watch television on *Shabbos.*" Somewhere in her mind she has decided that she can do certain things and not others. Perhaps, within a year or two, she will become critical of her home or, it is not impossible, more critical of the school. But so far she is not bothered by the do's and don'ts of Orthodox Judaism.

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How different it used to be! When I went to yeshiva, a yeshiva student was a "freak" even in New York City. There were very few of us, and some of us traveled an hour or more to get to school at a time when most public school and high school students were able to walk to their local schools. There was also no doubt that the schools were Orthodox; there was no nonsense about "modernization," and no recognition of the fact that one need not be especially pious to want to attend a yeshiva: if you were a yeshiva student, it meant you were Orthodox, and that was that. Today, the parents of the children are far from Orthodox, and indeed most of their homes can scarcely be differentiated from those of their Christian neighbors. The yeshivas, consequently, are radically different from those of ten or fifteen years ago.

Talmud, for example, is not the single overtowering subject it used to be. The arts, dancing, painting, drawing, singing, are taught freely and joyously. In my time, such things were taboo. Today the yeshiva directors believe that a student has the right to take pleasure in his studies. Pleasure was unknown in previous decades: one studied fifteen different subjects simultaneously and was expected to be expert in them all. Today it is even recognized that attractive classrooms and sufficient lighting do not necessarily block the yeshiva students' ability to absorb Judaism; it was not always so.

Nevertheless, the problem of "separateness" exists. In a survey published in the *Catholic Digest* for September 1953, it is revealed that nearly 15 million out of nearly 24 million adult Catholics, some 62 per cent of the total, have had parochial school education. According to this same survey, Jewish interest in the parochial school is growing. Forty-nine per cent of Jews approve of Sunday school, 34 per cent are for home instruction, and 40 per cent are for religious day schools, that is to say, parochial school education.

Jewish groups, making their own surveys, do not find such high figures for those favoring parochial school education, but the yeshiva movement has been the fastest growing Jewish educational system in the past decade. What effect it will have on American Jews during the next decade is not clear.

But at least one father has learned that the child can obtain in the yeshiva a sense of inner security, "sugar-coated," and with few embarrassing compromises concerning school and home environment. Does it pay? It is still impossible to say, but so far, it seems definitely worth chancing.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

NEILAH IN GEHENNA

How the Cantor Beat the Devil

I. L. PERETZ

Born in Russian Poland, Isaac Loeb Peretz (1825-1915) began writing at a very early age, but was educated for the law, and practiced it successfully in his native Zamoshch until he moved to Warsaw, where he worked for the Kehillah (the organized community) until his death. This activity did not prevent him from turning out an almost uninterrupted stream of stories, plays, poems, and essays; these earned him a place next to Sholom Aleichem and Mendele as one of the "greats" of Yiddish literature.

The last selection from Peretz's work to appear in these pages, in February 1953, was a rather sober factual report on life in a *shtetl* sixty years ago, which ran in the "Study of Man" department. The present short story shows Peretz in quite a different vein, and one in which he is better known: as a creator of fantasies and parables.

The translation of the story published here was made by A. M. Klein, who is one of Canada's outstanding contemporary poets, and a novelist as well. He is also known for his translations of Chaim N. Bialik's Hebrew verse. In 1951 Mr. Klein received a prize from the Jewish Book Council of America for his contribution to Anglo-Jewish poetry.—Ed.

THE town square. An ordinary day, neither a market day nor a day of the fair, a day of drowsy small activity. Suddenly there is heard, coming from just outside the town, approaching nearer and nearer, a wild impetuous clatter, a splutter and splashing of mud, a racket of furious wheels! In-ter-est-ing, think the merchants, wonder who it is? At their booths, at their storefronts, they peer out, curious.

As the galloping horse, the thundering wagon, turn into and careen through the square, they are recognized! The townsfolk recoil, revulsion and fear and anger upon their faces: the Informer of the neighboring town is at it again. Post-haste to the capital! God alone knows on whom he is going to do a job now.

Suddenly a stillness falls upon the market place. Reluctantly, with loathing, the townsfolk look around. The wagon has come to a halt. The horse is lazily nuzzling in the mire of the wheel ruts. And the Informer, fallen from his seat, lies stretched on the ground!

Well, even an informer has a soul, they can't just let him lie there, so the townsfolk rush forward to the body, motionless in the mud. Dead—like every other corpse! Finished! The members of the Burial Society make ready to do the deceased his last rites.

Horse and wagon are sold to pay for the funeral expense; the Informer is duly interred; and those little imps of dispatch, who crop up just there where you won't see them, snatch up his soul and bear it off to the watchers of the gates of Gehenna.

THERE, at the gates, the Informer is detained while the fiend of reception, he who keeps Hell's register of admission and discharge, wearily puts the questionnaire to him and as wearily, with his leaking pen, enters the answers: Who, When, How.

The Informer—in Hell he feels cut down to size—respectfully answers:

Born in such and such a place; became a son-in-law in such and such a place; was supported by father-in-law for such and such

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a number of years; abandoned wife and children; pursued, in such and such places, his chosen profession, until, his time having come, as he was passing with horse and wagon through the market place of Ladam—

At the mention of this name, the fiend of reception, in the middle of a yawn, pricks up his ears.

"How do you say it? La-ha-"

"Ladam!"*

The fiend goes red in the face, little lights of puzzlement twinkle in his eyes, and he turns to his assistants. "Ever hear of such a town?"

The assistant imps shrug their shoulders. Their tongues stuck between their teeth, they shake their heads. "Never heard of it!"

"*Is* there such a town?"

Now in the records of Gehenna every community has its own file, and these files are all alphabetically arranged, and every letter has its own filing cabinet. So a careful search is made through L—Lublin, Lemberg, Leipzig, they're all there—but no Ladam!

"Still, it's there," the Informer persists, "a town in Poland."

"Contemporary or historical?"

"Founded twenty years ago. The Baron built it up. It boasts, in fact, two fairs per year. Has a synagogue, a house of study, a bathhouse. Also two Gentile taverns."

Again the Registrar addresses himself to his assistants. "Any of you remember—did we ever get anybody here from Ladam?"

"Never!"

Impatiently they turn to the Informer. "Don't they ever die in this Ladam of yours?"

"And why shouldn't they?" he answers, Jewish-wise, with a question returned. "Close, congested hovels that stifle you. . . . A bathhouse where you can't catch your breath. . . . The whole town—a morass!"

The Informer is now in his element.

"Never die!" he continues. "Why, they have a completely laid-out cemetery! It's true that the Burial Society will flay you for the costs of burial before they bring you to eternal rest, but still a cemetery they do have. And not so long ago, they had an epidemic, too. . . ."

*Ladam: the original Hebrew has L H D M, which are the initial letters of the words *lo hoyu dvorim m'olam*, meaning: these things never were; a pure fiction.

The interrogation at an end, due judgment is rendered concerning the Informer, and concerning the town of Ladam due investigation instituted. A town twenty years old, a town with an epidemic history—and not one soul landed in Gehenna! This was a matter one couldn't let drop.

THE imps of inquiry, therefore, are sent forth diligently to search the thing out. They return.

True!

And they report as follows: That in the realm of Poland there is indeed a town called Ladam; that it is still extant; that it boasts its tally of good deeds and admits to a quantum (greater) of misdeeds; that its economy presents the usual occupations and the usual struggle; and that the Spirit of Evil in the said place representing Hell's interest, that he, too, therein is not unemployed.

Why, then, have there never been any candidates for Gehenna from Ladam?

Because Ladam has a cantor! There lies the explanation. And what a cantor! Himself—he's nothing. But his voice! . . . A voice for singing, so sweet, so poignant-sweet, this voice, that when it weeps it penetrates right into hearts of iron, through and through, it melts them to wax! He has but to ascend the prayer stand, this cantor, and lift his voice in prayer, and behold, the entire Congregation of Ladam is made one mass of repentance, wholehearted repentance, all its officers and members reduced, as if one person, to singlehearted contrition! With what result? With the result that Up There, Ladam's sins are nullified, voided, made of no effect! With the result that for Ladam the gates of Paradise—because of this cantor—are forthwith flung apart! . . . Comes somebody before those gates and says he's from Ladam—no further questions asked!

It was quite easy to see that, with such a cantor in the vicinity, Gehenna would have to operate in Ladam at a loss. Accordingly, the matter was taken over by—That Certain Party—himself! Head of Hell, he would deal with the cantor, personally.

So he orders that there be brought to him alive from the regions mundane a crowing Calcutta rooster, with comb of fiery red.

Done.

The Calcutta cock, frightened and be-

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wildered in its new roost, lies motionless on the Satanic altar, while he—may his name be blotted out!—circles about him and about, squats down before him, never takes his eye off him, his evil eye upon that bright red crest of his, winds about him, environs him, until, the spell having worked, the red crest blenches and pales and grows white as chalk. But suddenly, in the midst of this sorcery, an ominous rumbling is heard—from Up There. The Holy One, blessed be He, waxes wrathful! So he—may his name be blotted out!—in alarm desists, but not before he spits out a farewell curse:

"Cockcrow, begone! Begone his singing voice! Until the hour of his death!"

AGAINST whom he really launched this curse, you, of course, have already surmised, and indeed even before the blood returned to the crest of the comb of the Calcutta rooster, the cantor of Ladam was minus his voice. Smitten in the throat. Couldn't bring out a note.

The source and origin of this affliction was known, but known, naturally, only to truly holy Jews, and even of these, perhaps not to all. But what could one do? One couldn't, of course, explain it, the cantor just wouldn't understand. It was one of those things. . . . Now, had the cantor himself been a man of good deeds, worth, and piety, one might perhaps have interceded for him, hammered at the gates of Heaven, clamored against injustice, but when the cantor was, as all knew, a man of insignificant merit, a trifle in the scales, a nothing, why, then. . . .

So the cantor himself went knocking at the doors of the great Rabbis, soliciting their help, imploring their intervention before the Heavenly Throne.

To no avail. It couldn't be done.

At last, winning his way into the court of the Zaddik of Apt, he cleaves to the Zaddik, won't be sundered from him, weeps, begs, and unless and until he is helped, won't budge a step from the court. It is a most pitiable thing to see. Not being able to suffer the poor cantor's plight any longer, the Zaddik of Apt finally prevails upon himself to tell him the irrevocable, but not without mixing in it some measure of consolation. "Know, cantor," he says, "that your hoarseness will persist until your death, but know also that when, at the hour of your death, you come to say the Prayer of Repentance, you will say it with a voice so clear, you will sing it with a voice so musical, that it will resound through all the corridors of Heaven!"

"And until then?"

"Lost!"

The cantor still refuses to depart. "But Rabbi, why? Rabbi, what for?"

He persists so long that at last the Zaddik tells him the whole story—Informer, rooster, and curse.

"If that's the case," the cantor cries out in all his hoarseness, "if that's the case, I—will—have—my—revenge!" And he dashes out.

"Revenge? How and from whom?" the Zaddik calls after him.

But the cantor is gone.

This was on a Tuesday, some say Wednesday, and that Thursday, in the evening, when the fishermen of Apt, out on the river to catch their fish for the Sabbath, drew up their nets, they drew forth—the drowned body of the cantor of Ladam!

A suicide! From the little bridge over the river. For the saying of the Prayer of Repentance his singing voice had indeed come back to him, even as the Zaddik of Apt had promised, the learned Zaddik interpreting the words of That Certain Party and stressing them, "*until* the hour of his death"—but not *the* hour of his death.

Yet despite this assurance, the cantor—and this was his revenge, as you will soon see—had purposely, in that last hour, both on the bridge and in the water, refrained from saying the Prayer of Repentance!

NO SOONER is the cantor buried, according to the rite of suicides, when the imps are at his soul and to Gehenna he is brought. At the gates the questions are put to him, but he refuses to answer. He is prodded with a pitchfork, stimulated with glowing coals, still he keeps mum, won't answer.

"Take him as is!"

For these questionings in Hell are but a matter of form; Hell's own agents have all these years lain in wait and ambushed again and again the unsuspecting cantor; Hell knows in advance the answers to Who, When, What For. The cantor is led to his proper place. A caldron boils before him.

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But here, here the cantor at last permits himself the privilege of his voice. Clear and ringing he sings it forth:

"Yis-ga-da-al. . . ."

The Kaddish of Neilah!

He intones it, he sings it, and in singing his voice grows bolder, stronger . . . melts away . . . revives . . . is rapturous . . . glorious as, in the world, aforetime . . . no, better . . . sweeter . . . in the heart, deeper . . . from the depths clamorous . . . resurgent. . . .

Hushed are all the boiling caldrons from which up to now there had issued a continual sound of weeping and wailing; hushed; until, after a while, from these same caldrons, an answering hum is heard. The caldron lids are lifted, heads peer out, burnt lips murmur accompaniment.

The fiends of calefaction, at their stances at the caldrons, refuse, of course, to make the responses. Bewildered, abashed, they stand there as if lost, one with his faggots for the fire, another with his steaming ladle, a third with his glowing rake. Faces twisted . . . mouths agape . . . tongues lolling . . . eyes bulging from the sockets. . . . Some fall into an epilepsy, and roll, convulsed and thrashing, on the ground.

But the cantor continues with his Neilah.

The cantor continues, and the fires under the caldrons diminish and fade and go out. The dead begin to crawl forth from their caldrons.

The cantor sings on, and the Congregation of Hell in undertone accompanies him, prays with him; and passage by passage, as the prayer is rendered, hurt bodies are healed, become whole, torn flesh unites, skin is renewed, the condemned dead grow pure. . . .

Yes, when the cantor comes to the verse where he cries out, *"Who quickeneth the dead,"* and hell's poor souls respond *"Amen, Amen,"* it is as if a resurrection, there and then, took place!

For such a clamor arises at this *Amen* that the Heavens above are opened, and the repentance of the wicked reaches to the Heaven of Heavens, to the Seventh Heaven, and comes before The Throne itself! And, it being a moment of grace and favor, the sinners, now saints, suddenly grow wings! One after the other out of Gehenna they fly . . . to the very gates of Paradise. . . .

THEREAFTER there remained in Gehenna only the fiends, rolling in their convulsions, and the cantor, stock-still at his stand. He did not leave. True, here in Hell he had brought, as he had brought on earth, his congregation to repentance, but himself he had not known a true repentance. . . . That unsaid Prayer of Resurrection. . . . That matter of suicide. . . .

In the course of time, Gehenna was filled again, and although additional suburbs were built, still remains crowded.

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ON THE HORIZON

THE LEGACY OF O. HENRY

His Contribution to Popular Culture

STEVEN MARCUS

THE *Complete Works of O. Henry* consist of two volumes totaling 271 stories and 1,700 pages. These statistics are all the more impressive when we learn that all the stories were written within about ten years—from 1900 to 1910, the year of O. Henry's death. Unfortunately it is for this energy, rather than any literary achievement, that these two volumes arouse our admiration. For, when all is said and done, O. Henry was a hack, and his writing bears all the traits of the hack—slipshodness and repetitiveness both of subject matter and treatment, with occasional ironic hints that he knew he was a hack. Perhaps it is a mistake to publish such a writer in bulk; what virtues he has are most evident in isolation (when one reads his stories in anthologies they seem better than when read together). Yet, though his stories have no great interest as literature, they document some of the important changes that were taking place in American writing in general, and in America's opinion of itself, in the first years of this century.

O. Henry was a "popular" writer; the great majority of his stories were written in what he thought was the vernacular—in some kind of dialect, either of a rural region or of a district in a city. But unlike previous works in the tradition of colloquial writing, O. Henry's dialect turns out to be quite remote from speech; one is tempted to say that it is entirely artificial. What the reader witnesses in these stories is the corruption and attenuation of the relation between popular writing and the people it purports to describe. This is O. Henry's notion of the speech of a prospector:

> "Now, Rebosa, I'm old enough to have owed money to your father. And that old, specious, dressed-up, garbled, seasick, Ptomaine prancing around avidiously like an irremediable turkey gobbler with patent leather shoes on is my best friend. Why did you go and get him invested in this marriage business?"

And that of a farmer in Indiana:

> "Sure, Bunk," says he. "The yellow primrose on the river's brim is getting to look to us Reubs like a holiday edition de luxe of the Language of Flowers with deckle edges and frontispieces."

Not only was he insensitive to speech rhythms, but he was quite unable to distinguish between the accents of the various regions of the country; his cowboys in the

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THE reputation of O. Henry, never accepted in serious literary criticism, has nevertheless a curious vitality to which the recent publication of O. Henry's *Complete Works* (Doubleday, 2 vols., 1,700 pp., $10.00) is only the latest testimony. STEVEN MARCUS here finds the critic's verdict just, but, at the same time, notes O. Henry's role as the founder of a very popular genre in our culture—the self-conscious, artificial "folklore" of the Great Metropolis. Mr. Marcus, a young writer now working towards his doctorate at Cambridge University, was born in New York City in 1928 and did his undergraduate work at Columbia. His article "The American Negro in Search of Identity" appeared in our November 1953 issue.

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Panhandle talk in the same cadences and with a vocabulary indistinguishable from the cowboys on Broadway and the Bowery. O. Henry throws up a Chinese wall of verbiage between the reader and the object, and his writing is full of adjectives, "cute" solecisms, and badly mixed images.

> We are to consider the shade known as purple. It is a color justly in repute among the sons and daughters of man. Emperors claim it for their especial dye. Good fellows everywhere seek to bring their noses to the genial hue that follows the commingling of the red and blue. We say of princes that they are born to the purple; and no doubt they are, for the colic tinges their faces with the royal tint equally with the snub-nosed countenance of a wood-chopper's brat.

Scarcely any distinction can be made between the language of O. Henry's characters and the language of O. Henry himself. This is not the language of the folk-story, where either an identity of language exists between the teller and the subject, or where there is a ritualized separation of the formal language of the story from the vernacular; nor can it be mistaken for the technique of the sophisticated writer, who, utilizing the unique qualities of dialect, juxtaposes it to the traditional, complex, and discriminating language of literature. The best writers of dialect usually manage to convey the strong traditional characteristics that survive in the language of an isolated region; the vitality of the speech of the frontier, as we find it in Lincoln, Mark Twain, or Bret Harte, came partly from the influence on it of the Bible, partly from its preservation of old, fine locutions, and partly from its ability to absorb harmoniously the rhythms and words of the language of other groups. By O. Henry's time the ability of the popular writer to exploit this kind of material was almost lost—as, one suspects, was much of the integrity of the spoken language itself. Why this happened is too complicated to discuss here; I only wish to point out that it was tied up with the massive migration, in the last half of the 19th century, of rural people into the cities.

O. Henry was a typical product of this change. He was a half-educated man, at ease neither with literature nor with semi-literateness; and one knows the direction in which he leads. He leads to Damon Runyon and the language of the modern "tough" detective story, to a contorted and abstract sense of the language, a nearly total absence of any sense of its genuine idiom and of the relation of speech to character and intelligence. O. Henry's language is awkward, silly, and inane, but it is not often ugly. In Runyon and his disciples, in the detective story, in Raymond Chandler and James M. Cain, the language has become horrid, a caricature of itself, too easy to imitate, incapable of color, flexibility, or precision. O. Henry is the midpoint of this decadence.

It is to O. Henry's credit, however, that, unlike later hacks, he is not pretentious about his writing. Because of this his tales retain some of the purity of the folk anecdote, the joke, or the simple reminiscence from which they arise; occasionally they display a bareness and directness of effect that is O. Henry at his best. The stories are about what folk stories usually are about—separated parents and children, separated lovers, lack of money, the gay highwayman, the encounter between city and country. The famous "trick ending" is employed in about 75 per cent of the stories. O. Henry manufactures an arrangement of events in which, say, a lover finds it impossible to marry his beloved, as in "The Higher Abdication," and then without provocation or, it seems, meaning, delivers him from that dilemma by hauling in a long lost son. Or in "Springtime a la Carte" he has separated lovers reunited by the typewriting on a menu. The trick ending is used much more frequently in the stories about New York than it is in those about the West. O. Henry believed in the therapeutic virtue of the West (one of his favorite tales concerns a city bum reformed by the strength, humanity, and clean living of the open range), which in itself worked the wonders that in the city only coincidence could accomplish.

In the stories about the city the coincidence surely was intended to offset the poverty, hunger, and loneliness that beset his lower-class New Yorkers. In "The Cop and the Anthem," for example, a hobo smells winter in the air and decides to get himself thrown into jail. But no one, he finds, is interested in having him arrested, regardless of how flagrantly he breaks the law. But

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then, ironically, just after having been moved by a religious service to reform, he is picked up by a policeman in front of the church. Here is how the tramp, cold and alone, resolves to face life again:

> There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. Tomorrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. . . . He would be somebody in the world.

By being thrown in jail he is absolved from any such exertions, and the ending gratifies the wish with which he began the story. But the pathetic moment just before he is arrested is the most genuine one in the story; there, for a moment, the despair of mendicancy is realized.

Although O. Henry's ridiculous and inadequate changes of fortune are intended to divert the reader from the likely consequences of the stories, they actually reinforce the picture of the drab lives of his characters. The endings are a kind of half-hearted assurance that all is well, that Providence still watches—an assurance whose palpable improbability only suggests the reverse.

In an uninspired way, the trick ending is the counterpart of those ironic mechanisms for explaining American reality which Mark Twain and Henry Adams developed late in their careers. Adams's theory that the second law of thermodynamics—the law of entropy or declining energy—applied in human history, reflects not only his sense of being the undistinguished tail-end of an illustrious family, but also the fact that conditions in America had changed so that men like Adams could no longer find their way to the top. Twain's grim conception of a total and mechanical determinism is relevant both to his life, in which personal failure played a large part, and to his apprehension that America was not the place that the popular ideology of boundless opportunity and change declared it to be. Likewise in O. Henry, the grotesquely optimistic ending was the response to American conditions of a man who had spent three years in jail for embezzlement, who until he was almost forty had accomplished nothing, and who must have perceived, even in the flush of his success as a journalist, that his talent was irretrievably meager and ephemeral—and that there was no escape from that limitation even in America.

Adams and Twain responded to their perception of changing American realities with a sterile and mechanical pessimism that turned the New World into a dull and drab and hopeless thing. Here we find these two men at their weakest. O. Henry, who had neither their courage nor their intelligence, responded to these same realities with a simple obtuseness, and a precarious good humor that took the place of thinking.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

WHERE CITY PLANNING STANDS TODAY

When Theory Meets Realities

FRANK FISHER

ONE question about city planning must have come to the mind of anyone who has fingered the magnificent volumes in which the proposals of planners are generally presented. Why do those green spaces, those carefully placed skyscrapers, those pleasant residential districts and equally pleasant factory and working areas, still remain dreams for the most part? Why are our cities hardly any less ugly and unpleasant than they were at the height of the 19th century's Industrial Revolution?

This article will try to suggest the answers. But we may begin by saying that the history of city planning gives us, once again, an example of the paradox which seems to infect almost every grand effort to improve man's state: first there is a great vision that moves some men but is too remote from the practical world to have much effect; but then as the vision is taken up by many men and becomes practical, it seems to lose its power to effect the great changes originally envisioned.

A SPATE of new books on problems of city planning suggests that, if our cities are not being rebuilt or made more pleasant at a very rapid rate, at least the city planners are full of ideas as to how this might be done. FRANK FISHER, in the course of reviewing some of this recent literature, considers the state of city planning as an intellectual discipline today, and particularly the reasons why city planning has not as yet made any great progress toward turning our chaotic cities into more decent and efficient places to live. Mr. Fisher, who was born in Posen in 1912, received a Ph.D. degree in economics from the University of Basel, and came to this country in 1938. He is now associated with firms engaged in foreign trade.

THE story of city planning begins with the ugliness, noise, and filth of the new industrial cities, their lack of fresh air and recreation space, the steady growth of their slums and the devastation of the surrounding countryside. All this was most obvious in 19th-century England, and some of the early socialists, like Robert Owen, tried to find remedies for the situation. Owen proposed in 1820 the founding of groups of agricultural villages, with between 800 and 1,200 inhabitants each, which would combine "all the advantages that city and country residences now afford," and eliminate the "inconveniences and evils which necessarily attach to both those modes of society." Later socialists, however, did not pay much heed to this particular aspect of the Industrial Revolution; apparently, they expected the liquidation of capitalism to solve these problems automatically. Indeed Engels opposed better housing for workers because it was a "palliative" measure, and expected that the workers, by seizing the commodious homes of the bourgeoisie, would in the end provide themselves with everything necessary. Engels failed to realize, not only that the dwellings of the bourgeoisie could house but a small fraction of the working population, but also that profound physical changes were required to make the cities fit places for human habitation.

But even more surprising is the fact that both Engels and Marx, who so incisively analyzed the phenomena of alienation in the economic activity and the ideology of industrial capitalism, hardly noticed that metropolitan life was perhaps its most concrete expression: The big city alienated men from nature as well as from one another. Thus the

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socialist movement, while the sharpest of all critics of inhuman living conditions under 19th-century capitalism, contributed almost nothing to city planning as an idea or program.

Nor did any of the other political reform movements of the time show more than a mild interest in city planning. As a result, this new field of study could develop without arousing political passions or prejudices. But this also meant that it could not muster much popular support.

EBENEZER HOWARD, an Englishman, whose book *Tomorrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Reform,* appearing in 1898, marked the beginning of the modern city planning movement, was less concerned than the socialists with the social, economic, or political causes of urban misery. Frankly utopian, he combined certain ideas of his time in a specific and creative conception that has guided most of the thinking of city planners ever since. The garden city, or the notion of the balanced urban environment, was his original idea. Instead of letting industrial cities grow planlessly and depopulate the countryside, he proposed to build cities that would combine the social and cultural facilities of the city with the closeness to nature of the village. The "idiocy of rural life" and the slumminess of city life would both be obviated. "Town and country," wrote Howard, "must be married, and out of this union will spring a new life, a new hope, a new civilization."

The size of the garden city was to be limited; Howard conceived of a maximum population of about 30,000. However, the precise figures are less important than the underlying idea that there was an optimum size for a city, that —to quote Lewis Mumford—"it must be planned to the human scale and must have a definite size, form, boundary." As a permanent reserve, a green belt of open country, around each garden city, would serve to prevent unwanted growth and also provide opportunity for local food-raising. Common ownership of all the land would prevent speculation, bad land use, and excessive density of habitation. Finally, the garden city was to have a sound industrial basis so that its inhabitants could support themselves. Unlike the dormitory suburbs of our time—some of which have arrogated the name "garden city" to themselves—it was to be based not only on a balance between town and country, but also between home, industry, and market; and between political, social, and recreational functions.

Six years after Howard's book appeared, the first garden city, Letchworth, was built in England by a specially organized association of Howard's supporters who were willing to invest their money in a new experiment with expectation of very limited financial returns. Letchworth was followed by a few similar projects in England, Holland, Germany, and the United States (where Radburn, New Jersey, embodied some of the same principles). The main practical difficulty was the inability of these projects to attract industries for the employment of their inhabitants; it is only the development of electric power and the automobile since then that has made decentralized light industries possible and attractive. The first large-scale attempt anywhere to carry out Howard's ideas had to wait forty years, for the British New Towns Act of 1946, which authorized the Minister of Town and Country Planning to establish development corporations for the planning and building of new towns in designated areas. Many of the projects started under this act are in the Greater London area, and constitute an attempt to contain the inevitable decentralization of that metropolis within a sensible pattern.*

WHILE Howard's ideas moved towards realization only slowly, they stimulated the development of a considerable body of theory about city planning. It took many years, however, before the theory began to influence the actual administration of cities; thus only in recent years have theory and practice begun to converge.

Much of the work done in city planning after Howard was by urban sociologists, health experts, and land economists; it was they who collected the factual material indispensable to future proposals and propaganda. They established such facts as the high positive correlation between the existence of slums and juvenile delinquency; the shocking inadequacy of a large part of existing housing (lack of sunlight, bathrooms, space). They showed that

*An excellent survey of what happens when a rural community is suddenly transformed into a new town is offered by Harold Orlans in *Utopia, Ltd.* (Yale University Press, 1953, 313 pp., $4.50). Mr. Orlans is especially concerned with the involved relation between the planners and those planned for.

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"underprivileged" city areas paid less than a proportional share of city taxes but required much more than a proportional share of the city expenditures on sanitation, police and fire protection, and other essential services. They demonstrated that the opposition to change came from those who, directly or indirectly, profited from congestion and the excessive land values causing it, and which it perpetuated. Their work led to the adoption of minimum standards of health and safety for all new construction, to limitation of the proportion of land a building was permitted to occupy, and to the general acceptance of the need for parks and playgrounds.

But the actual proposals for a new kind of city came, in the decades following Howard, mainly from architects, and ranged all the way from Frank Lloyd Wright's radical plan for a suburban "city" providing an acre of land to each family and barely tolerating basic industry, to Le Corbusier's city of skyscrapers and parks.

Le Corbusier's imaginative boldness and fascination with new techniques has had a great influence on city planners. His proposed Ville Radieuse is a city of rows of tall buildings zigzagging across landscaped space; the buildings themselves are set on piers to permit the unobstructed circulation of people and traffic underneath. It permits a high population density, and yet the tall buildings do not exclude air, sunlight, gardens, playgrounds, or the social equipment that make city life stimulating: room is provided for museums and schools, and even cafés. The plan for rebuilding the destroyed core of the French city of St. Dié envisages eight tall apartment blocks grouped around a central core containing an administrative building, hotel, tourist center, union hall, museum, community hall, department stores, shops, and cafés. Each apartment block would have a shopping street in its center, a children's club on each floor, a center for games and exercise on the roof, and an open park around the piers at the base of each block. The order, grace, and efficiency of this layout contrasts favorably with the ugly, haphazard congestion of our present cities and their sprawling suburbs.

Yet Le Corbusier is overly fascinated by the skyscraper, whose dependence on complicated services, from elevators to air-conditioning, makes it expensive to operate and extremely vulnerable to power failures, water shortages, strikes, and, of course, damage by war. The main drawback, however, is his insistence that everyone in his city live in skyscrapers. Some people will not mind being lifted ten or twenty stories off the ground, or having to do without backyards for their children to play in. But most will, and for good reason. Skyscrapers overwhelm and oppress man by their sheer size and power, and confirm and emphasize his remoteness from nature. Many of us believe that a fully human existence requires an environment built to human scale.

But what is human scale? Some planners, in order to obviate the vastness and lack of differentiation in metropolitan areas, try to arrive at a clearly definable "unit of urban life" that might serve as the cell of a reconstructed urban organism. Clarence Perry in 1929 proposed the "neighborhood unit," an area which would require and support an elementary school with from 1,000 to 1,200 pupils, and have a total population of from five to six thousand. Even if every family had a house to itself, it would be unnecessary for any child to walk more than half a mile to school. Such a neighborhood unit could support local shopping facilities, churches, a library, and a community center connected with the school. Through traffic would be routed outside the neighborhood, while the inner streets would serve only to give the residents access to their homes.

The neighborhood unit makes the rational planning of many community services possible. The bad distribution of schools and recreation facilities, for instance, which is caused by rapid population shifts and the consequent deterioration of areas, would be avoided by the stability of these planned residential neighborhoods. Their proponents also hope that these would restore neighborliness and participation in civic matters—which is somewhat debatable. The neighborhood is still part of the city, and will consist of persons from all walks of life and of all types of personality. Closer physical contact may reduce group prejudices among them but will not necessarily induce the warm friendliness of the small rural community. As William Slayton and Richard Dewey point out in a study of the "Urbanite" in *The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment* (edited by Coleman Woodbury, University of Chicago Press, 1953, 764 pp., $9.00), the spirit of community life seems to require a rather homogeneous population, similar in income, occupation, and education—which is

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why this spirit is found at times in low-income metropolitan housing projects or in upper-middle-class suburbs. But such homogeneous neighborhoods would eventually split the city into socially stratified areas and eliminate the present advantage of city life, which consists in the range and variety of the social contacts it makes possible.

The neighborhood unit as the basis for physical planning became as important an idea in city planning as the garden city, and other writers developed it further. In *Can Our Cities Survive?* (published by the International Congress for Modern Architecture—CIAM—in 1942 and edited by J. L. Sert), it was proposed that six to eight neighborhood units be grouped together to form a township containing in its center a high school and principal shopping facilities. Light industry would be sited nearby, but separated by open spaces from the residential areas proper. The city would consist of a number of townships grouped around a "civic center" containing cultural, sports, and administrative facilities. Heavy industry would be placed along the main transportation routes, which would bypass the city. In this manner the big city would not be condemned, but loosened up and transformed into a "regional city" that provided cultural and economic advantages without completely cutting man off from nature. This plan would also assure the stability and controlled growth of the place.

We may mention one more idea that has played a considerable part in the thinking of city planners. This is the "superblock." The superblock has already considerably influenced the actual practice of real estate developers. It is generally recognized that the old gridiron pattern according to which streets are laid out in many European and most American cities is wasteful. In the heyday of land speculation, it provided standard-sized lots for easy trading, apparently permitted the maximum utilization of land for building, and gave each house easy access to the street. The grid also had its effect on the type of construction characteristic of the older parts of our cities: impressive façades in front; dark and narrow interior courts in back; houses occupying the maximum percentage of land permitted by law; and tall buildings depriving their smaller neighbors of sun and air.

What convinced the real estate people that the gridiron should go was the fact that it actually wasted a lot of land in street space by making no distinction between local and through traffic. With superblocks, the land devoted to streets could be drastically reduced and be used for lawns and play space while still permitting a high degree of land utilization. A few interior streets and blind alleys could give access to the houses, which would no longer directly confront the noises and smells of busy thoroughfares, so that children could play safely out of doors. It should be emphasized, however, that superblocks by themselves do not answer all the city's problems. While superior to the old system, they may still preserve an undesirable density of habitation, even increase it; and when designed without imagination, the uniformity of a large-scale project of this kind is as oppressive as the endless mediocrity of gridiron streets.

The garden city, the neighborhood unit, and the superblock today all contribute to a single large idea; that the growth of cities *must* be planned, and *in toto*. The problem cannot be solved by separate plans for housing, traffic, schools, parks and recreation, without considering the activities of the city or region as a whole, including work, travel to and from work, education, shopping, amusement, and all other required services. Much of the work of the planning agencies set up by cities and districts today is devoted to an attempt to comprehend the entirety of a city's life in all its phases and deal with it by a master plan. Such a plan integrates many partial studies; an overall estimate of likely population development, plans for industrial, business, and residential zones, traffic, schools, parks, water, and sewage-disposal plans. Obviously, such a complex undertaking needs constant revision to take account of new developments, and must be flexible from the outset. It has to be conceived not as a static plan but as a continuous planning process.

II

Though these theoretical solutions to the problems of urban life have been familiar for a considerable time, it must be admitted that their practical effect has been very limited. Our cities continue to decay in their centers while the uncontrolled sprawl of their suburbs fills the country with row upon row of mediocre and uniform houses. These are built without consideration of the strain they put on traffic and school facilities and they bring

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the cities they surround—deserted by a tax-paying resident population, but strangled by masses coming to work in it—ever closer to bankruptcy. We do have decentralization now, but it is chaotic; we have garden cities, but instead of being Howard's self-sustaining communities they are metropolitan parasites. Our country is experiencing the greatest building boom of history, but our cities are still ugly and inefficient.

Not that there have not been almost continuous efforts since the turn of the century to improve American cities (Coleman Woodbury tells the whole story in one part of *The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment*). Up until the First World War, a "City Beautiful" movement flourished whose aim was to give some character to the shapeless mediocrity of the industrial cities by building wide thoroughfares, squares and public buildings, civic centers, parks, and by beautifying waterfronts, and so on. Unfortunately, the noble visions of this school of planning did not take into account the basic problems of poor housing, high land values, and congestion. So while the City Beautiful movement was able to leave as its monument Chicago's lake front, it was unable to avert or guide the wild speculation in land and housing that raged until the depression, and which defaced the outskirts of American cities far more rapidly than the builders of the City Beautiful could adorn their centers.

THE next stage in American city planning was the attempt to control development by zoning. The New York City zoning ordinance of 1916, soon followed all over the country, clearly separated industrial, commercial, and various kinds of residential zones, limited the coverage of building lots, and restricted the height of buildings. Zoning was a great step forward in imposing order on urban chaos, and was long considered the main instrument of city planning, but it has many shortcomings. It cannot undo the past; it must, for the most part, confirm existing land uses, however bad, and permit the erection of similar structures in the established zones; so that while zoning can influence new areas, it can do very little about the built-up parts of a city. Furthermore, most zoning ordinances permit the construction of "higher" zone buildings in "lower" zone areas; though industrial buildings cannot invade residential zones, apartment houses and stores can be built in industrial zones. The height regulations of the New York zoning laws have not prevented Manhattan's fantastic overcrowding by skyscrapers; nor do these regulations require skyscrapers to make adequate provision for the parking of the cars used by the people who work in or visit these edifices. According to Henry Churchill, in *The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment*, present zoning laws in New York would, conceivably, permit enough building to house a population of 77 million people, and the proposed changes that would reduce this limit to about 60 million are viewed with alarm! Finally, zoning is an inadequate tool because at best it can only restrict faulty land uses, but cannot supply positive guidance.

WHEN the depression struck, ending the boom of the 20's, American cities were ringed with half-filled suburbs whose streets, sewers, and street lights stretched out into empty wilderness. Real estate "values" disappeared and tax collections dropped, yet a huge burden of municipal debts, contracted in the extension of city services, had to be met; as a result, there arose a new interest in large-scale city planning.

The collapse of real estate values now brought many property owners over to the side of more farsighted interests, such as mortgage banks, that had long advocated planning as the way to stabilize land values. Owners of slum housing, who had made a comfortable living in the past, were now only too willing to be bailed out by slum-clearance programs. Foreclosures for tax delinquency on vacant lots in the hearts of cities made it possible to build playgrounds and sometimes parks where they were most needed. Public works programs were in any case necessary to fight unemployment, and they could also be used for rehabilitation. In some cities planning agencies were set up with decisive powers over capital expenditures, and charged with preparing long-term master plans. The studies of the National Resources Planning Board stimulated interest in regional planning, and government-sponsored Greenbelt Towns in at least three locations demonstrated the practical application of some —though by no means of all—of Ebenezer Howard's ideas. A few federal- and city-financed housing and slum-clearance projects revealed the benefits of the superblock. All this activity was accompanied by much discussion and writing, most of which merely mouthed the slogans

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of the period. Yet at least one book written during that period, Lewis Mumford's monumental *The Culture of Cities*, is still perhaps the most inspiring and comprehensive treatment of city life we have.

THE destruction of cities in the past war has offered planners in Europe and Asia a great challenge and a great opportunity, but in America the effect of the war was to drive large-scale planning from the field of practical activity. However, as a field of study in the universities, it has flourished more than ever.

The tremendous postwar building boom, surprisingly enough, turned out to be the Waterloo of large-scale planning. Slum clearance became less attractive to the slum landlords as the postwar housing shortage again filled their houses at high rents; and as real estate values rose again, the cost of condemning property often became prohibitive. This meant that when slums were cleared—as along the East River in Manhattan—costs forced the redevelopment organizations, whether public or private, to insist on a density of habitation actually higher than before. The introduction of the superblock and the construction of tall buildings made it possible to do this while at the same time devoting a much lower proportion of the land to the actual buildings. But play and recreation space should be provided in relation to the number of people housed, not in proportion to the area covered. Overcrowding of community facilities and play space, and unimaginative and monotonous architectural design, have stamped these projects from the outset as the slums of tomorrow. Moreover, they have not been integrated into the rest of the city according to any over-all plan, as the new traffic and school problems that have arisen in each neighborhood eloquently testify.

These disastrous practices in the rebuilding of urban centers were matched by equally disastrous practices in the expansion of the suburbs. Some of the residential suburbs that have sprung up since the war rival the worst pre-war speculative developments in their uniform mediocrity—though most of them have at least abandoned the rigid gridiron layout. The best of them are hygienic dormitory towns, "garden cities" without industry, generally located on cheap land with poor transportation facilities to the city and often completely without cultural facilities and even schools. In most cases they are outside the jurisdiction of the city and therefore not subject to guidance by a master plan, even where such a plan exists.

III

THE city planning movement now faces a unique situation. On the one hand it is better equipped than ever, technologically, to make a real contribution to the re-planning of our cities. Nor has it ever been in a better position institutionally: not only do we now have planning bodies in many cities, but we have academic groups, such as the Urban Redevelopment Study of the University of Chicago (which published the large volume *The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment* from which we have quoted a number of times), and the Institute for Urban Land Use Studies of Columbia, that do excellent work.

On the other hand, the million houses a year we have been building since the end of the war have dispensed almost entirely with such guidance as the planning movement could offer. Where the influence of planning is evident in some respects—such as the superblock and the replacement of the gridiron pattern by one following the natural contours of the terrain—we still find certain serious and basic shortcomings. The vast amount of building in America today, despite the real benefits planning could offer, is still determined primarily by the economic interest of the builders—which means that the interests, economic and non-economic, of the rest of us are overlooked.

The problem of city planning today is, in the largest sense of the term, a political one. How are the techniques of city planning to begin to operate so that we can enjoy the convenience, variety, and interest which they are capable of bringing us? We do not wish to imply that they offer salvation, and the only question is how to get people to reach out their hands for it. But certainly, without some popular participation, the benefits city planning can now offer will become illusory, and the frustrated planners themselves are likely to turn—as some already have—to grandiose visions divorced from actual needs. City planning needs popular participation, not only in order to realize itself practically but also because its aim is to serve people's wants, and it must remain close to these if it is to fulfill itself.

AS WE know, no great popular chorus is demanding the improvement of our cities.

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Instead, we see profound popular apathy, interrupted only when a particular situation—like that of traffic—finally becomes unbearable. To a large extent this apathy is the product of ignorance. Many people have never learned that there are possible alternatives. They do not realize how much the drabness and uniformity of the new housing projects make their own lives drab. They do not resent sufficiently the standardization imposed by bureaucratic planners: they accept, without protest, the fact that some projects do not permit them to keep pets, and others barely tolerate their children. They do not mind the lack of a definite focus in these great clusters of buildings because their own existences suffer from the same lack of focus. It is not only "the damned wantlessness of the poor" that is responsible for the toleration of this state of affairs; the nondescript developments in which they live, and which are certainly an improvement over the slums from which they come, reflects the loss of a spiritual center in people's lives in a civilization which replaces the church or *agora* or meeting hall with the corner drugstore.

We find the following reported in a study of "what people want": "In response to the interviewer's query 'What do you find undesirable about your house and neighborhood?' many answered, after some hesitation, that the sink needed painting, the roofs needed patching, some windows were broken or cracked. These replies were given despite the fact that the houses were jammed on 30-foot lots, in poor repair, and in a residential area that was definitely on the downgrade, being dirty, noisy, and cut through with heavy traffic." (Slayton and Dewey, in *The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment.*)

If city planning had ever become a part of a great reform movement, with people at large involved in a political struggle for it, then it is likely people would now know what they want. However, city planning has always retained the somewhat genteel, middle-class flavor of its founders, who were more interested in restoring an idyllic village life, with city amenities added, than in transforming the great, blighted industrial centers. From the time of Ebenezer Howard, city planning took the point of view of the middle-class consumer, while the reform movements were primarily concerned with the control of production and the distribution of wealth, and thought that the rest would take care of itself.

By now things are different, and we have, in a sense, caught up with middle-class, consumption-oriented city planning. Today, this country, at least, has reached such a high and broad relative level of material abundance that problems of consumption are steadily gaining in importance over those of production. Today such a "luxury" as city planning can become a major political issue for reform movements and is capable of capturing the popular imagination.

But this new point of view places on city planning the responsibility to think their problems through more clearly than heretofore. Aside from technical proposals, we find considerable vagueness in the contemporary literature of city planning about the question of political implementation, and the philosophical yet very practical question of the meaning of urban life. Some planners regard themselves as mere technical experts who do not have to be concerned with the social feasibility of their projects. At the other extreme, we find planners who indiscriminately promise everything to everybody: stabilized land values to landlords and municipal treasuries: slum clearance and good housing to the poor; the ordering of chaos, at no unbearable financial burden, to taxpayers; in sum, a better life to everybody. Some of these aims are mutually exclusive. Land values cannot be stabilized until they have been drastically deflated; the financial cost of improvements must be borne by someone, whether local property-owners, urban dwellers in general, or federal taxpayers, and this involves a most important political choice.

As with so many political problems, there is no one villain whose head we can cut off at a blow. Savings banks (and their depositors), life insurance companies (and those insured by them), the local tax authorities (and the citizens depending on the services paid out of real estate taxes), all have a vested interest in the status quo. As against a head-on assault, an oblique one seems to promise better results: the encouragement of satellite towns so that the gradual depopulation of the metropolises prepares the ground for that land devaluation which must precede the diminution of urban congestion.

The suburb, then, has the same attraction for some city planners as for the many

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middle-class families who move to them, and who are swayed partly by the real advantages of open space, quiet, and cleanliness, and partly by the desire to establish their status among people of similar standards. But the garden cities, with or without industry, are nothing without the city core that provides the essence of urban life in economic, social, and cultural opportunities. As Henry Churchill puts it in a brief and pungent essay in *The Future of Cities and Urban Redevelopment*, the community of like-minded souls dwelling in well-ordered harmony amid neat community facilities is a dull utopia in which planners themselves would hate to live. "They forget that what makes them queasy is to many the only reason the city has for its existence, a vast confusion in the midst of which opportunity, honorable or other, offers its golden charms, and where melting away among other unknown failures is the solace for those who muff their chance." No model community can replace the fascination of the city, which lures young people to it from all over the countryside. The massed power of stone and concrete, of machinery and the profit derived from it, may crush the human spirit and overwhelm the individual, but it also offers adventure and opportunity.

In order to find their direction, the planners will have to choose between values instead of trying to give all things to all men. They will have to keep in mind (as some already do) that relieving the present congestion of the cities is not enough: a collection of suburbs does not make a satisfactory city. The planners will have to think more deeply about the kind of life for which they are planning, and understand its ideals and its meaning, and the variety of forms in which it may express itself. To restore the city's fundamental meaning as a meeting place, without the weight of ugliness and disorder with which a century and a half of industrial growth has burdened it, should not mean the destruction of its essence as a concourse of different people, as opportunity for a great variety of experience through the exchange of ideas, goods, and services.

In their latest publication, *The Heart of the City* (New York, Pellegrini and Cudahy, 185 pp., $10.50), the contributing members of the CIAM (International Congress for Modern Architecture) try to suggest how we may restore something of the spontaneous sociability that the famous Renaissance piazza of some Italian towns encouraged. It is, of course, difficult to recapture by architectural means alone the spirit of spontaneity so conspicuously absent from our time-dominated industrial society. But the intention is in the right direction: to make cities for people who need both noise and quiet, privacy and sociability, order and confusion. The best that planners can do is to create an environment which does not confine the human spirit by over-organization and encourages its free expression. This is the point where planning reaches its limits: it is most useful where it remains incomplete.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Judaism and Christianity

To the Editor of Commentary:

Jacob Taubes's remarkable essay, "The Issue between Judaism and Christianity" (December 1953), effectively quashes the attempt to provide a special place for Christianity within Jewish theology. Nothing need be added to his refutation (on this point) of Rosenzweig and his contemporary disciples. It remains only to note (as I remarked once before in your columns) that Franz Rosenzweig was not the first Jewish thinker to attempt such a synthesis. That somewhat dubious honor must be accorded to that other Jewish Hegelian, Rabbi Samuel Hirsch.

But the positive construction, in which Mr. Taubes affirms the primacy and centrality of the Halachah, is at the very least premature. Many difficulties remain to be dealt with. I mention only three:

1. Mr. Taubes deprecates insistence on a rigid monotheism by pointing out that for many centuries Jewish thought was infiltrated by Cabalistic mythologies. The historical fact cannot be denied; but whether Cabala was and is really compatible with Judaism is not so certain. The Lurian Cabala led directly (and perhaps inevitably) to the disasters of the Sabbatian heresy. But even the earlier forms of Cabala are open to suspicion. The monumental labors of Moses Cordovero were essentially an attempt to harmonize the Zoharic doctrine with classic Jewish monotheism—and the very attempt implies that there was an essential contradiction between the two. It is significant that the more recent Jewish mystics—the Hasidim—stressed a monism so extreme as to verge at times on pantheism; and such a traditionalist as Hayyim of Volozhin, though he quotes the Zohar frequently, avoids the mythological elements of that work.

2. Our author also challenges Messianism, as transgressing the limit of the divine law. Surely he recognizes that Messianism, as hope and goal, is an essential part of the prophetic message, and is implied many times in the Torah. Only when the Messianic hope and goal are identified with a particular historical person or situation do we run into trouble. The Messianic day must always lie ahead. But the future hope is inextricably bound up with the present duty.

3. If Halachah is to be central in Judaism, we must ask: what Halachah? We all agree that Judaism must be "a way of life," not just a system of doctrine. But existing Halachah does not provide such a way of life. Its provisions for economic, social, and juridical practice are out of date. Should its provisions be modernized, they would still be largely inapplicable in the Diaspora, where affairs are largely controlled by the law of the land. But a mere code of *ritual* is not the all-pervading guide which the Halachah is intended to be. Even more urgent than the question of the content of the Halachah is that of its source and authority. Formerly all Jews—rationalist, mystical, or plain believers—agreed that the Torah is literally a divine revelation. Today the matter is not so simple. The theological question which Mr. Taubes would drive from the door flies in at the window.

I mention these difficulties out of a warm appreciation of Mr. Taubes's article and in the hope that he will continue to grapple with fundamentals.

(Rabbi) Bernard J. Bamberger
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Congratulations on Mr. Jacob Taubes's article. It was indeed important to define the basic differences between the Jewish and the Christian religions. Mr. Taubes does it magnificently.

This article will remind some of our modern rabbis and laymen, who knowingly or in ignorance flirt with Christianity, that Judaism is based on the Halachah and has 613 commandments to preach on and to practice.

Harry Bradley
New York City

The Jewish Community Pattern

To the Editor of Commentary:

Milton Himmelfarb's article "Our Jewish Community Pattern and Its Critics" (August 1953) presents a clear and sober description

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of the evolution of the contemporary Jewish community pattern in various countries. It would appear, however, that his effort is quite irrelevant to the question of the future of American Jewry. Here the basic question must be: what are the essentials for creative and meaningful Jewish survival in the United States? Mr. Himmelfarb hardly touches at all on this subject. He seems to imply that the pattern which has emerged is adequate, in any case the only one possible. Furthermore, Mr. Himmelfarb's description . . . presents Jewry and its life as inanimate putty in the hands of the environment. Does he think that Jewish imitation of Gentiles (his so-called "Heine's Law") is an adequate description of the evolution of Jewish life and thought in the past and present?

There is no question that the environment has always served as the matrix for Jewry, but the environment has been transcended at least as often as it has been permitted to shape Jewish life. At all times, Jewish leaders determined to force the environment to yield the maximum for creative Jewish survival. . . . Only in this way can we explain the fact that while Jewish autonomy reflected the corporative organization of medieval life, the royal and imperial charters for Jews contained segments of Talmudic law; and Jewish courts insisted that "the law of the State is law" provided that it measured up to Jewish conceptions of justice. . . .

The framework within which we have to build our community structure in the United States is, of course, voluntarism and democracy. The present chaotic community "pattern," largely the consequence of undirected drifting, is not the only one possible. Within the framework of voluntarism and democracy several Jewish community patterns ought to be admissible. . . . The Catholics have centralization and authority here, and the Protestants are moving rapidly toward integration. But we ought to accept no mechanistic outlook that what has emerged is *ipso facto* the best possible. Rather, in defining our objectives, we ought to strive to realize the utmost possible within the limits of the American environment. This makes planning inevitable, and with increasing self-consciousness American Jewry is likely to call a halt to the drifting of the past. . . .

ARTHUR J. ZUCKERMAN
The City College
New York City

Children of Mixed Marriages

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Most fittingly, the brief "series" of articles on mixed marriages (Litvinoff's "Children of Two Inheritances," March 1953; Goldhurst's "Growing up Between Two Worlds," July 1953; Shanks's "Jewish-Gentile Intermarriage: Facts and Trends," October 1953) is epitomized in the plaintive comment of H.L.G. (October 1953), who writes to the editor that the fruits of mixed marriage may be articles publishable in COMMENTARY. H.L.G.'s son had written an account of the torments of a child whose mother is Catholic and whose father is Jewish. A few months before, Emanuel Litvinoff wrote feelingly of the products of his own marriage to a non-Jew. . . . The common emphasis in both articles is on the child of a Jewish-Gentile marriage being something very special, something neither Jew nor Gentile, hence a kind of cultural freak. Another and parallel assumption shared by both authors is that marriage of Jew and Gentile . . . yields products whose difficulties are qualitatively different from those of other "mixtures."

Let us look first at the "cultural freak" argument. What is the special handicap of the child of a marriage between Jew and non-Jew? Is it essentially that he is half Jew and half non-Jew? This may indeed be the problem from the point of view of the subject himself, but it can hardly be said that it looms largest in the eyes of the society which presumes to evaluate his position. The "hybrid" child may regret his half-status. But he will do so only because this particular kind of halfness has bestowed upon him the stigmata which attach to any Jew in a culture where anti-Semitism is, no matter how concealed, still functioning. In short, the half-Jew suffers at the hands of society only because he is a sociological Jew. Both authors ostensibly recognize this kind of definition but then proceed to ignore its significance in assaying the real position and status of the child of such a mixed marriage. The personal torment of the child who has missed by just one-half the privilege of full participation in a world designed, as Heywood Broun and George Britt once said, "for Christians only," may indeed be considerable. But these elements need not concern us in the sociological analysis of a problem which is an old one—that is, the problem of the Jew as a discriminated-against minority. This is the real issue for the "Children of Two Inheritances" who are "Growing Up Between Two Worlds."

The second point which needs to be made is that a mixed marriage between a Jew and a Gentile need not necessarily be considered a mixed marriage at all. Litvinoff implies this when he asserts that such marriages can be successful only when neither couple shows any demonstrable interest in or preference for the denomination into which he may have been

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born. Litvinoff's children are the product of a union of two such people. Nevertheless, he chooses to entitle his article "Children of Two Inheritances." In a very real sense, virtually every child of every marriage in our urbanized, industrial world is a child of several inheritances. The significant factor here is not the nominal differences in cultural tradition but the strength of these differences in the belief and value structure of the individuals involved. The issue, briefly put, is one of compatibility. And religious compatibility or a compatibility which involves the *absence* of strong denominational sentiments is no more or no less important to the success of the marriage and its "hybrid" products than political, intellectual, or any other kind of compatibility.

Mixed marriages between nominal Jew and nominal Gentile present no more problems than any other marriage. A mixed marriage between people of strong and different religious convictions, however, presents the same kind of problems as are presented to any marriage mixed by reason of some profound intellectual or value differences. And the children of mixed marriages of the latter kind will suffer no matter what the substantive nature of the "mixture." Children of *nominally* religious mixed marriages need suffer no special or "freakish" discriminations—only those to which all Jews are heir in a time of anti-Semitism.

ROBERT A. MANNERS

Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

"Apostles of Discord"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Jim Rorty, in his unqualified indorsement of *Apostles of Discord,* by Ralph Lord Roy (November 1953), apparently overlooked one aspect of the book which gives me concern. And that is Roy's apparent use of the "guilt by association" technique which I assume he abhors when used in other connections. May I quote from Dr. Daniel A. Poling's comments on the book, which appeared in the Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader,* October 28, 1953: "Definitely this author, who is of the Union Seminary school of social writers, looks upon those who, in the field of social Christianity, are right in the middle, as 'hyper-conservatives.' Certainly that is his privilege and freedom. But he is hardly to be excused for grouping, by inference at least, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Howard Pew, Dr. Howard Kershner, the ladies aforementioned, and many others, with Protestant fringe groups 'promoting hate and disruption.'" Since the author does do these things I'm sorry Jim Rorty, usually perspicacious in such matters, did not roundly condemn this type of smearing of good Americans.

VICTOR LASKY

New York City

Reply

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have diligently examined Mr. Roy's book for evidence supporting Dr. Poling's criticisms, as quoted by Mr. Lasky, but have been unable to find any statement or implication that Gen. MacArthur, Dr. Peale, Mr. Pew, and Dr. Kershner are other than "good Americans." In fact it seems to me that Mr. Roy was consistently careful to segregate his groups and to avoid smearing as hatemongers any of the people mentioned. What constitutes "disruption" is much more a matter of opinion, and there Dr. Poling and Mr. Roy have a right to differ, as obviously they do.

JAMES RORTY

Flatbrookville, New Jersey

"Travels in Jewry"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I shall be obliged if you will permit me to comment on Mr. Morris Freedman's review of my book *Travels in Jewry* (November 1953). It was surprising to find that he judged it from the point of view of "the modern, free-thinking Jew," but although this candid avowal explained his lack of sympathy with its contents, it cannot in any way excuse his misrepresentation, inaccuracy, and inconsistency. He mentions only nine of the Jewish communities in Europe which I describe, leaving the reader to conclude that I do not deal with any others, whereas in fact those nine occupy only about a fifth of the book and the major part is devoted to an account of twenty-one others. One could not expect him to mention them all, but he could at least have indicated that the greater part of the book comprises impressions and recollections of cities in Germany and Austria, in Greece and Turkey, in Italy and the Provence, in Spain and Portugal.

Mr. Freedman states: "We only get timetable statistics most of the time." The fact is that in only one of the forty-five chapters and sub-chapters are such particulars given, namely in my "Diary of a Mission to Poland (1918-1919)," where, as it is a diary, I considered it necessary to show that I had to change five times in an all-night journey in the winter from Cracow to Vienna. He also states that I conclude my account of the Karaite community in Poland "with an irrelevant touch of Zion-

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ist propaganda." There is absolutely not the least allusion to Zionism either at the end or in any part of that chapter. It is a flagrant travesty of my book to misrepresent it as "a series of lectures . . . on modern anti-Semitism and Zionism." I should be the last to apologize for referring to either of these movements, but in fact I could easily list over a dozen chapters in which there is no mention to be found of either. . . .

Mr. Freedman began his review by saying that "the modern, free-thinking Jew" would not regret his loss of a "sense of Jewish continuity" after reading my book, which surely meant after reading my accounts of the life of a number of Jewish communities once famous. Yet in a later passage he reproaches me with "the failure of the text to handle life." Apart from this manifest inconsistency, I am not aware of what experience he has to pass judgment on the matter. He considers it "bad taste" for me to remark that the fervor of a monk who engaged in Zionist propaganda in London some fifty years ago "would have been more fittingly, and perhaps more fruitfully, spent in launching a philippic against Christendom to Christianize itself." It may interest him to know that my book has been reviewed by more than a score of non-Jewish critics on both sides of the Atlantic, and not a single one took any exception to that sentiment. . . .

Finally, your reviewer refers to my comment on the compulsory Sunday rest law enacted by the old Lithuanian government and asks me what I have to say "about American or British Sunday rest laws." It will interest him to know that in Great Britain a Jewish shopkeeper who closes his business on the Sabbath is permitted by law to open his shop on Sunday.

ISRAEL COHEN

London, England

Mr. Freedman Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

My respect for Mr. Cohen and his dedication to his ideals prevents me from engaging in a point by point argument with him, nor do I think such an argument would be profitable. I want only to say that the character of the feeling and the expression in Mr. Cohen's letter is of the same nature as that in his book, and, while its earnestness commands respect, it also disables Mr. Cohen from fully grasping the intent of a criticism which tries to describe a work such as his without the sentimental glow of simple nationalism.

MORRIS FREEDMAN

New York City

Anti-Communist & Anti-McCarthy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

On my return from several weeks in Europe and North Africa, I have been trying to catch up on my homework which, among other things, means on reading COMMENTARY. Against the background of things heard and seen abroad, I want again to tell you how immensely valuable I consider COMMENTARY's approach to Communism and McCarthyism.

I had not been in Stockholm two hours before I was catechized on the evils of McCarthyism. I never escaped the subject in Europe or even in Africa. In particular, Messrs. Cohn and Schine seem to have given Europeans a tremendous rationalization for all their suspicions of our hysteria.

COMMENTARY is almost unique in its ability intelligently to oppose both McCarthyism and Communism and to realize that it is equally serving freedom and security by its stand. What ought to be a classic approach to our problem was illustrated by James Rorty's article on the "Anti-Communism of Senator McCarthy" (August 1953), Nathan Glazer's "The Method of Senator McCarthy" (March 1953), and Robert Bendiner's "Has Anti-Communism Wrecked Our Liberties?" (July 1951).

I do not believe one can intelligently oppose Communism and at the same time condone McCarthyism; or successfully fight McCarthyism and condone Communism. Liberty suffers because of those liberals, unhappily too many, who may be reluctantly persuaded that Alger Hiss is guilty, but never can forgive Whittaker Chambers.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City

Appeal to Publishers

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Since your articles and letters cover many Jewish problems, perhaps you can help in a most urgent need—books for Jewish children.

We have succeeded, here at the Park Synagogue Library in Cleveland, in increasing the circulation of juvenile Jewish books to the point where, last month, it was 750 books. We are, however, stymied by the fact that our children have already read everything on our shelves, which are fairly adequately stocked but without replenishment since no new juvenile Jewish books are being published. Like many other American boys and girls they want books with "action" subjects instead of sermons. We and other Jewish libraries need help.

ROBERT S. COPELIN

Cleveland, Ohio

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Citizens on Probation

CIVIL RIGHTS IN IMMIGRATION. By MILTON R. KONVITZ. Cornell University Press. 216 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT B. EHRMANN

ON FINISHING Professor Konvitz's book *Civil Rights in Immigration,* one is tempted to repeat the legendary observation of the farmer on seeing his first elephant, "There ain't no such animal." Certainly there seem to be no very substantial rights assured to immigrants by the Constitution of the United States. Nor do those safeguards, universally recognized as necessary to protect against the arbitrary action of officials, apply to immigrants, as of right. Immigrants, apparently, belong to an inferior species of human beings toward whom the rules of civilized conduct need not apply.

In the area of substantive law concerning admission and exclusion, Professor Konvitz concludes that any *constitutional* attack upon the Acts of Congress is impossible. Starting with the basic proposition that a nation has the power to consult its own interest in such matters, there follows a conclusion that the Congress may admit or exclude by any classifications or standards that it chooses. The history of our immigration policies, therefore, is a record of rudderless steering through cross-currents. Economic need and anxiety, outbursts of idealism and sympathy, unwarranted racial theories and misconceptions, scapegoating of foreigners to absolve ourselves of sin, exaggerated fears and passing hysteria, have all tended to impel Congressional action. The truths proclaimed by the Founding Fathers, that all men are created free and equal, endowed with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, have not been self-evident in our immigration law.

Moreover, if Congress so wills it, the unchecked power to pass such laws is matched by the arbitrary authority conceded to the officials who administer them. Under existing laws, an immigrant who has passed the admission tests abroad may, nevertheless, be detained at the port of arrival for months and eventually excluded "without a hearing and on the basis of information of a confidential nature, which need not be disclosed." In the year and a half prior to July 1952, approximately two thousand aliens were so excluded without a hearing. Professor Konvitz thus sums up the law: "The courts will, therefore, in a *habeas corpus* proceeding examine the record to see if the officers have performed their acts in accordance with the law. But if Congress vests final authority in an administrative officer, and gives no right to the courts to review his findings and conclusions, the officer becomes exclusive judge and no court will review, let alone reverse, his decision."

Even after the immigrant has been duly admitted and has lived for years in this country, his "civil rights" in deportation proceedings, in any fundamental sense, remain at the mercy of current Congressional opinion. For instance, an alien who came here as a child, later joined the Communist party and subsequently withdrew, may be torn from her family and deported twenty years after her resignation, under a law passed by Congress several decades after her admission to this country. Any accused person, facing only a possible fine as a penalty, may invoke a number of constitutional guarantees, but not so if his entire life and happiness are threatened by deportation proceedings. According to our Supreme Court, for instance, deportation is not "punishment" and therefore the accused may not complain that the law under which he is destroyed is an *ex post facto* law passed long after the commission of the act for which he is to be deported.

UNDER the McCarran-Walter Act, deportation proceedings require a hearing under authority of the Attorney General. This hearing has some procedural safeguards. However, the decision of the Attorney General is final. Yet it

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was the Attorney General who originally issued the warrant to arrest the immigrant, to take him into custody, and to deport him. The same officer is thus prosecutor and judge in a proceeding involving the most serious consequences. The only judicial review is apparently confined to the question of whether the hearing complied with legal requirements. This situation exists in deportation cases despite the well-learned lesson that the desire of a public official to justify himself or cover up his mistakes tends almost inevitably to distort the truth. This is perhaps especially true of prosecutors. It was proclaimed to the world by the Barons at Runnymede and in nursery rhyme by Cunning Old Fury. In the light of universal human experience this is but the shadow of the ghost of a "civil right."

Fortunately, in this area, there is a most respectable line of dissents by distinguished Supreme Court Justices. The dissenting judges have stood four-square on the proposition that "Deportation is punishment . . . oftentimes most severe and cruel," and that our Constitution protects legally admitted aliens. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that this minority judicial position may become the law of the land.

Mr. Justice Jackson, in *Harisiades* v. *Shaughnessy* (342 U.S. 580 [1952]), speaking for the majority upholding the deportation orders, laid much stress upon the fact that the aliens seeking relief had not chosen to become naturalized citizens. Apparently, he assumed that as naturalized citizens they would have been safe from deportation proceedings. However, this may be a totally erroneous assumption. Congress is now expanding the process of "denaturalization" by which a naturalized citizen is reduced to the status of an alien. The naturalized citizen was always exposed to the danger of having his certificate canceled for some false statement in the original proceedings. Now, however, he may lose his citizenship if he should refuse to testify as a witness before a Congressional Committee concerning his subversive activities and should be convicted of contempt for such refusal, or if he should become a member of or affiliated with a Communist-action or other organization, etc. If Congress can constitutionally deprive of citizenship for these reasons, it has the power to set up other causes.

Professor Konvitz believes that our Supreme Court will uphold the constitutionality of these forfeitures of citizenship. If so, then naturalized citizens can be stripped of their constitutional rights because of their behavior after naturalization. Despite the express language of the Constitution which purports to protect all citizens alike, there will then be two classes, the native permanent citizens and those merely on probation for life.

Professor Konvitz's book is a valuable addition to the literature of protest against our immigration laws and policies. If there is to be any fundamental change, however, the condemnation already voiced by President Eisenhower, Mr. Truman, and a host of other leaders must grow in volume until it represents the overwhelming view of our people. Recent experience has already proved that Congress can be so moved by an effective mobilization of opinion. Despite the fact that the McCarran-Walter Act still clings to the obnoxious quota base, with its discredited racial notions, the Displaced Persons Act of 1948 and the Refugee Relief Act of 1953 have turned back to the humanitarian spirit which built the greatness of our nation. True, these are temporary measures, but they have nevertheless dealt a blow to modern Know-Nothingism which eventually may prove fatal.

However, if immigrants who have legally arrived on our shores are to have any enduring civil rights, they must be brought under the canopy of the Constitution. This is the business of the courts. Present judicial construction is not encouraging, but the future is not hopeless. The spectacle of Supreme Court Justices wringing their hands helplessly while characterizing as "brutal" and "cruel" the treatment of human beings on our soil by our own government is one that does not reassure all lawyers as to the soundness of their views. The well-reasoned dissents on some aspects of the matter offer possibilities for the future. So does the observation of Mr. Justice Frankfurter in *Knauff* v. *Shaughnessy* (338 U.S. 580 [1950]), that the privilege of entry, in some cases, may be for the benefit of the American citizen who seeks reunion with his relatives. This suggestion—first made in the American Jewish Committee pamphlet, "Americanizing Our Immigration Laws"—could alter the entire direction of legal thinking on immigration. At any rate, the matter does afford some possibilities for change, granted a majority of judges who want to see changes made. The Supreme

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Court does not, as Mr. Dooley remarked, follow the election returns, but it does frequently bring fundamentals into harmony with the people's conscience.

City in Shirtsleeves

THE CITY. By JULIUS HORWITZ. World. 219 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by ISA KAPP

IN JULIUS HORWITZ's book of essays and stories about New York, the city finally escapes both from the disdain of urban sophisticates like F. Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara and the feverish nostalgia of Thomas Wolfe and Alfred Kazin. Mr. Horwitz is as excited by New York as the latter two, but his own style is prosaic and unliterary, and he always runs up against a city dressed in shirtsleeves instead of a cloak of imperial splendor. When he passes, a junior editor will be nibbling on her salami sandwich behind the 42nd Street Library while recordings of Heifetz fill the air, telling her boy friend, "Do you know what they get for this? 65¢, with a couple of french fried potatoes added, a thin slice of pickle!"; a boy in Central Park will rouse his mother from her *New Yorker* to show her a dead fish; a man lunching near the Stock Exchange will admit that he cannot teach his son how to be gregarious. In each case, Horwitz settles for the incidental rather than the significant passage of conversation, for the curious rather than the symptomatic fact, and it is this that allows him to make so much of brief encounters.

The opening piece, "New York, 1950" (published originally in COMMENTARY) describes the places Mr. Horwitz visited all over town, from cold-water flats to Sutton Place cocktail parties, when he worked as a census-taker, and it seems that he continued the non-fictional portion of the book under this original impetus, taking a kind of elaborate census of everything he saw. Driven by the tourist's susceptibility (he was born in Cleveland) he uncovers enough seedy figures and vivid places—charwomen who live on the top stories of downtown office buildings; old men who eat egg-salad sandwiches on soft white bread in the cement park behind the Criminal Courts Building; Brooklyn Heights with its Promenade near the bay and streets that are named Orange, Pineapple, and Cranberry; Paddy's Market on 9th Avenue, where

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crumbs of soil still cling to the Jersey vegetables —to make us feel that for the moment we have New York in the palm of our hand. Again, as tourist, his eyes are more violently assailed than ours by the nightmarish aspects of the city: the shooting galleries and auctioneer shops of 42nd Street, the sparkling trays of paste jewelry, and the gallons of electric water that flow on a Broadway billboard.

But Horwitz's role in this book is a double one. If in the essays he remains the tourist and outsider, in the stories he often plays the possessive host to an out-of-towner, defending New York as the home of the intellectual life. "Generations of Man" is about the son who has migrated to the big city to paint, and is now expecting his father from Cleveland. Frenziedly, he beats his loft into shape to make a good impression. The father arrives, unexpectedly approves of the room, and they talk a little about painting. Eventually the father settles down to the realities. He suggests that it is high time for Dave to get married, and admits that he has a girl in mind. The story ends as Dave anticipates discussing the whole matter with his father over some pumpernickel and creamed herring.

This burial of the hatchet between generations, as well as between artist and bourgeois, is a new mood in modern fiction, and Horwitz has worked it into a fresh and natural subject of his own: the young intellectual who is neither rebellious nor depressed, and who, without dramatizing himself, finds a way of carrying on his work in the midst of mildly distraught family relations. In "The Visitor" a writer puts his work aside to play records to his mother-in-law and take her shopping; and the same openness and lack of resentment exists between two people who cannot adopt each other's values but nevertheless want to offer each other some account of themselves.

In contrast to most young writers who think of themselves as part of the avant-garde, Horwitz has made a conscious effort to accept his surroundings, neighbors, and family despite their jarring characteristics. Yet one feels that he manages tolerance mainly by condescending to the general life of the city from his own vantage point: the life of the spirit. Surrounded by bargains, pornography, television sets, he "walked in to buy an LP sapphire needle at 40% off." Taking the census, he discovers in Greenwich Village "young sleek college-trained girls. But so lonely," people who "pay the Village rent so life will be a little less empty." In the East 50's "if there were no cocktail to come home to, no telephone to pick up, the people living here would probably blow their brains out en masse." The piece on 42nd Street mentions that panhandlers are "human." "The dime they beg is the only recognition they can get that they are alive."

All these comments are made out of good will *and* uneasy sentimentality; he lavishes an excess sentiment upon the city in his desire to stake a claim in it and identify with its shabbiness as well as its luster. But despite his eager assimilation, his receptive eyes and ears, and his phenomenal coverage of ground, his essays read like a visitor's letter home, or a piece of talented human-interest journalism. He is constantly citing New York's variety and juxtaposition of extremes as a release from the "Cleveland rat-race" of limited opportunity. The disorganized impressionism of his essays indicates that Horwitz is still in the process of absorbing the city's magnitude, without the critical standards to judge its quality. He wanders into cafeterias, taxi-dance halls, subways, secondhand book stores, and his only real response is wonder: "You don't touch bottom. You live out your life."

The fiction, though not half as fluent or buoyant as the articles, at least gets nearer to the culture and temperament of the city. It gives us the sense of New York's continuous amazing garrulousness, of the easy intimacy between total strangers, and the uneasy distances between relatives. "The Burial," possibly the best story in the collection, is about two spinster sisters who in a spurt of rebellion and the hope of a richer life, move from Williamsburg to Manhattan's upper West Side. They shop for new furniture, walk along Broadway in the evening, indulging themselves in the delicacies of lox and bagels, even give a party—only to find that nothing has really happened to them. The only people they speak to in this neighborhood are the store clerks. Perhaps, they conclude, the real solution is to move to Greenwich Village.

This short story presents an authentic city tragedy, of energy without content, of living busily and without purpose at the same time. Horwitz puts it in clear, flat, painfully honest language that represents the city much better than speed or glamor, and is so far his most durable accomplishment.

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The Sanhedrin, Past and Future

THE GREAT SANHEDRIN. By SIDNEY B. HOENIG. Dropsie College (Philadelphia). 310 pp. $5.50.

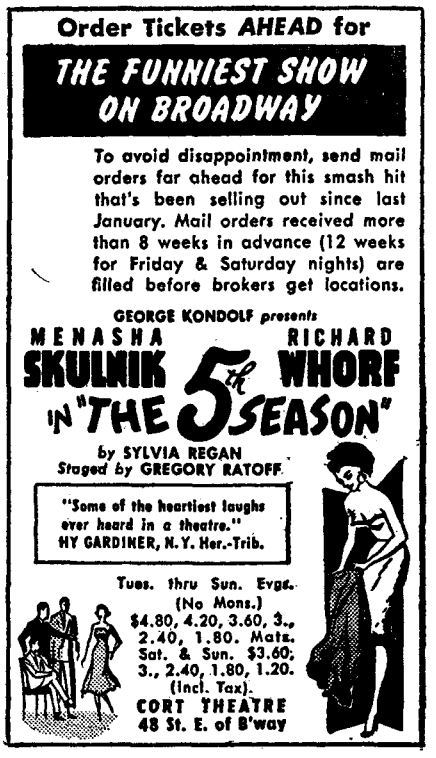
Reviewed by SOLOMON B. FREEHOF

THE period of the Second Temple was the most creative epoch in all Jewish history. The five centuries from the end of the Babylonian Exile to the destruction of the Temple by the Romans in the year 70 of the present era saw the development of almost every basic institution and the founding of the entire literary tradition upon which Jewish life ran for the next two thousand years. Except for those parts of Scripture which were written in pre-Exilic times, much of the Bible's text and certainly the final editing of the Scriptural canon was arrived at in this period. The synagogue, the world's first religious institution for purely spiritual worship; the first regular system of adult education, based on the public reading and interpretation of the Law; the first of the translations of the Bible that made the Hebrew Scriptures a religious classic for the world; the Sadducees, the source of Jewish sectarianism; the Essenes who inspired Christianity; and the Pharisees, the creators of post-Biblical Judaism; and the first development of the Oral Law which expanded into the Talmudic culture that filled the Jewish mind up to the present day—all these emerged during the period of the Second Temple. Yet this is also the least-known period in our Jewish history. It is still being discussed whether there was one Simon the Just or two, and if there were two, then almost a century must have elapsed between them. So vague is the history of these great five centuries that as much as a whole century cannot be adequately accounted for.

This is why the era of the Second Temple has offered such a challenge to Jewish scholarship, and called forth more study perhaps than any other in our history. Although the post-Exilic period is likewise of interest to Christians since it saw the birth of Christianity, Christian scholarship has devoted more attention to the study of pre-Exilic, or Biblical, times. It has been left to modern Jewish scholarship to emphasize the Second Temple period.

ONE of the great puzzles of that age is the question of the Sanhedrin, religious or secular, which under various names guided Jewish communal life in Palestine. The problem is complex for a number of reasons. The Jews in this period were first under Persian, then under Greco-Egyptian and Greco-Syrian rule, then under their own independent Maccabean commonwealth, and finally part of the Roman Empire. Their ways of self-government certainly must have been constantly modified by all this, and these modifications are reflected in the changing titles of their governing body. It must be determined whether these terms were substantially synonyms or whether they describe different types of institutions either coexisting or successive. We hear of the "men of the Great Synagogue," the "Gerousia," the "Sanhedrin," the "Great Court," the "Court of Priests," the "Zugoth," etc. Dr. Sidney Hoenig's learned and original work deals specifically with the Great Court of Sanhedrin, which seems to have ruled the Jewish community in the last century of the Second Commonwealth, i.e., from about 140 B.C.E. to almost 70 C.E. when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans.

The problem of the Sanhedrin, or Beth Din Ha-gadol, involves the usual difficulties of distinguishing between one institution and an-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other, or one name and another, and of setting a specific institution against a historical background that still remains vague. The task here, however, offers in addition a more specific difficulty in that the two types of sources give contradictory impressions. Passages in the Mishna—presumably reflecting the past—describe a court of rabbinic scholars who interpreted and decided the Law. The Greek language sources, Josephus and the New Testament, describe a court headed by the High Priest and being more or less concerned with the Temple, its ritual, and with general statecraft. The decision as to which of these two opinions, the Hebrew or Greek, is correct is not without practical interest, for it may help us judge the accuracy and historicity of the New Testament description of the crucifixion of Jesus by a Sanhedrin headed by the High Priest.

Dr. Hoenig's book was written as his doctoral thesis for Dropsie College, and it is only reasonable to expect that his opinions on this question have been influenced by his famous teacher, Solomon Zeitlin. Dr. Zeitlin believes that two courts existed side by side: a court of the rabbis and scholars as the Hebrew sources say, and a court of priests, or a political Sanhedrin, as the Greek sources say. Dr. Hoenig, going one step further, believes that there were actually three courts: the great court of rabbis, which dealt with the Law, its development and decisions; the court of priests, which dealt with Temple ritual; and a governing council, which dealt with general administrative and civil matters.

It would be worth while making a detailed analysis of Dr. Hoenig's arguments, but for the purposes of this review it is sufficient to say that he has studied the original sources and has analyzed all previous opinion on the matter. He approaches the task in a resolute mood and does not hesitate to set aside the opinions of many famous predecessors. He makes a number of startling emendations of the transmitted text. For example, he alters the Talmudic statement that the right to impose capital punishment was taken away from the Sanhedrin forty years before the destruction of the Temple, by changing *"arbayim"* (forty) to *"arba"* (four). "Etz," the "Chamber of Wood," he emends to read "Ezra," the "Chamber of the Council." He dates the Great Sanhedrin from 141 B.C.E. to 66 C.E. (i.e. *four* years before the Destruction). The whole work is creative, original, and carries conviction. Undoubtedly, many more studies of the Sanhedrin will be made, but Dr. Hoenig's will long be referred to.

THE problem of the Great Sanhedrin or Great Court is now impinging on general Jewish interest. The vehement controversy in Israel and elsewhere having to do with the reestablishment of the Sanhedrin makes urgent more exact knowledge of the original Sanhedrin upon which the proposed modern institution is to be modeled. Did the old Sanhedrin actually govern? How much of life did it govern? To what extent were the secular authorities independent of the Sanhedrin? Did the original Sanhedrin, in the form, for example, that Dr. Hoenig's book gives it, display such qualities as would fit it to serve as a model for a Sanhedrin reestablished in modern times?

Dr. Hoenig declares that the Great Sanhedrin, as he conceives it, was not at all political, and that affairs of state were dealt with originally by the priests' Sanhedrin—and then by a third Sanhedrin, the "Boule." This would indicate a division of functions that would accord with modernist notions, which would restrict a revived Sanhedrin to matters outside secular government. Unfortunately, such a limited role would not satisfy the Orthodox, or at least their extreme right wing. For them, Judaism covers *every* aspect of life, and the Torah, including the latest commentaries on the *Shulchan Aruch*, is the only valid constitution for a truly Jewish state. This explains one of the objections of the Agudat Yisroel to the Sanhedrin proposal. Rabbi Jonah Merzbach in *Hamayon* (Tel Aviv, 1953) speaks of the impossibility of having a true Sanhedrin today—that is, one with the "courage to govern all of Jewish life." He asks scornfully: Would such a Sanhedrin dare punish the chief of state if he violated Jewish law?

Dr. Hoenig, in his solution to the problem of the *zugot*, the "pairs of leaders," writes that whether a Sanhedrin conservative or liberal held precedence over his co-leader in these pairs depended on which side was in the majority, since the head of the *zug*, the Nasi, always represented the majority. This would show that the Sanhedrin was organized on a

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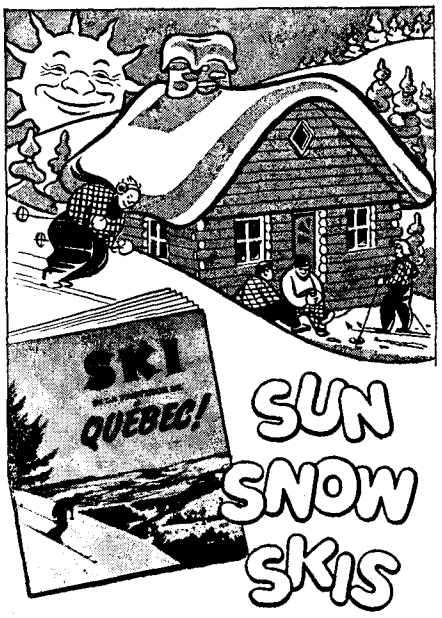
democratic basis. But the very notion that a religious issue could be subject to decision shocks the modern Orthodox, for many of whom the whole idea of a democratic state seems incompatible with a governing religious Sanhedrin. What they are afraid of is that a democratic Sanhedrin would represent various degrees of Orthodoxy (if, properly speaking, there can be such a thing as *degrees* of Orthodoxy), which means that it would be composed of people who obeyed the Law in varying degree, and among these there would certainly be some who wanted to "adjust" the Law to modern conditions. This, however, would be absolutely inacceptable to extremely Orthodox Jews like Rabbi Merzbach (cf. *Hamayon*, and also in the same pamphlet, the article by R. Katzenellenbogen, "The State and the Laws of Judaism").

These Jews are animated by heroic, if also somewhat pathetic, motives. They feel they live in a beleaguered city and that any crack in the walls might lead to a breach, and then to the destruction of the city. The Torah is "*shelema*"—perfect and complete. They are afraid of a Sanhedrin because it means change; in all likelihood it would be a democratic Sanhedrin, and then change could not be halted.

To the liberal wing of Judaism, the mood behind the movement for a Sanhedrin seems strange and inacceptable. They are willing to be *guided* by Jewish law in their religious life, but they are not willing to be *governed* by it. They think of religion in terms of spiritual moods and ethical endeavors, and for them a Sanhedrin is not the danger it seems to be to the Orthodox, but an irrelevance. For the great middle group of Jews, however, the modernizing Orthodox and the right wing of the Conservatives, a restored Sanhedrin has a great appeal because they accept both the concept of Judaism as expressing itself through Law, and the need of adjustment to the modern age. They believe both in legality and in change. For them the Sanhedrin would be a blessing. It would offer the oportunity to make bold changes and yet make them on the basis of Jewish law. It would mean a more radical treatment of the sources than hitherto, but the sources would nevertheless be respected and sustained.

Of course, a Jewish Sanhedrin could not be too close a copy of the Sanhedrin described by Dr. Hoenig, for, in spite of all claims to



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the contrary, Judaism does not rule over all of life except as a general ethical influence. It is inconceivable, for example, that a modern Sanhedrin should be the supreme court for final decisions in such civil matters as contracts, loans, corporations, stocks and bonds, etc. Yet all these matters are an integral part of Jewish religious law. However, as a supreme court over purely religious tribunals, a modern Sanhedrin could quite feasibly embody what might be called the "center" in Judaism. It would not affect the lives of the extremely Orthodox who feared it, or of the Reformers who ignored it, but it might give a legitimacy to a gradual religious reform that would strengthen modern Orthodoxy throughout the world.

Of course, the authority of a modern Sanhedrin would have to rest on its legitimacy, and this would depend upon the possibility of reestablishing the old, full, mystic-legal ordination (*semicha*) for its members. On this question Palestinian Jewry in the 16th century split, and it is doubtful whether the Jewry of modern Palestine could ever agree upon it. Meantime, all those interested in the problem will do well to read closely Dr. Hoenig's bold and thorough study.

Will Stalinism Now Reform?

RUSSIA, WHAT NEXT? By ISAAC DEUTSCHER. Oxford. 230 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by PAUL WILLEN

THIS small volume—Isaac Deutscher's contribution to the ever growing mountain of speculation which the perspiring Russian experts have heaped up since Stalin's death—astonishes the reader. How could one man be so right and so wrong at the same time? How could so much perspicuity go with so much wishful thinking?

The perspicuity is largely concentrated in the early portions of the book, in which Deutscher vividly portrays the historical roots of the present crisis of Stalinism; the wishful thinking is in the book's second half, where he tries to show that the crisis can be resolved and the Soviet Union democratized by Kremlin-inspired decrees. This neat division, however unfortunate, makes the reviewer's task easier.

Deutscher is one of the very few contemporary analysts of Soviet civilization who have seen the post-Stalin "convulsion" in the perspective of the general historical development of Soviet Communism, rather than as intramural Kremlin intrigue. His question is: "Russia, what next?" not: "Malenkov, what next?"

He contends that Stalin's death, like Lenin's, coincided with a period of profound internal crisis within the Soviet system. This crisis is the consequence of a metamorphosis in the totalitarian order that is caused by the nature of Soviet power itself. While Deutscher is frequently of two minds about the role of Stalin's death in this process (sometimes suggesting that the recent changes are based on Stalin's own ideas), he seems for the most part to believe that Stalin's departure has speeded up the metamorphosis.

"The question whether Stalinism can survive Stalin for long depends," he writes, "upon whether the social conditions from which it sprang are still prevalent in the Soviet Union." Stalinism was, he believes, the inevitable form which the Bolshevik movement assumed after its seizure of power, when it found itself separated from its proletarian base and isolated from the world revolutionary goal toward which so much of its original strategy and outlook had been oriented.

Bolshevism withdrew, in his words, "into its national shell," into the immense backwardness and semi-Asiatic brutality of Russia. In acclimatizing itself to its new environment, Bolshevism gradually acquired the characteristics of that environment. In order to maintain the political supremacy of Lenin's party, Lenin's ideals had to be scrapped, or, at any rate, put away for safe keeping. The dictatorship of the proletariat became the autocracy of the Stalinist machine; the internationalism of the early years was transformed into the intense nationalism of the "Great Patriotic War"; and the egalitarianism of the revolutionary period was converted into the rigid caste system of the modern Soviet state.

The techniques of oppression which Lenin might conceivably have justified only as a means of achieving socialism became identified by Stalin with socialism itself. But it was as a result of this "Russification" of Bolshevism that the party was able to transform Russia herself into a modern industrial civilization based upon a new type of social order; the peasant was placed on a tractor and everyone went to school.

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In achieving this industrial order, explains Deutscher, Stalinism created conditions which make the dissolution of the Stalinist system itself inevitable. Stalinism sprang from the backwardness of old Russia; to the degree that it eliminates these conditions it loses the justification for its own existence. Stalinism, he writes, "has persistently and ruthlessly destroyed the soil in which it has grown. . . . By its barbarous methods it has succeeded in driving out of Russia most of the barbarism from which it had drawn its strength." By overcoming the great backwardness of Russia it has "potentially disestablished itself."

The immense inequalities; the authoritarian atmosphere; the sterilization of culture; the obscurantism of Stalinist myth and dogma; the monstrous pomp and ritual—these things are an anachronism in a modern industrial community and hinder its further growth. Whereas the spread of scientific knowledge, the improvement in educational standards, the enormous growth of cities and spread of the urban spirit, the development of technology, and the ability of the new industry to eliminate material inequalities, have made the indefinite perpetuation of Stalinist absolutism unthinkable for Soviet society.

One may quarrel with Deutscher's cynical justification of the historical function of Stalinist totalitarianism, and with the facile way in which he attributes totalitarianism to Russia's backwardness (Nazism arose in one of the most cultured nations in Europe), yet his point still has some validity and is important for the understanding of the present Soviet crisis. Certainly the frantic efforts that the post-Stalin regime is making to modify the most arrogant and aggressive features of the Soviet state suggest that the Soviet leaders themselves find these things incompatible with the social conditions upon which their great authority rests. It is to Deutscher's credit that he was able, on the basis of his analysis of these "social conditions," to forecast last March many of the changes that have since taken place. This is especially so when one compares Deutscher's analysis with those of other interpreters, who by and large predicted a continuation of old policies following Stalin's death, some even suggesting an intensification of them. Those who viewed Stalinist civilization as the mere expression of ideological dogma, or the creation of power-intoxicated madmen, demonstrated the fallaciousness of their analysis by their complete failure to keep pace with the events that followed Stalin's death. Deutscher, on the other hand, by making this broad historical interpretation, emerges relatively unscathed from the test of time.

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Isaac Deutscher is a distinguished member of that small and gifted group of ex-Communists who have made their break with Stalinism but continue, in their separate ways, to cling to it as the major force of our times. They are no longer official members of the church; there is no necessity for them to accept its ritual, and, indeed, they find the ritual disgusting. Nevertheless, they continue to recognize the Kremlin as the church. They are too sophisticated to succumb to its magic, too sensitive to participate in its apparatus of oppression; yet they assent to the necessity of both the magic and the apparatus. They cannot live by the harsh rules which the church imposes, and yet without the church their lives would lose their meaning.

In their eyes the church itself, as the sole guardian of the word, remains inviolate, somehow separated as a philosophic-historic entity from its own deeds, superior to its own history. Its policies may have been contaminated by

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contact with Russian realities, but its ideological purity remains essentially intact. In employing authoritarian techniques it did not itself thereby become authoritarian. In exploiting popular anti-Semitic sentiment, it did not thereby become anti-Semitic. In catering to the most vulgar type of chauvinism, it did not itself become chauvinistic. It remains above these day-to-day policies and expedients, retaining the original virtue with which it was invested at birth.

Stalin's peculiar historical greatness lies, then, in the fact that his loyalty to the ideals of the church was so intense that he dared to soil his hands with the filth of dictatorship and oppression when more sensitive souls recoiled from this terrible historical responsibility. The implication, perhaps not intended, but there nevertheless, is that Stalinism *consciously* created the "social conditions" which would bring about its own subsequent "disestablishment" and the creation of a form of "democratic socialism." Deutscher's discussion is undoubtedly the most sophisticated application of the Grand Inquisitor's philosophy to the Soviet Union yet attempted.

Deutscher's role in all this makes part of an all too familiar modern pattern. An intellectual provides the elaborate ideological rationale for the policeman's (the Kremlin) taking the law into his own hands and creating a new social order by force and violence. Since it soon becomes evident that the policeman is not the intellectual's servant, but rather the other way round, the intellectual tries to convince himself that it is not the *means* that count, but the *ends*—and here the policeman and intellectual are in accord. When the new social order is completed, the intellectual (if he is still alive) turns to his "instrument of history" and says: Your job is done. We hired you for a specific historical task; that task is done; now retire from the scene. Depart! Vanish! But it is the great shock of the intellectual's life to discover that, as Deutscher himself so excellently phrases it in the *first* part of his book, the policeman has come to identify force and violence with the goal itself.

Deutscher's assumption that the policemen in the Kremlin still are in some way pledged to the democratic ideals in whose name they originally assumed power largely dictates his prognosis of the way in which the "disestablishment" of the dictatorship will take place. The policeman, according to Deutscher, will voluntarily transform himself into a democratic leader, or give way to one, because he knows that his work as a gendarme is now historically outdated. The democratization of Russia will thus take place without the overthrow of that social order in which the legitimate church—that transcendental employer who sometimes hires policemen to do his work and sometimes intellectuals—holds sway.

In short, the change-over will be a peaceful one; and, indeed, Deutscher refuses to consider seriously the possibility of any sort of revolutionary upheaval. "The initiative," he writes, "lies entirely with the men of the ruling group. Only reform decreed from above can force a way out of the impasse into which Stalinism finally landed itself." The initiative will come from the ruling group, according to Deutscher at one point in his discussion, because it is this group which is most dissatisfied with the prevailing bureaucratic order. "The educated and intelligent men [the guardians of the Word?] . . . had been deprived of all initiative. . . . They had to speak with Stalin's voice instead of with their own."

THE more one reads, the clearer it becomes that it is with this group—the "educated and intelligent men"—that Deutscher identifies himself, and that it is with the supremacy of this technical intelligentsia that Deutscher identifies socialism. It is precisely because the educated elite of the Soviet Union is the social group with the most to lose from a revolutionary change that Deutscher has designed his "reformist" solution of the Soviet dilemma. He writes with positive contempt of those groups which think in terms of a revolutionary overthrow. He sneers at the "cacophony of meaningless slogans put out by various groups of Soviet refugees to the West." And characteristically, his most serious indictment of these groups is that its members did not belong to the "political or intellectual elite of their nation." Precisely what Deutscher means by this is not clear; yet what the remark reveals of Deutscher's philosophy is quite evident. Could one really expect a revolution against the Soviet system to be led by its present political elite?

Deutscher's opposition to a revolution from below—confirmed by the ambiguous attitude which he took toward last June's demonstrations in East Germany—follows logically. And his insistence that the necessary reforms can—and must—be inaugurated and carried through *from*

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above, is the inevitable conclusion to which his own identification with the "elite" brings him.

The latter portion of Deutscher's book thus takes on the character of a warning to that elite, and not an unfriendly warning either. The gist of his plea is, in his own words: "It is better to abolish the worst features of Stalinism from above than to wait until they are abolished from below." (Yet earlier in the book he had stated that it was the "elite" which suffered most under the Stalinist system.)

He is at pains throughout the last chapters to demonstrate that the next few years of Russian history will be more like the great reform years of the 1860's than the revolutionary pattern set after 1917. Just as Alexander I, the Liberator Czar, prolonged the life of the autocracy by freeing the serfs, so Malenkov is urged to prolong the life of the Soviet "elite" by relaxing the authoritarian dictatorship.

But it is possible to draw a parallel with the Russian Revolution itself, a comparison that should have special meaning for so close a student of that revolution as Deutscher. His words can be interpreted as suggesting that health might be restored to Russia by a repetition of the March Revolution—which abolished the most odious features of Czarist autocracy but did not destroy the old order itself. He is further suggesting that a November Revolution—which completely shattered the Czarist system—would be unjustified at this juncture. The Soviet rebels "can be only reformers, not revolutionaries. They can aim at improving and cleansing the existing social order, not at overthrowing it."

Characteristically, he identifies the industrial and technological progress achieved in the last thirty years with the present Soviet social system, and, in particular, with the rule of the present "political and intellectual elite." To overthrow this "elite" would, in his terms, destroy the entire basis for this industrial progress, which he identifies with "democratic socialism."

But as Deutscher himself should know, industrial advancement is not the only measure of the health of national life. The great progress achieved under the Czarist regime prior to World War I did not exempt it from the greatest revolution of modern times. On the contrary, it was the contrast between the decrepitude of the political order and the great national vitality which this progress reflected that made the March Revolution necessary and the November Revolution possible. Even when the bureaucracy and nobility agreed to jettison the autocrat himself early in 1917, the move did not save these classes from destruction later in the year.

The Soviet bureaucracy has already "jettisoned" its autocrat, and seems now engaged in feverish efforts to prevent a repetition of 1917. Deutscher prays that these efforts to "cleanse" the system will meet with success. Others, who do not share Deutscher's "historico-cynicism" and belief in the inevitability and necessity of the Soviet system, watch the events in Berlin and elsewhere, and pray too.

Nondescript Man

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. By ROBERT MUSIL. Translated by Eithne Wilkins and George Kaiser. Coward-McCann. 367 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by HEINZ POLITZER

ROBERT MUSIL'S *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften* is a great and tragic book. It is also an untranslatable one. And not only because of its language—I doubt even if German readers out-

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side the boundaries of Old Austria are able to follow all the ironies and innuendoes of its style. The English translation, one-fifth the length of the original, simply fails to make sense. Its very title is misleading in translation. Ulrich, the man without "qualities," has qualities galore. Only they defy definition. It is one of the paradoxes of the book that it nevertheless attempts such definition.

It is very much an Austrian, and not a German, novel. The style of life in the last years of Franz Joseph's reign produced a literature so enamored of nuances, so absorbed in the spectacle of its own brilliant decline, that it found its end in a kind of private joke. Those who now try to revive this joke in translations find a queer obscurity instead of the scintillating wit they had been led to expect. Yet this literature still preserves the elaborate, detailed, microscopically correct image of an imperial civilization; that it crumbles to pieces in the hands of the translator is but a sign of its original fineness. Nor did this literature perish with the end of the Hapsburg monarchy. As a memory—more delicate still and even less exportable—it lived on, until 1938: in much of Schnitzler, some of the earlier Hermann Broch, Joseph Roth's *Radetzkymarsch,* Hugo von Hofmannsthal's comedy *Der Schwierige* ("The Man Who Was Difficult"), and most certainly in the later works of the satirist Karl Kraus.

It would be easy to say that all these books, different as they are, resist translation because they sacrifice content to form, and meaning to a narcissistic concentration on linguistic exclusiveness. But it isn't so. These writers were preoccupied with a period and a society which they knew were doomed. It is only that if they penetrated the iridescent surface of their civilization in search of "reality" (they were contemporaries of Freud and, almost, of the Neo-Positivists), they did so with the period's old vocabulary, and conditioned by its climate of moribund irony. To tell their melancholy jokes in full, to annotate their books, to "explain" the references, is both to obscure the radiance of the surface and to choke off the light from below for which they had been searching.

Robert Edler (Knight) von Musil was born in Klagenfurt, Austria, in November 1880, and died in April 1942 in Geneva, Switzerland. Like Rainer Maria Rilke, he was educated in an Austrian military academy. Unlike Rilke, he was not broken by it; he did not experience Old Austria as a trauma to be suppressed for an entire lifetime. He lived in Vienna until 1938, when the arrival of the Nazis forced him, the genteel Gentile, to move to Switzerland; the year before he had given a public talk about the Nazis called "On Stupidity."

In *Mann ohne Eigenschaften,* Musil strove, in Hermann Broch's words, to depict man "in the full scale of his possibilities of experience, starting with the physical and emotional and extending up to the moral and metaphysical." Being a novelist, and an Austrian novelist, however, he concentrated on the extreme ends of the scale. The novel contains an ample catalogue of sexual experiences from the farcical to the pathological. It also contains aphorisms about "God and the world." The intermediate region, however, that of life as a social phenomenon, is treated with less precision and gusto, and moreover, is so encumbered with erotic anecdotes and philosophical reflections as almost to be lost to view.

Intelligence was the main criterion Musil applied to his time and to himself; applied intelligence is the un-Austrian activity his hero practices. For lack of intelligence, of intellectual precision and courage, seemed to Musil the sickness that had befallen Austria and the Europe for which she stood. Intellectual clarity drives his hero to denounce the moral and social conditions of his era as mere barbarism, without, however, being able himself to keep from tasting the refined pleasures which this barbarism had to offer. Not only does Musil mock Old Austria by holding it up to the mirror of Ulrich's intelligence; he mocks his hero by holding him up to his, Musil's, intellectual standards.

Ulrich (he has no last name) does not live, but exposes himself systematically to occurrences; his *Weltanschauung* is no philosophy but an infinite repartee forced upon him by an unreal environment. He is attracted by high society and by crime—though he loathes both. Physical assault fascinates him no less than sexual adventure. He is promiscuous out of politeness, and cruel out of the pleasure he gets from an intellectual exchange. If he has any center at all, it is what he himself calls the "Baroque of the Void": a profound silence under all the words; a deep-seated nihilism under all his protestations of loyalty to traditional mores.

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This *I Believe*

By Harold D. Lasswell*

THE FINAL FACT OF WAR is likely to be less perilous than perpetual preparation for war. Perpetual crisis is likely to reverse the trend of historical development *from* progress toward a world commonwealth of free men, *toward* a world order in which the garrison-prison state reintroduces caste-bound social systems. . . .

The internal consequences of militarization are . . . far-reaching. Beginning as advisers of the civilian arm of government, soldiers and policemen gain stature. . . . In the name of security the soldier is permitted to impose restrictions upon the free flow of information and comment. The policeman is authorized to look into the loyalty of government employees, and of ever enlarging circles of persons who might under any conceivable set of circumstances prove dangerous to the state. Legal sanctions designed to protect the individual against official interference come to be more honored in the breach than in the observance. Public opinion becomes less well informed and less respected. Political parties decline as instruments of public control. Legislatures and courts decline in relation to the executive arm of government, elections degenerate into plebiscites, local initiative subsides, and civilian agencies give way in effective power to the organs of the military and the police. (In terms of skill, specialists on violence rise in power when compared with specialists on civilian administration, party administration, private business, and political propaganda.)

Perpetual crisis will bring the most extensive change in countries with a minimum of state-ism, and with a maximum of democracy, decentralization, and pluralization. (This takes in most of Western Europe and the English speaking peoples.)

In countries like Russia, long the domicile of Oriental despotisms, progress in the direction of a free man's commonwealth had been proclaimed, then slowed down, and finally brought to a full stop. Accentuating the danger of war, Russian elites reinstate the methods of despotism in the name of protecting the freedom which they have learned to postpone indefinitely.

Socialism and liberal capitalism both suffer as the garrison-police system consolidates. It is not socialism to bend all the resources of the community to military purposes, because the socialist ideal is to produce for use. . . . Capitalism wanes when the energy of the community is centrally directed toward military ends. Both socialism and capitalism postulate a higher level of freedom than is compatible with the garrison-prison system.

Hence it is inadequate to say that the dominant crisis of our time is socialism *versus* capitalism. More correctly, it is socialism *and* capitalism *versus* the garrison-prison state.

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*"The Universal Peril: Perpetual Crisis and the Garrison-Prison State", PERSPECTIVES ON A TROUBLED DECADE: SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION 1939-1949 (A symposium edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, R. M. MacIver) Harper & Brothers (1950)

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Musil's style resembles Ulrich's character; It is gracious and cruel; at times, a very excess of precision tips it over into vagueness. The English translation (containing only the initial chapters of the novel) shows but the semblance of an action: the campaign launched in Austria before the 1914 war to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of Franz Joseph's reign, as a retort and counter-attraction to Wilhelm II's thirtieth anniversary as Kaiser of Germany. Both celebrations were scheduled to take place in 1918. Musil's novel starts, however, in 1913 and ends some time in 1914. Those involved in the campaign (Ulrich becomes honorary secretary of the committee) are not only mocked directly, but are the victims of the irony of history: off-stage, rarely alluded-to but all-pervading realities, are Archduke Ferdinand's assassination and the outbreak of war.

In the novel Austria becomes "Kakania," the Dual (*kaiserlich und königlich—k. und k.*) Monarchy, with all the faecal associations of the Greek word *kakos*. It is the arena of Europe's self-destructive tendencies, where nothing is ever done and anything can happen. Life in "Kakania" is a ritual without direction. Ulrich remembers what his boyhood friend, Walter, once said about him: "Ulrich always puts tremendous energy into doing the very things he doesn't consider necessary," and adds, not without conceit: "That could be said about all of us today." He is the self-analysis, the self-indictment, and the self-mockery of Western man on the eve of the "Age of Stupidity" that dawned just in 1913.

Musil published the first part of the *Mann ohne Eigenschaften* in 1930; he was still at work on it when he died. The 1,672 pages of the German edition come to no ending; but we know that the last chapters were meant to be entitled "A Sort of Conclusion," as the first are called "A Sort of Introduction." Infinite pains went into this fabric of innuendoes and ironies; "many chapters exist in more than twenty versions," writes his widow about the last part of his work. He went on slowly peeling off layer after layer from his characters until nothing remained but a *bon mot*, an aphorism, a sharp and painful splinter of wisdom.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Herbert B. Ehrmann is a Boston attorney. His long experience with civil rights matters includes having served as counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti.

Isa Kapp's critical writing has appeared in *Kenyon Review*, the *Reporter*, and other magazines.

Solomon B. Freehof is rabbi of the Rodef Shalom Temple in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Paul Willen contributed "Can Stalin Have a Successor?" to the July 1953 Commentary.

Heinz Politzer is in the German department of Oberlin College in Ohio.

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